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GIFT OF Dr. Horace Ivie EDUCATION DEPT

INDEPE N DENT

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READER:

CONTAINING

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED
WITH DIAGRAMS; SELECT AND CLASSIFIED
READINGS AND RECITATIONS; WITH
COPIOUS NOTES, AND COMPLETE
SUPPLEMENTARY: INDEX.

By J. WADISON WATSON.

Author of the National and the Independent Readers, Spellers and Primers; The Hand-Book of Gymnastics; the Manual of Calisthenics; Tablets, etc.



A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, & NEW ORLEANS.

1876.

GIFT OF

Dr. Horace Ivie

TO TEACHERS.

UALIFY pupils by daily vocal drill, by special aid as required, and by general and systematic instruction, for each lesson. A reading which does not demand preparatory labor is not adapted to the needs of the class.

The Lessons of Part First should be used for Reading Exercises. Require the class to commit to memory and recite the most important principles, definitions, and examples, both separately and in concert. Review the lessons, and do not commence Part Second until the pupils master them.

Part Second is not simply a collection of readings, but also a dictionary and cyclopedia, containing needful aids which are to be turned to profitable account. Never omit the Preliminary Exercises; but require the pupils to prenounce, spell, and define the words in the notes. Often require them to commence with the last word of a paragraph in the reading and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the accents and marked letters. Call into exercise their judgment and taste by requiring them to determine what principle of elocution each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

Before the Final Reading, be sure that the pupils understand the lesson. Adopt a simple order of examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, without formal questions: for example, first, the title of the piece; secondly, the words liable to mispronunciation, both in the notes and the reading; thirdly, the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; fourthly, the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and fifthly, the moral or what the lesson teaches.

The Index to the Notes is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

EDUCATION DEPT

AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS are cautioned against the use, in their publications, of the original material, classifications, arrangements, methods, and other features of the Independent Readers.

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OOD READING, the primary educational requisite, the most useful and interesting of the accomplishments, is rarely attained in its excellence, without conscientious and effective training in youth. Hence, it is here purposed to combine in a comprehensive volume of moderate size, complete in all its parts, the right material and needful aids for intermediate classes and the mass of students who can not command sufficient time for the mastery of a larger and more intricate elocutionary reading-book.

The Treatise on Elocution is simple and practical, presenting the subject both as a science and an art. Its divisions in Pronunciation and Expression, and their relations to each other, are exhibited to the eye by a Series of Blackboard Diagrams. Printed in large type, with apt examples from the choicest writers for illustration, many of which are beautiful in expression and rich in sentiment, and arranged for class exercises rather than tasks, the sections of this Treatise will prove most interesting for reading-lessons. The principles and rules are stated in language so succinct and perspicuous that the necessity of exceptions is avoided. Several examples under each section are left unmarked, thus affording opportunity for the exercise of judgment, taste, and discrimination.

In this Edition, all of Webster's marked letters are used as required to indicate pronunciation. Its phonic alphabet is made complete by the addition of the com-

924244

PREFACE.

bined letters, ou, ch, sh, th, wh, and ng. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure phonetics, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its daily and judicious use in the *Body of the Readings and Notes*, marking doubtful words and localisms not less than once at each opening of the book, can not fail to form the habit of correct pronunciation.

The Readings of Part Second embrace exciting and interesting narratives, spirited conversations, rare ballads, dramatic lyrics, prose recitations, etc., specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. They are calculated to awaken interest and enthusiasm, and develop a laudable ambition, love of country and domestic virtues. They are graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest first in order, and divided into formal sections, in each of which a leading subject is treated, or a single element of Elocution made prominent. The wood-cuts are unsurpassed by those of any similar text-book.

The Aids preparative to the readings are unusually complete. Pronunciation is indicated as needed at each opening of the book. More than a thousand foot-notes are introduced which give the pronunciation of the words re-spelled; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of the authors of selections, and of persons whose names occur in the readings. This aid is given on the page where first needed, and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference.

NEW YORK, August, 1876.

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IAREL.

SERICICAL SLOCUTION.

ELOCUTION

E LOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be good or bad.

2. Good Elocution is the art of uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOEPY and EXPRESSION.

Clocution (Orthocpy Expression

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoepy | Articulation Orthoepy | Syllabication Accent

ORTHOËPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their ōral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

the convenience of young teachers than to serve as constant reminders, to all educators, of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

¹ Blackboard Diagrams.—Regarding blackboard diagrams as indispensable, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elecution, they are here introduced not less for



DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the distinct utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

- 2. Oral Elements are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.
- 3. Oral Elements are Produced by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.
- 4. The Principal Organs of Speech are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.
- 5. Voice is Produced by the action of the breath upon the larynx.
- 6. Oral Elements are Divided into three classes: eighteen tonics, fifteen subtonics, and ten atonics.
- 7. Zonics are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.
- 8. Subtonics are tones produced by the voice, modified by the organs of speech.
- 9. Atonics are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.
- 10. Letters are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.
- 11. The Alphabet is Divided into vowels and consonants.
- 12. Yowels are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y.
- 13. A Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as ou in our, ea in bread.
- 14. A Proper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, neither of which is silent: as ou in out.

¹ Lărynx.—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

² W not a Vowel.—W, not repreper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

senting a tonic, is only a consonant.

15. An Improper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as $\bar{o}a$ in $l\bar{o}af$.

16. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as eau in beau (bō), ieu in adieu (adū').

77. Consonants are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations ch, sh, wh, ng; th subtonic, and th atonic.

18. Labials are letters whose \bar{o} or all elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are b, p, w, and wh. M is a

nasal labial. F and v are labio-dentals.

19. Dentals are letters whose \bar{o} or all elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are j, s, z, ch, and sh.

- 20. Linguals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are d, l, r, and t. N is a nasal-lingual; y, a lingua-palatal, and th, a lingua-dental.
- 21. Palatals are letters whose \bar{o} oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are g and k. NG is a nasal-palatal.
- 22. Cognates are letters whose \bar{o} ral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, f is a cognate of v; k of g, etc.
- 23. Alphabetic Equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, i is an equivalent of e, in pique.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

I N sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward

ly used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their oral elements may be uttered separately,

¹ Consonant.—The term consonant, literally meaning sounding with, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rare-

against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a cătch-word once, and then produce the ōral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; àt—ă, ă, ă, ă, a, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1.	ā,¹	as in	āġe,	āte.	8.	ĕ,	as in	ělk,	ĕnd.
2.	ă,	"	ăt,	ăsh.	9.	ē,4	"	h ēr ,	vērse.
3.	ä,	"	ärt,	ärm.	10.	ī,	66	īce,	child.
4.	a,	"	all,	ball.	<i>11</i> .	ĭ,	66	ĭnk,	ĭnch.
5.	â,²	"	bâre,	eâre.	12.	ō,	66	δĺď,	hōme.
6.	å,³	"	ásk,	glass.	<i>13</i> .	ŏ,5	66	ŏn,	frŏst.
7.	ē,	"	hē,	thēşe.	14.	o,	"	do,	prove.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (bl), taken (kn).

¹ Long and Short Vowels.—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

³ A Fifth.—The fifth element, or sound, represented by â, is its first or Alphabetic sound, modified or softened by r. In its production,

the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say 5.

*A Sixth.—The sixth element represented by å, is a sound intermediate between a, as heard in at, ash, and a, as in arm, art. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening å.

*E Third.—The third element represented by \(\tilde{e}\), is \(e\) as heard in \(e\)nd, prolonged, and modified or softened by \(r\).

⁵ O modified.—The modified oral element of o, in this work, is represented by ŏ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

15. ū, as in eūbe, eūre. | 17. u, as in full, push. 16. ŭ, bǔd, hǔsh. | 18. ou, our, house.

II. SUBTONICS.

1.	Ъ,	as in	babe,	orb.	9.	$r,^2$	as in	rake,	bar.
2.	đ,	"	did,	dim.	10.	th,	"	this,	\mathbf{with} .
3.	ğ,	66	gag,	ģiģ.	11.	v,	"	vine,	viçe.
	\check{j} ,	"	join,	joint.	12.	w,	"	wake,	wişe.
5.	l,	66	lake,	lane.	13.	y,	"	yard,	yes.
6.	m	. "	mild,	mind.	14.	z,	"	zest,	gaze.
7.	n,	"	name,	ni n e.	15.	zh,	66	azure,	glazier.
8.	ng	. "	gang,	sang.	1	•			•

III. ATONICS.

1. f,	as in	fame,	fife.	6. t, as in	tart,	to ast.
2. h,	"	hark,	harm.	7. th, "	thank,	youth.
3. k,	66	kind,	kiss.	8. ch, "	chase,	march.
4. p,	"	pipe,	pum p .	9. sh, "	shade,	shake.
5. 8,	"	same.	sense.	10. wh,8 "	whale,	white.

C

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of o in not, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short o is immediately followed by ff, ft, ss, st, or th, as in off, soft, cross, cost, broth; also in a number of words where short o is a directly followed by n, or final ng, as in gone, begone; long, prong, song, throng, wrong. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of o to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad a [a in all], is vulgar.

¹ \mathbf{U} initial.—U, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of yu, as in \bar{u} se.

⁹ R trilled.—In trilling r, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill r continuously, as long as possible.

³ Wh.—To produce the oral element of wh, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the âir is escaping.

thus: lip, p; orb, b, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONI	CS.								9	SUBTON	IICS.	
$\mathrm{li}p$,	p.									orb,	ъ.	
fife,												
white,	wh.				•					wise,	w.	
save,	8.							•		zeal,	z .	
										azure,		
charm,	ch.	•	•			•		•	•	<i>j</i> oin,	$oldsymbol{j}.$	
<i>t</i> ar <i>t</i> ,	t.	•	•				•	•		did,	d.	
thing,										•	th.	
kin k ,	k.	•	•	•			•			ģiģ,	ģ.	
•	É				ΙV	•						

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of A first power are ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey; as in the words gain, gauge, stray, melee', great, vein, they.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ā, ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey; as in gāin, gāuge, strāy, melee', greāt, vein, they.

For ă, ai, ua; as in plăid, guăranty.

For a, au, e, ea, ua; as in haunt, sergeant, heart, guard. For a, au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou; as in fault, hawk, Geôrge, côrk, broad, bôught.

For â, ai, e, ea, ei; as in châir, thêre, sweâr, hêir.

For ē, ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie; as in rēad, dēep, cēil, pēople, kēy, valīse, fiēld.

For ě, a, ai, ay, ea, ei, eo, ie, u, ue; as in any, said, says, hěad, hěifer, lěopard, friěnd, bury, guěss.

For \tilde{e} , ea, i, o, ou, u, ue, y; as in \tilde{e} arth, $g\tilde{i}$ rl, word, scoûrge, bûrn, $gu\tilde{e}$ rdon, myrrh.

For I, ai, ei, eye, ie, oi, ui, uy, y, ye; as in aīsle, sleīght, eye, dīe, choīr, guīde, buy, my, rye.

For i, ai, e, ee, ie, o, oi, u, ui, y; as in captain, pretty, been, sieve, women, tortoise, busy, build, hymn.

For \bar{o} , au, eau, eo, ew, oa, oe, oo, ou, ow; as in hautboy, beau, ye \bar{o} man, sew, $c\bar{o}$ al, $f\bar{o}$ e, $d\bar{o}$ or, $s\bar{o}$ ul, bl \bar{o} w.

For ŏ, a, ou, ow; as in what, hough, knowledge.

For o, ew, oe, oo, ou, u, ui; as in grew, shoe, spoon, soup, rude, fruit.

For $\bar{\mathbf{u}}$, eau, eu, ew, ieu, iew, ue, ui; as in beauty,

feūd, new, ădieū, view, hūe, jūice.

For u, o, oe, oo, ou; as in love, does, blood, young.

For u, o, oo, ou; as in wolf, book, could.

For ou, ow; as in now.

For oi (all), oy; as in boy.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, gh, ph; as in cough, nymph.

For j, g; as in gem, gin.

For k, e, eh, gh, q; as in cole, conch, lough, etiquette.

For s, c; as in cell, city.

For t, d, th, phth; as in danced, Thames, phthisic.

For v, f, ph; as in of, Stephen.

For y, i; as in pinion.

For z, c, s, x; as in suffice, rose, xebec.

For zh, g, s; as in rouge, osier.

For ng, n; as in anger, bank.

For ch, t; as in fustian.

For sh, c, ςh , s, ss, t; as in ocean, ςh aise, sure, assure, martial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the

organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fith* element represented by a, and the *third* element of e, are always immediately followed by the oral element of r in words, the r is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of a, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of f, n, or s, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

bē, bě, 1. bā, bă, bâr, båf: bä. ba, ber: ob; ub; oub. īb, ĭb; ōb, ŏb, ūb, ŭb, dā, dă, dä, dâr, das; đē, dě, der: da, ĭd; ōd, od; ūd, ŭd, ud; oud. īd. ŏd, gâr, ξä, gan; gē, ģě, ğēr; ġā, ĝă, ğа, οġ; ug; oug. īġ, ĭġ; ōġ, ŏġ, ūġ, ŭġ, jă, jē; 2. jas, jä, jā; jer, jĕ, jâr, ja, ĭġ, īġ; оġ, ŏġ, ōġ; uġ, ŭġ, ūġ; ouġ. lā; lēr, lă, lĕ, lē; las, lâr, la, lä, ŏl, ōl; ŭl, ul, ūl; ĭI, īl; ul, oul. mêr, mô, mä, mă, me; mēr, mě, mi; mas. о́т, ūm; oum. ĭm, īm; om, ŏm, ōm; om, 3. ān, ăn, ârn, nan, än; ēn, ērn, ěn; an, nÿ, ny; no, nŏ; nū, nŭ; nou. nō, nu, ârn, äng, af, āng; ěng, ērn, ēng; āng, ang, ŭng, ūng; oun. ing; ong, ong, ĭng, ong; ung, rä, râr, rēr, rĕ; ră, ra, råf; rē, rā, rĭ, rī; rŭ. rū ; rŏ, rō, ro; rou. ru, 4. ăth, ôth, af, ârth, äth; eth, ěth, ērth, ēth; thi; thò, thō, thī, tho; thū, thu, thù; thou. vä, vâr, vă, váf, vēr. vē, ve, va; vě; ĭv; Q٧, ŏν; ŭv, ūv, ōv. īv, ov; ouv. wâr, wă, waf; wîr, wĕ, wā. wä, wa, wē: wĭ, wŏ, wŭ; wou. wī; wō, wo; wū, wu,

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ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

yâr, yản; yē, yě, 5. yā, yă, yä, ya, yer: yī, yĭ; yō, yŏ, yo; yū, yŭ, yu; you. zoo, zŭ, zū; zoo, zŏ, zō ; zou; zĭ. zēr, zĕ, zē; záf, zêr, za, zä, ză. zā. ouzh; uzh, ŭzh, ūzh; ozh, ŏzh, ōzh; ĭzh, īzh; ērzh, ezh, ezh; af, arzh, azh, azh, azh, azh, azh.

II. TONIC AND 'ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

- fä, 1. fā. fâr, fås; fēr; fă, fa, fē, fě. ĭf; uf; īf, ōf, ŏf, of; ūf, ŭſ. ouf. hêr, hàn, hạ, hā, hă; hě, hē, hä, her; hī; hō, hŏ, hų; hū, hụ, hŭ; hou. hĭ, āk, ăk, ak, äk, ârk, af; ěk, ēk, ērk; kĭ, kī; kō, kŏ, ko; kü, kų, kŭ; kou.
- êrp, paf; pě, *2*. ep, ăp, äp, ôp, pï, pēr; ạp; pū, pu, poo; oup. pĭ, pī; ōp, oop, åf, êrs, ôs, äs, ăs, es; sīr, sĕ, sï; us, sọ, sử, āt; tếr, ĭs, ōs; sū: īs; as, ous. ăt, ět, ēt; tås, târ. ta, ät, tў, ty; tŏ, too, tō; ūt, ut, ŭt; tou.
- 3. tháf, thâr, thạ, thả, thả, thả; thếr, thế, thế; thh, ith; ōth, oth, oth; ūth, uth; outh. outh; ụch, ūch, uch; och, och, ōch; ich, īch; ẽrch, ẽch, ěch; cháf, chả, chả, chảr, chạ, chả. oush; ụsh, ush, ūsh; ōsh, osh, osh; ish, īsh; shẽr, shẽ, shě; shàn, shâr, shã, sha, shà, shà. whou; whu, whu, whu; whō, who, who; whī, whī; whēr, whě, whē; whas, whâr, whä, wha, wha, wha,

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise, first, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as, an' for and. | blīn'ness for blind ness. frien's "friends. | fae's "faets.

INDEPENDENT FIFTH READER.

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sŏf'ly	for söf t ly.	bois trous for	bois ter ous.
fiēl's	$\lq\lq$ fiēl d s.	bois trous for chick'n "	chick ěn.
wīl's	`` wilds.		his tō ry.
stô'm,	" stôrm.	nov'l "	nov ěl.
wa'm	`` wa r m.	trav'l "	trav ěl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ēv ěn	for	ēv'n.	rav ěl	for	rav'l.
he av ĕn	"	heav'n.	sev ěn	"	sev'n.
tāk ĕn	"	tāk'n.	sŏf těn	"	sŏf'n.
sick ěn	"	sick'n.	shāk ĕn	66	shāk'n.
driv ĕl	"	driv'l.	shov ěl	"	shov'l.
grov ěl	"	grov'l.	shrĭv ĕl	"	shrĭv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sět	for	sĭt.	carse	for	course.
sěnce	"	since.	re part	"	re põrt.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	trŏf fy	"	tro phy.
for git	"	for gět	pā rent	"	pår ent.
căre	"	câre.	bŭn net	"	bŏn net.
dănce	"	dance.	chil drun	"	chil drěn.
păst	"	påst.	sŭl ler	"	cĕl lar.
ăsk	"	åsk.	mel lěr	"	$\mathbf{mel}\ \mathbf{l}ar{\mathbf{o}}\mathbf{w}.$
grăss	"	gråss.	pil lěr	"	pil lõ w .
srill	"	shrill.	mo munt	"	mo měnt.
wirl	66	whirl.	harm l i ss	"	harm lěss.
a gān	"	a gain (ă gĕn).	kind niss	"	kind něss.
a gāns	t "	against (ă gěnst).	wis per	"	whis per.
h ër th	"	hearth (härth).	$\sin g$ in	"	sing ing.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

I N order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the

uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, in pronunciation, is formed by the union of three oral elements; säv—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The first is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The second is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The third is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, in writing, is represented by the letters; salve—salve. S represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of z; hence, it is a cognate of z. A represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. L is silent. V represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of f; hence, it is a cognate of f. E is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word shoe, in pronunciation, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sho—shoe. The first is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The second is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word shoe, in writing, is represented by the letters, shoe—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by z; hence, it is a cognate of z. The combination oe is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o.

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VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

As the Name of a Letter, or when used as an emphatic word, should be pronounced \bar{a} (\bar{a} in \bar{a} ge); as, She did not say that the three boys knew the letter \bar{a} , but that \bar{a} boy knew it.

2. The Word A, when not emphatic, is marked short (a), though in quality it should be pronounced nearly like a as heard in ask, grass; as,

Give à baby sister à smile, à kind word, and à kiss.

3. The, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thu; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, the apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for \bar{a} pen, or for the pen?

4. U Preceded by R—When u long (u in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent ew, is preceded by r, or the sound of sh, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of o in do; as,

Are you sure that shrewd youth was rude?

5. R may be Irilled when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in emphatic words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both brave and true. She said scratching, not scrawling.

IX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT Letters are here omitted, and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words

¹ A initial.—A in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (a), its quantity amass, abaft.

or volume of sound being less than that of a sixth power (a), as in alas, amass, abaft.

both as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

- 1. It must be so.
- 2. Thủ bold bad bạiz brok bolts and barz.
- 3. Thủ rõgz rừsht round thủ rừf rěd röks.
- 4. Hī ŏn ă hǐl Hū hẽrd hạrsěz hạrnǐ họfs.
- 5. Shor al her pathz ar pathz ov pes.
- 6. Bä! that'z not siks dollarz, but a dollar.
- 7. Chärj the old man to choz a chais chez.
- 8. Lit seking lit, hath lit ov lit begild.
- 9. Both'z yoths with troths yuz wiked othz.
- 10. Arm it with ragz, a pigmi stra wil pers it.
- 11. Nou set thủ teth and strech thủ nostril wid. .
- 12. Hē wocht and wept, hē felt and prad far all.
- 13. Hiz iz ămidst thủ mists, mězhêrd ăn azhêr ski.
- 14. Thủ whālz whēld and whērld, and bard thâr brad, broun baks.
- 15. Jīlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā,—Arōra, ălas, ămas, mănna, villa, nar, Lūna.
- 16. Thủ strīf sēsěth, pēs approchěth, and thủ gud măn rējaisěth.
- 17. Thủ shrod shroz bàd him sã thát thủ vil viksnz yūzd shrugz, and sharp, shril shrēks.
- 18. Shorli, tho wonded, thu prodent rekrot wud not et that krod frot.
- 19. Amídst thú mists and köldest frosts, with bârest rists and stoutest bosts, he fhrusts hiz fists agenst thu posts, and still insists he sez thu gosts.
- 20. A starm ărīzēth on thủ sẽ. A model vessel iz strüggling ămidst thủ war ov elements, kwivering and shivering, shringking and băttling līk a thingking being.
- 21. Chāst-īd, chĕrisht Chès! Thǔ chạrmz ŏv thī chěkērd chāmbērz chān mē chānjlĕslǐ. Far thē är thǔ chăplĕts ŏv chānlĕs chăriti ănd thǔ chălis ŏv chīldlīk chērfulnĕs. Chānj kăn nŏt chānj thē: from childhud to thǔ chärnĕl-hous, from our fērst chīldish chērpingz to thǔ chilz ŏv thǔ chērch-yārd, thou ärt our chēri chēftinĕs.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

- 2. A Monosyllable is a word of one syllable; as, it.
- 3. A Dissyllable is a word of two syllables; as, lil-y.
- 4. A Trisyllable is a word of three syllables; as, con-fine-ment.
- 5. A Polysyllable is a word of four or more syllables; as, in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.
- 6. The Oltimate is the last syllable of a word; as, ful, in peace-ful.
- 7. The Penult, or penultimate, is the last syllable but one of a word: as māk, in peace-mak-er.
- 8. The Antepenult, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but two of a word; as ta, in spon-ta-ne-ous.
- 9. The Preantepenult is the last syllable but three of a word; as cab, in vo-cab-u-la-ry.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

I NITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.

2. Final Consonants.—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He gets gold, and attempts by his acts to conceal his faults.

3. When one Word of a Sentence ends and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by dwelling on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of

the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pain nobody, if the sad dangler regain nëither rope.

4. Final Cognates.—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, b, p, d, t, g, and k, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the pauses of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of echo; as,

I took down my hat-t, and put it upon my head-d.

lte.

â

Ŋ.

1!

5. Unaccented Syllables should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented; they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thoughtless, helpless, homeless, girl did not resent his rudeness and harshness.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and unaccented vowels, without stiffness or formality, can not fail to articulate well.

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.1

THIRTY years ago, Marseilles² lay burning in the sun, one day. A blazing sun, upon a fierce August day, was no greater rarity in Southern France then, than at any other time, before or since.

2. Every thing in Märseilles, and about Marseilles, had ståred at the fërvid sky, and been (bin) stared at in return, until a ståring habit had become universal there.

3. Strānģers were stâred out of countenance by stâring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of ărid rōad, staring hills from which vērdure was bûrnt ăwāy.

4. The only things to be seen not firedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

for the formation of syllables each Italic letter illustrates.

¹ Direction.—Students will give the number and names of the syllables of words, and tell-what rule

² Marseilles (mär sälz').

- 5. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarkation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed.
- 6. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays (kez) had not cooled for months.
- 7. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian (ĭ tăl'yăn) coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it softened nowhere else.
- 8. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky.
- 9. So, too, drooped the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were $\check{a}w\bar{a}ke$, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.
- 10. Every thing that lived or grew (groo) was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cřeada, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.
- 11. Blinds, shutters, eurtains, awnings, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow.
- 12. The churches were freest from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with ugly old shadows piously dozing, spitting, and begging—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade.
- 13. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Märseilles, a fact to be strongly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.



III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In Words which have two Syllables accented, the more forcible accent is called primary, and the less forcible, secondary; as hab-i-TA-tion.

Accent & Primary Secondary

- 3. The Mark of Acute Accent ['], heavy, is used to indicate primary accent; light, ['] secondary; as, id'i ot'ic.
- 4. The Mark of Grave Accent, ['] is here used to indicate, first, that the vowel forms a separate syllable; and, secondly, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent; as,

A learned man caught that winged thing. Her goodness [not goodniss] moved the roughest [not roughist]. The aged should not be thoughtless.

Require the pupil to give the office of each mark below.

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

- 1. Hónèst stúdents léarn the greátness of húmílity.
- 2. That blessed and beloved child loves every winged thing.
- 3. The agree'able ar'tisan' made an ad'mirable păr'asŏl' for that beau'tiful Russian (rŭsh'an) la'dy.
- 4. No'tice the marks of ae'cent and al'ways accent' correct'ly words that should have but one ac'cent, as in sen'sible, vaga'ry, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty, in'teresting, etc.
- 5. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, cívilization, have no pérmanènt interèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offénds his trúest friends.
- 6. In a crówdèd life, or in the obscúrèst hámlèt, the same bléssèd élemènts óffer the same rich chóicès to each new cómer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY Words, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

- 1. Note the mark of ac'cent, and accent' the right syllable.
- 2. Perfume' the room with rich per'fume.
- 3. My in'crease is taken to increase' your wealth.
- 4. Desert' us not in the des'ert.
- 5. If they reprimand' that officer, he will not regard their rep'rimand.
 - 6. Buy some cem'ent and cement' the glass.
 - 7. If that proj'ect fail, he will project' another.
- 8. If they rebel', and overthrow' the government, even the reb'els can not justify the o'verthrow.
- 9. In Au'gust, the august' writer entered into a com'pact to prepare a compact' discourse.
 - 10. Within a min'ute I will find a minute' piece of gold.
- 11. In'stinct, not reason, rendered the herd instinct' with spirit.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

THE ordinary Accent of Words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

- 1. He did not say a new ad'dition, but a new e'dition.
- 2. He must in'crease, but I must de'crease.
- 3. Consider well what is done, and what is left un'done.
- 4. I said that she will sus'pect the truth of the story, not that she will ex'pect it.
 - 5. He that de'scended is also the same that as'cended.
- 6. This corruptible must put on in'corruption; and this mortal must put on im'mortality.

EXPRESSION.

XPRESSION of Speech is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are Emphasis, Inflec-TION, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Expression enables the reader to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause others to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a Word Emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud 1 or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is

ence to high pitch, but to volume of voice, used on the same key or pitch,

¹ Loudness.—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that loudness has not, of necessity, refer- when reading or speaking.

necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the tonics, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic Words are often printed in Italics; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS and Phrases peculiarly significant, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

2. Words and Phrases that contrast, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a better soldier, but an elder.

3. The Repetition of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an increased force of utterance; as,

You injured my child-you, sir!

4. A Succession of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His disappointment, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful.

The students will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are marked and those that are unmarked.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

- 1. Speak little and well, if you wish to be thought wise.
- 2. He buys, he sells,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.
- 3. You were taught to love your brother, not to hate him.
- 4. I shall sing the praises of October, as the loveliest of months.
- 5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
- 6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

- 7. The GOOD man is honored, but the EVIL man is despised.
- 8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.
- 9. He that trusts you, where he should find you lions finds you HARES; where foxes, GEESE.
- 10. My friends, our country must be FREE! The land is never lost, that has a son to right her, and here are troops of sons, and LOYAL ones!
- 11. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—never, NEVER, NEVER.
- 12. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITION.

I NFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the slide, is properly a part of emphasis. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the accented or heavy syllable of an emphatic word.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection | Bising

Onflection | Falling

Circumflex

^{&#}x27; In order to make the last never more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep

depression of the voice—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

3. The Rising Inflection is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as, 3

Do you love your home?

4. The Falling Inflection is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going tome?

The rising inflection carries the voice upward from the general pitch, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the falling inflection commences above the general pitch, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

- 5. The Circumflex is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the rising and ending with the falling, or commencing with the falling and ending with the rising, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.
- 6. The acute accent ['] is often used to mark the rising inflection; the grave accent ['] the falling inflection; as, Will you réad or spèll?
- 7. The falling circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide of the voice, is marked thus ; the rising circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus , which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

$RULES \ IN \ INFLECTION.$

I NFLECTION occurs on the accented or heavy syllables of important or emphatic words; as,

I will nèver stay. I said an old man, not a bétter.

2. The Falling Inflection is employed for all ideas that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded positively; as,

He will shed tears, on his return. It is your place to ohey. Speak, I charge you!

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3. The Rising Inflection is employed for all ideas that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrn, they will shed tears, not of agony and distress, but of gratitude and joy.

4. Questions for Information, or those that can be answered by yes or no, require the rising inflection: but their answers, when positive, the falling; as,

Do you love Máry? Yès: I dò.

- 5. Declarative Questions, or those that can not be answered by yes or no, require the falling inflection; as, What means this stir in town? When are you going to Rôme?
- 6. When Words or Clauses contrast or compare, the first part usually has the rising, and the last the falling inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is affirmed, and the other denied, the latter has the rising inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of love and hàtred, joy and grief, hôpe and despdir. This book is not mine, but yours. I come to bury Cæsar, not to práise him.

7. The Circumflex is used when the thoughts are not sincere, but are employed in jest, irony, or double-meaning—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The falling circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the falling inflection; the rising circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the rising inflection; as,

He intends to ride, not to walk. Ah, it was Maud that gave it! I never thought it could be you!

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

- 1. I want a pen. It is not a book I want.
- 2. The war must go on. We must fight it through.
- 3. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies.

- 4. That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character.
- 5. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven.
- 6. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
 - 7. Do you see that bright star? Yès: it is splèndid.
 - 8. Does that beautiful lady deserve praise, or blame?
 - 9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.
 - 10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?
 - 11. Hunting men, not béasts, shall be his game.
 - 12. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?
- 13. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
 - 14. O Rôme! O my country! how art thou fallen!
 - 15. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
- 16. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.
 - 17. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of course.
 - 18. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad When our mother Nature laughs around; When even the deep blue héavens look glad, And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
- 19. Oh, but you regretted the robbery! Yes, regretted!—you regretted the violence, and that is all you did.
- 20. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

III. SLUR.

S LUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

- 2. Emphatic Words, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are slurred must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.
- 3. Slur must be Employed in cases of parenthesis, contrast, repetition or explanation, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and often when qualification of time, place, or manner is made.
- 4. The Parts which are to be Slurred in a portion of the exercises are printed in Italic letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are unmarked in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

- 1. Dismiss, as soon as may be, all angry thoughts.
- 2. I am sure, if you provide for your young brothers and sisters, that God will bless you.
- 3. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.
- 4. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks, seems with continuous laughter to rejoice in its own being.
- 5. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.
 - Children are wading, with cheerful cries,
 In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
 Läughing maidens, with soft, young eyes,
 Walk or sit in the shady nook.
- 7. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.
- 8. Ingenious boys, who are idle, think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with SNAILS (so they count the rest of

their school-fellows), they shall come soon enough to the post; though sleeping a good while before their starting.

- Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
 Now point the rifle's barrel;
 And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
 Bêar redder stains of quarrel.
- 10. No! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.
 - 11. The moon is at her full, and, riding high, Floods the calm fields with light. The âirs that hover in the summer sky Are all asleep to-night.
- 12. If there's a Power above us—and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—He must delight in virtue; and that which he delights in must be happy.
 - 13. Here we have butter, pure as virgin gold;
 And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
 With bovine pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
 Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
 Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
 And other blessings more than I can tell!
 - 14. Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels cătch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's hêir, the world, the world is mine!
 - 15. The village chûrch, among the trees, Whêre first our marriage vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point with taper spire to heaven.
 - 16. I said, "Though I should die, I know That all about the thorn will blow In tufts of rosy-tinted snow; And men, through novel spheres of thought Still moving after truth long sought, Will learn new things when I am not."

IV. MODULATION.

M ODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY and RATE.

Modulation | Porce | Quality | Bate

PITCH.

PITCH¹ refers to the key-note of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: High, Moderate, and Low.

Pitch | High Moderate Low

- 2. High Pitch is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,
 - Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banners out;
 Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle shout.

¹ Exercise on Pitch.—Deliver a the pitch, until the top of the voice sentence in as low a key as possible; shall have been reached, when the then repeat it, gradually elevating exercise may be reversed.

- 3. Moderate Pitch is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,
- The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. For them it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.
- 4. Low Pitch is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,
 - 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, ō'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell.
 Of the departed year.

II. FORCE.

PORCE is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch. There are three general degrees: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

Force { Loud Moderate Gentle

- 2. Loud Force is used in strong, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sorrow, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,
 - 1. How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for that he is a Christian.

until the whole power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the process, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise can not be too frequently repeated.

¹ Exercise on Force.—For a general exercise on force, select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard, then gradually increase the quantity

If I but cătch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

- 2. VIRTUE takes place of all things. It is the nobility of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!
 - 3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean-roll!
- 3. Moderate Force is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punetually, may, at any time, raise all the money his friends can spare.

4. Gentle Force is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—sŏftly tread;
Anxious friends arc fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III. *QUALITY*.

UALITY has reference to the *kinds* of tone used in speech. They are the Pure Tone, the Orotund, the Aspirated, the Guttural, and the Trembling.

Quality | Pure Tone Orotund Ospirated Suttural Trembling 2. The Pure Tone is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

- 3. The Orotund is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and ve'hement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,
 - Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;
 STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
 GoD—and your native land!
 - 2. "FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE! CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" he said: Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.
- 4. The Aspirated Tone is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong—the words, or portions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,
- I. How ill this taper burns!
 Ha! who comes here?
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!
- 2. While thronged the citizens with terror dumb, Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"
- 5. The Guttural is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward! Thou cold-blooded slave! Thou wear a lion's hide? Doff it, for shame, and hang A cälf-skin on those recreant limbs.

6. The Iremulous Tone, or Iremor, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whole of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, thus avoiding monotony. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of pity and shortest; but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

- O love, remain! It is not yet near day!
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree.
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
- Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

IV. RATE.

RATE 1 refers to Movement in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

tinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the process, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at pleasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

¹ Exercise on Rate.—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which dis-



- 2. Quick Rate is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,
 - 1. The lake has bûrst! The lake has burst! Down through the chasms the wild waves flee: They gallop ălong with a roaring song, Away to the eager awaiting sea!
 - 2. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.
- 3. Moderate Rate is used in ordinary assertion; narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters, Smiling the shadows from yon purple hills, We pace this shore—I and my brother here, Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark, And both unbind our brows from sullen dreams; And then doth my dear brother, who hath worn His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought, Enrich me with sweet words.

- 4. Slow Rate is used to express grandeur, vastness, pāthos, solemnity, adoration, and horror; as,
 - 1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright All space doth occupy, all motion guide; Unchanged through time's all-dev'astating flight; Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 - 2. The eûrfew tolls—the knell of parting day; The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea; The plowman homeward plods his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

V. MONOTONE.

M ONOTONE consists of a degree of sameness of tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

- 2. A perfect Sameness is rarely to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone is to be used in reading ēither prose or vērse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.
- 3. Monotone usually Requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolonged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the supernatural and the ghostly.
- 4. The Sign of Monotone is a horizontal or even line over the words to be spoken evenly; as,

I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God! Shall a man be more pure than his Maker!

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

- 1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.
- 2. Man dieth, and wasteth-away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.
 - 3. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

 The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded—
 Leave not a rack behind.
 - 4. I am thy father's spirit;

 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,

 And, for the day confined to fast in fires,

 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

 Are burnt and purged away.

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VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

2. This Principle of Expression, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature.

3. The student will exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of *persons* and *things* to be represented, and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISE IN PERSONATION.

- He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?

 Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?

 Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?

 These spicy forests? and this golden air?
- She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
 And more than all, O father, I love thee;
 Yet would I fain be wandering—far away,
 Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.
- He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!

 To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?
- She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!

 Let's seek that country of all countries—Home!
- He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? this pälm that rears

 Its head up tōward heaven's blue and cloudless dōme?
- She. I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears; My heart is wandering round our ancient home.
- He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies, Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!
- She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!

 Farewell, kind land! Now. father, now—for Home!
 - —The red rose läughs, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late."

VII. PAUSES.

I,

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. Pauses are often more eloquent than words. They differ greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are more numerous, and more prolonged.

3. The Pause is marked thus q in the following

illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE Subject of a Sentence, or that of which something is declared, when either emphatic or compound, requires a pause after it; as,

The cause will raise up armies. Sincerity and truth form

the basis of every virtue.

2. Iwo Nouns in the same Case, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire Webster q the orator.

3. Adjectives that follow the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind of deep of active of well stored with knowledge.

4. But, hence, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But we these joys are his. Hence we Solomon calls the fear of

the Lord of the beginning of wisdom.

5. In Cases of Ellipsis, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times & Kate but once. Call this man friend, that & brother.

6. A Slurred Passage requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird of though none of the homeliest of has nothing bright or showy in it.

These rules, though important if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought.

A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. In doing this, he will often use what may be called suspensive quantity.

III.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

S USPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without a real pause; thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

2. This Prolongation on the last syllable of a word is indicated thus, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To avoid too frequent a use of pauses; as,
Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than that of a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill your friend and benefactor?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, easily managed by the speaker without the abruptness which would result from pausing whenever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.

GENERAL RULE.—When a preposition is followed by

as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will ēither have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

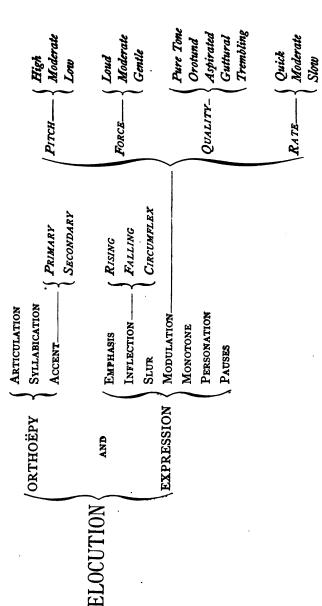
He is the pride of the whole country.

Students will tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated by the following exercises—both the *marked* and the *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

- 1. All promise of is poor dilatory man.
- 2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
- 3. Weeping q may endure for a night q q but joy q cometh in the morning.
 - 4. Paul w the Apostle wrote to Timothy.
 - 5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israël.
- 6. He was a friend q gentle q generous q good-humored q affectionate.
- 7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
 - 8. Husbands and fäthers of their wives and children.
- 9. But \forall I shall say no more \forall pity and charity being dead \forall to a heart of stone.
 - 10. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
 - 11. Here come men y women y children.
- 12. It matters very little q what immediate spot q may have been the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people q can claim q q no country q can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race q his fame q is eternity q q and his dwelling-place creation.
- 13. Who wilke Washington wafter having emancipated a hemisphere wresigned its crown wand preferred the retirement of domestic life was to the adoration of a land whe might almost be said to have created?
 - 14. How shall we rank thee ϕ upon glory's page, Thou more than soldier ϕ and just less than sage! All thou hast been ϕ reflects less praise ϕ on thee, Far less ϕ than all thou hast forborne to be.

GENERAL BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.



JARTH.

PERCURADINGS.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e; as, āle, veil: 2. ă; as, făt: 3. ä; as, ärm: 4. a, or ô; as, all, côrn: 5. â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: 6. à; as, lâst: 7. ē, or ī; as, wē, pīque: 8. ĕ; as, ĕnd: 9. ẽ, ĩ, or û; as, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: 10. ĩ, or ỹ; as, ĩce, skỹ: 11. ĩ, or ỹ; as, ĩll, lỹnx: 12. ō; as, ōld: 13. ŏ, or a; as, ŏn, whạt: 14. o, ōo, or u; as, do, fōol, rule: 15. ū; as, mūle: 16. ŭ, or ò; as, ŭp, sòn: 17. u, o, or ŏo; as, bull, wolf, wŏol: 18. Ou, or ou; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

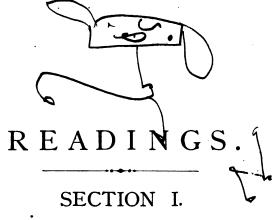
1. b; as, babe: 2. d; as, did: 3. g; as, gig: 4. j, or g; as, jig, gem: 5. l; as, loll: 6. m: as, mum: 7. n; as, nun: 8. n, or ng; as, link, sing: 9. r; as, rare: 10. Th, or th; as, This, with: 11. v; as, vat: 12. w; as, wig: 13. y; as, yet: 14. z, or g; as, zinc, his: 15. z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: 2. h; as, hot: 3. k, or e; as, kink, eat: 4. p; as, pop: 5. s, or c; as, sense, city: 6. t; as, tart: 7. Th, or fh; as, Thorn, pith: 8. Ch, or ch; as, Charles, rich: 9. Sh, sh, or ch; as, Sharon, ash, chaise: 10. Wh, or wh; as, White, whip.—Italics, silent; as, often (of'n): x for gz; as, ex aet'.







Τ.

1. CHARLES BENTHAM.

AN active, clever lad in the country never need feel dull—never experience that miserable sensation of wanting something to do. If he has a turn for mechanical inventions and labors, this becomes a vast and inexhaustible source of pleasure, and causes him to lay up a good deal of really valuable knowledge.

- 2. The simple and pātriarchal¹⁰ state of society, in old-fashioned villages and small towns, allows him to go and see all that is going on. He watches the different ārtiṣanṣ ¹¹ at their labors, and makes friends among them; so that he can go and hammer and saw and file to his heart's content.
- 3. It is true, that more and higher kinds of mechanical operations may be seen in large towns and cities; but then a boy has rarely the same easy access 12 to them, nor can he be suffered to go among the workmen with the same confidence that he

¹ Clěv'er, having talent, smartness, or skill; good-natured.

² The (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 26.

^{*} Expē'ri ence, becomes practically acquainted with; prove by use or trial.

⁴ Sĕn sā'tion, feeling awakenèd by whatever affects an organ of sense.

⁵ A (%), see Rule 2, p. 26.

⁶ Me chan'ic al, pertaining to machinery, or the laws of motion.

⁷ In věn'tion, the act of finding out; contrivance of something new.

⁸ Vast (våst), very great in number or extent.

Inexhaustible (in'egz hast'i bl), that can not be emptied, wasted, or spent; unfailing.

¹⁰ Pā'trī arch'al, belonging or relating to a patriarch, or the father and ruler of a family.

¹¹ Ar'ti san, one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

¹² Ac cĕss', a near approach or coming to; admission.

will be welcome, and that he will not be in the way of evil communication.

- 4. Charles Bentham, a young relative of mine, was the most perfect example of what enjoyment and advantage a boy may derive from mechanical amusements that I ever knew. He was a fine, active lad, of a frank and intelligent disposition, that made him a universal favorite. He was quite at home in the yards and shops of rope-makers, carpenters, blacksmiths, watchmakers, turners, and I know not how many trades besides.
- 5. When he was a little lad of not more than four years old, he used to sit on the hearth-rug 2 of an evening, or of a winter's day, cutting little logs of wood with his knife into wind-mills, boats, and ships. The boats and ships that he made from that time till he was grown quite a youth 8—some of which still remain—were acknowledged by every one to be ad'mirable.4
- 6. Some were made before he had ever seen a real ship, from pictures of them; and, though not so correct as they otherwise would have been, were very surprising. When he had actually seen ships, and become familiar with all the parts of them, he constructed some which were more correct, even to the smallest piece of rope, so that the most experienced seaman could not detect a single error. One of these ships we have now in our possession—a very beautiful thing.
- 7. But ships were only one kind of his mechanical productions. Whatever he wanted for his own amusements, he made with the atmost ease. His fishing-rods were of his own making, even to the iron ferrules (fer'rilz); his lines were of his own making too. Having got some silk from his mother, he ran off to the rope-yard, and soon came back with beautiful lines of his own twisting.
- 8. He made his own little wheel-barrows, garden-rake, and other tools. At the joiner's, he made all kinds of little boxes for his mother and sisters; at the shoe-maker's, he learned to make shoes; at the watch-maker's, he learned to make an actual clock of wood; and then, from a drawing in an encyclopediä,⁵

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¹ Was (woz).

⁹ Hearth-rug (härth' rug).

⁸ Youth (yoth).

⁴ Ad'mi ra ble, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken

wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.

⁵ En cỹ'clo pẽ' dǐ a, a book in which all branches of science or art are explained separately.

proceeded to construct, with the ŭtmost accuracy, a perăm'bulator—an instrument to measure distances.

- 9. When he was ten or twelve years of age, I first became acquainted with him; and then he had his own little shop over the stable, with his turning-lathe and tools of all sorts; and he never was so happy as when he found out that he could make anything for you. A screw nut-crack, a wafer-seal, tobacco-stopper, a snuff-box, a set of nine-pins, anything, he was ready to make for his different acquaintances.
- 10. Going on a visit to a relative of his, who was a large farmer, he set to work and mended up rakes, forks, flails, gates, pōsts, rails, the paling of the garden—every thing, in fact, that needed mending. If a lock was out of order, he soon had it off and put to rights; in short, there was no mechanical job that he was not master of, and could not quickly accomplish, to the astonishment of the family. Had he been thrown, like Robinson Crusoe, on an uninhabited island, he would have speedily out-Crusoed Crusoe, and secured for himself domestic comforts, and protection from the elements.
- 11. To such a lad as this, it is astonishing how all odds and ends of things become treasures. Nothing 2 is lost; bits of wood, scraps of leather, tin, iron, old nails, screws, etc., are hoarded up, and turn, in his hands, into things of account. This fine lad had a fox full of old watch-springs, bits of chain, hooks, buttons, wires—anything and everything—which were of essential 3 use at the right season.

II.

2. WILLIAM WORLEY.

WILLIAM WORLEY, the most useful and agreeable old man in our village, was a never-failing resource when I wanted something to do, and somebody to help and amuse

¹ Robinson Crusoe (kro'so), the hero of De Foe's great novel, a shipwrecked sailor, who lives alone for many years on an uninhabited island of the tropics, and who makes his life less lonely by the great number of his contrivances.

² Nothing (nuth'ing), no thing.

⁸ Es sĕn'tial, important in the highest degree; being of that which makes an object, or class of objects, what they are.

⁴ Rē sõurce', that from which anything springs förth; hence, that to which one resorts, or on which one depends for supply or support.

- me. Where he came from, I can't 1 tell, for he was not a native of the place, though he had been 2 in it more years than I had lived.
- 2. He was a little man, with remarkably white hair and pink complexion; dressed in a blue coat and waistcoat; a hat of a broadish rim that regularly took a turn up behind. He invariably wore white lambs'-wool stockings and buckled shoes, and walked with a cane. It was evident that the old man was not a worker—Sundays and week-days, he was always dressed the same.
- 3. He lived in a small cottage in a retired garden; and his wife was employed in nursing, so that he generally had the place all to himself, and was as glad of a companion as I was. He was a florist: his garden displayed showy beds of the most splendid auriculas, tulips, and polyanthuses; and it was a great delight to me to help him to weed his beds of a pleasant sunny morning, to arrange his glasses, and to listen to him while he praised his favorite flowers. I verily believe that no such flowers were to be found elsewhere in the country.
- 4. But the place into which I should have desired to penetrate more than all was his bedroom. This seemed to be a perfect treasury of all sorts of good and curious things. Nuts and apples, walnuts, stuffed birds, walking-sticks, fishing-rods, flower-seeds of curious sorts, and various other desirable things from time to time came forth from thence in a manner which only made me desire to see how many others were left behind. But into that sanctum honest William never took anybody.
- 5. If my father wanted a walking-stick, he had only to give the slightest hint to William, and presently he would be seen coming in with one, varnished as bright as the flower of the meadow crowfoot. Indeed, his chief delights were to wander through the wood with his eyes on the watch for good sticks, or for curious birds, or to saunter along the meadows by the stream—angling and gossiping in a quiet way to some village listener, like myself, about a hundred country things.
 - 6. People called him an idle man, because he never was at

¹ Can't (känt), can not.

⁹ Been (bin).

^{*} Flō'rist, one skilled in the cultivation or care of flowers.

[•] Au rĭc'ū la, a kind of primrose,

called also, from the shape of its leaves, beâr's ear.

⁵ Pŏl'y ăn'thus, a kind of flowering plant whose flower-stalks produce flowers in clusters.



work on anything that brought him in a penny. But he had no family to provide for, and his wife got enough, and they might have something besides, for aught I know; and why should he work for what he did not want? In my eyes he seemed, and seems still, one of the wisest sort of men—always so occupied as to prevent the entry of an evil spirit.

- 7. He passed his time in innocent and agreeable occupations. His flowers, and his bees, and his birds—for he had always two or three that used to hang by the side of his cottage on fine days, and sing with all their might—were his constant delight. He knew where a fish was to be caught, or rare bird to be seen; and if you wanted a fishing-rod or a stick, he was happier to give it than you were to receive it.
 - 8. There were a hundred little things that he was ever and

anon manufacturing, and giving to just the people that they would most please. A screw nut-cracker—was it not the very thing to delight a lad like me? A bone apple-scoop—why, it was a treasure to some old person. A mouse-trap, or a mole-trap, or a fly-cage—he was the man that came quietly walking in with it just as you were lamenting the want of it. Nay, he was the man to set them, and come regularly to look after them, till they had done what they were wished to do.

9. If you wanted a person to carry a message, or go on some important little matter to the next village, you thought directly of William Worley, and he was sure to be in the way, and ready to take his stick and be off about it as seriously and earnestly as if he were to have ample reward for it. And ample reward he had—the belief that he was of service to his neighbors. Honest old William! he was one of a simple and true-hearted generation, and of that generation himself the simplest and truest. Peace to his memory!

III.

3. CHINESE KITES.

OST läughable s are the contrasts presented in many of the habits of the Japanēṣe and Chīneṣe to those of Western nations. They mount their horses on the opposite side; their carpenters plane toward the person instead of from it; the men fly kites and spin tops, while the boys look on; their books read from top to bottom, and so on. Perhaps of all the odd practices thus indulged in, the one most easily to be accounted for, is the practice of kite-flying by grown-up men.

2. In Chīna, people sāy, and there is some truth 7 in it, that the swaddled 8 babe appears almost as solemn and as staid 9 as a mandarīn, 10 and that there, more than anywhere else, the child

¹ Anon', quickly; in a short time.

² Gen'er ā'tion, mass of people living at the same time; an age.

^{*} Laughable (läf'a bl).

⁴ Con'trast, opposition of things or qualities.

⁵ Jăp'a nēse', the people of Japan, or their language.

⁶ Chi nëse', the natives, or language, of China.

^{&#}x27; Truth (troth).

⁸ Swad'dled, bound tightly with a bandage or clothes.

^{*} Stāid, sober; grave; steady.

Mandarin (măn'da rēn'), a Chinese officer, cither civil or military.

is father of the man. The mandarin looks like a giant child, the child a dwarf mandarin. The sobriety of age is combined with the plastic nature of youth, and the amusements of the little child are shared by the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather—all are kite-flyers. This may be still better understood, when it is explained that the kites of China and Japan are not the simple articles we usually know by that name, but are toys that vary greatly in sort, size, and shape, and are often high in price.

- 3. Let us transport the reader to the suburbs 8 of some Chinese city, where a whole group of boys are gathered together to see the wonders worked by their elders in the kite-flying art. There is a whiz, a buzz, a whirring music in the air; all sorts of grotesque 4 objects are floating about, rising and falling and dancing to and fro; there are broad-winged birds, and many-colored dragons, lizards, bees, and butterflies, and painted circles and squares, and radiated 5 suns and moons and stars.
- 4. Most of the kites have pendent tails, and strings in their centers, the linking line which connects these aërial monsters with the čarth. Up these strings you see messengers ascending, and very pretty and clever ones they are too. The butterfly messenger, which is about the best, is so made that it flutters open-winged right up to the kite, whence it instantly and quickly descends, having been collapsed and closed, on coming in contact with the kite, by means of a little spring which forms part of its měchanism.
- 5. The form of the ancient French kite was probably that of a beast, and not of a bird, as they call it a *cerf-volant*, a flying stag. The English kite took its name, no doubt, from the bird,

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¹ Sö'brī'e ty, the habit of soberness or temperance, as to the use of spirituous liquors; eälmnèss.

² Plastic, having power to give fashion or form to a mass of matter; capable of being molded or formed.

Sub'urbs, places near to a city or large town.

⁴ Grotesque (grō těsk'), like the figures found in grottoes or caves; wildly formed; droll; läughable.

⁵ Rā'di ā'ted, formed of rays of

light diverging or passing out from a center.

⁶ Pĕnd'ent, supported from above; suspended; hanging.

⁷ Col läpsed', closed by falling or sinking together.

⁸ Mechanism (mek'an izm), the parts, taken together, by the action of which a machine produces its effects.

⁹ Ancient (ān'shent), old; that happened or lived many years ago.

of which its first form was a rude imitation; but the Chinese names are very numerous: fung-tsang, the wind-guitar; chi-yan, paper-hawk; kwin-chi, neither more nor less than the English kite, bird, and toy; and all sorts of fanciful and poetical titles.

- 6. To describe all kinds of kites to be seen in China would be to undertake too much; so we will only venture to speak of a sort very common among the Chinese, and particularly effective in appearance—namely, the bird kite. The hawk, or common kite, is the bird usually represented; and to make this they cut a piece of paper the exact shape and size of the natural bird when on the wing; this they paint the natural color and stretch on ribs of bamboo arranged very much in the shape of the old English cross-bow when strung, leaving the parts which represent the ends of the wing and tail-feathers unbound by twine, so as to shiver in the wind.
- 7. Thus constructed, the kite rises with great ease, and flies with wonderful grace of motion, imitating the real bird to a nicety by now and then taking a long swoop, then soaring again, and then poising itself with a flutter before repeating the process. At times, a number of these kites are flown at once by attaching them at different intervals to the string of some larger kite, and the effect is thereby much increased; for the real kites are in the habit of sailing in a flock together as they circle over their prey.
- 8. What man among ourselves but has had his eyes attracted upward, and more or less of his interest engaged, by seeing a fire-balloon sailing in mid-air, or a sky-rocket bursting in the sky; or, indeed, anything out of the common happening overhead'? And is the Chinese or Japanese to be läughed at, if he relishes the still stranger sight of a couple of fantastically dressed friends walking arm-in-arm in the clouds with an umbrella over their heads; a hideous ogres face, roaring as it sails along; a pretty but immense butterfly flapping its wings like its living model; birds flying about so life-like that one can

¹ Fan tăs'tic al ly, fancifully; whimsically; wildly.

² Hid'e ous, frightful or offensive to the eye or the ear; dreadful to behold.

⁸ Ogre (ō'ger), a monster, or frightful giant of fâiry tales, who lived on human beings.

⁴ Pretty (prit'ti), pleasing by delicacy, grace, or neatness.

hardly believe them to be made of paper; a huge dragon or centiped, which, with its scaly joints stretching out some sixty to a hundred feet in length, its thousand legs, and slow, undulating motion, looks marvelously like a giant specimen of that horrible creature creeping down upon one out of the clouds—and many other curious things that an American would scarcely dream of?

- 9. Yet sights such as these may be seen in Japanese and Chinese cities at any time during the kite-flying season; and, while they can not fail to attract the attention of the observant stranger, in common with many other novelties he sees about him, lead him to conclude that the old men and adults of those countries have, at any rate, some excuse for the frivolity they are accused of.
- 10. The ability to make such extraordinary bits is mainly owing to the toughness, tenuity, and flexibility of the Chinese and Japanese paper, and the abundant material for ribs and frames afforded by the bamboo,—a plant which has not its equal for the lightness, strength, flexibility, and elasticity of its fibrous wood.
- 11. With these simple materials, and with the wonderful neatness and ingenuity 10 the Chinese and Japanese are famous for, it is astonishing how rapidly and easily they construct the odd and complicated 11 figures which they fly as kites.
- ¹ Cĕn'ti ped, a kind of manyjointed, worm-shaped, land animal, wingless, having many feet, and powerful biting fangs.

² Ob serv'ant, taking notice; cârefully attentive; obedient.

- ⁸ A dult', a person or thing grown to full size or strength.
- ⁴ Fri völ'i ty, fondness for vain or foolish pursuits; triflingness.
- ⁵ Extraordinary (eks trôr'di nari), out of the common course; more than common.
- ⁶ Te nū'i ty, râreness, or thinness; slenderness.

'Flex's bil's ty, the quality of being flexible, or capable of being bent or twisted without breaking; pliancy.

⁸ El las tic'i ty, ability of a thing to return to its former shape when compressed or expanded.

Fi'brous, containing, or consisting of, fibres, or the thread-like por-

tions of plants or muscles.

¹⁰ In'ge nū'i ty, the quality or power of ready invention; skill.

¹¹ Com'pli cat ed, folded or twisted together; containing many parts; not simple.

SECTION II.

I.

4. THE SPRING.

HE wind blows in the sweet rose-tree: The cow lows on the fragrant 1 lea; 2 The streamlet 8 flows all bright and free: 'Tis not for me—'tis not for thee; 'Tis not for any one, I trow:4 The gentle wind bloweth, The happy cow loweth, The merry stream floweth For all below. O the Spring, the bountiful 5 Spring! She shīnèth and smīlèth on ĕvèry thing.

2. Whence come the sheep? From the rich man's moor.6 Whêre comèth sleep? To the bed that's poor. Peasants must weep, And kings endure: That is a fate that none 7 can cure. Yet Spring doth 8 all she can, I trow: She brings the bright hours, She weaves the sweet flowers: She děckèth her bowers for all below. O the Spring, the bountiful Spring! She shineth and smileth on every thing.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.9

¹ Frā'grant, sweet of smell.

⁹ Lēa, sward-land or a meadow.

^{*} Strēam'let, a small stream; a rivulet ; a rill.

⁴ Trow, suppose or think; believe. ⁵ Boun'ti ful, generous; free in

giving.

⁶ Moor, a large waste covered with heath, and having a poor, light soil, but sometimes marshy.

⁷ None (nun), not one.

⁸ Doth (dŭfh).

Bryan Waller Procter, an English poet, better known by his assumed name of Barry Cornwall, was born at London about 1790. though his prose is excellent, he is chiefly noted as a song writer, some of his songs being singularly well adapted to music. Died in 18

II.

5. SPRING.

Now the läughing, jolly Spring began sometimes to show her buxom¹ face in the bright morning; but ever and anon, meeting the angry frown of Winter, löath² to resign his rough sway over the wide realm of Nature, she would retire again⁸ into her southern bower. Yet, though her visits were but short, her very look seemed to exercise a magic 4 influence.

- 2. The birds began slowly to expand their close winter folds; the dark and melancholy woods to assume an almost imperceptible purple tint; and here and there a little chirping bluebird hopped about the orchard of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters; and nests of little variegated flowers, namelèss, yet richly deserving a name, sprang up in the sheltered recesses of the leasless woods.
- 3. By and by, the shad, the harbinger at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the mild southern breeze; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited their gorgeous păgeantry; the little lambs appeared frisking and gamboling the about the sedate them other; young, innocent călves began their first bleatings; the cackling hen announced her daily feat in the barn-yard with clamorous astŏnishment; every day added to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life which nature presents in the progress to the genial to spring; and

¹ Bŭx'om, fâir, healthy, gay, and handsome; frolicsome.

² Lōath, unwilling ; backward.

³ Again, (ă gĕn'), once more.

^{*}Mäg'ic, pertaining to the hidden wisdom supposed to be possessed by the Mägī, or "wise men from the East," who brought gifts to the infant Jesus; apparently requiring more than human power.

⁵ Měl'an chốl y, low-spirited; unhappy; sad.

⁶ Vā'ri e gāt ed, marked with different colors.

Har'bin ger, one who provides lodging; a forerunner.

⁸ Exhibited (ĕgz hīb'it ed), held forth or presented to view; presented for inspection; displayed.

Gor'geous, imposing through splendid or many colors; showy.

¹⁰ Pag'eant'ry, grand exhibition or show; something for vain, outward display or appearance.

¹¹ Gam'bol ing, leaping and skipping about in sport.

¹² Se dāte, cālm ; quiet ; sober.

¹⁸ Prög'ress, a moving or going forward; gradual advance or growth in léarning, goodness, etc.

¹⁴ Gē'ni al, joyous and awakening joy or happiness; productive.

finally, the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers, and the maiden's rosy cheeks, announced to the eye, the ear, the senses, the fancy, and the heart, the return and the stay of the vernal year.

PAULDING..4

III.

6. THE BIRTH-DAY OF SPRING.

RY Holiday! Holiday! let us be gāy,
And shâre in the rapture of heaven and earth;
For, see! what a sunshiny joy they displāy,
To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth;
While the elements, gladly outpouring their voice,
Nature's pæan proclaim, and in ehorus rejoice!

- 2. Loud cărols ¹⁰ each rill, as it leaps in its bed; The wind brings us music and balm ¹¹ from the south, And Earth in delight calls on Echo to spread The tidings of joy with her many-tongued mouth; Over sea, over shore, over mountain and plain, Far, far doth she trumpet the jubilee ¹² strain.
- 3. Hark! hark to the robin! its magical call

 Awakens the flowerets 13 that slept in the dells; 14

 The snow-drop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all

¹ Zĕph'yr, any sŏft, mild, gentle breeze; a light wind, and particularly the west wind.

² Făn'cy, a picture of anything formed in the mind; that power by which the mind forms an image or picture of something.

³ Ver'nal, belonging to, or appearing in, the spring; hence, belonging to youth; the spring of life.

⁴ James K. Paulding, the early literary associate of Washington Irving, author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," and more than thirty other volumes, was born in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Aug. 22, 1779, and died in Hyde Park, in the same county, April 6, 1860.

5 Share (shâr), see Note 2, p. 18.

- ⁶ Răpt'ure, the state or condition of being rapt, or carried away from one's self by agreeable excitement; great joy or pleasure.
 - ⁷ Earth (erth), see Note 4, p. 18.
- ⁸Pæ'an, among the ancients, a song of rejoicing in honor of Apollo, god of music; hence, a loud and joyful sŏng; a sort of triumph.

Ochorus, a band of singers; the parts of a song in which the company join the singer.

- ¹⁰ Căr'ol, to sing in joy; warble.
 ¹¹ Balm (băm), a sweet-smelling plant; any thing which heals, or which soothes or lessens pain.
 - 19 Jū'bi lee, a season of great joy.
 - 18 Flow'er et, a little flower.
 - 14 Děll, a small, retired valley.

Attune at the summons their silvery bells. Hush! ting-a-ring-ting! don't you hear how they sing? They are pealing a fâiry-like welcome to Spring.

- 4. The love-thrilling wood-birds are wild with delight; Like ărrōws loud whistling the swallōws flit by; The rapturous lark, as he sōars out of sight, Sends a flood of rich melody down from the sky. In the air that they quaff, all the feathery throng Taste the spirit of Spring, that outbursts in a song.
- 5. To me do the same vernal whisperings breathe, In all that I scent, that I hear, that I meet, Without and within me, above and beneath: Every sense is imbued with a prophecy sweet Of the pomp and the pleasantness Earth shall assume When adorned, like a bride, in her flowery bloom.
- 6. In this transport of nature each feeling takes part:
 I am thrilling with gratitude, reverence, joy;
 A new spring of youth seems to gush from my heart,
 And the man is transformed all at once to a boy.
 O! let me run wild, as in earlier years;—
 If my joy be withheld, I shall burst into tears.
 SMITH.

SECTION III.

T.

7. BEARS OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

OME seven or eight years ago I was going on foot to Paris.⁹
I had started tolerably early, and about noon, the fine trees of a forest tempting me at a place where the road makes a sharp

- ¹ Răpt'ur ous, very joyous.
- ² Měl'o dy, sweet singing; pleasant sŏng.
 - Proph'e cy, a foretelling.
 - 4 Trăns'port, great joy; rapture.
- ⁵ Grat'i tude, warm and friendly feeling toward a giver; thankfulness.
- ⁶ Rev'er ence, a continued feeling of great respect and love.
- ⁷ Trans formed', changed in form or feeling.
- ⁸ Hörace Smith, an English author of great industry and merit, was born in London, Dec. 31, 1779, and died July 12, 1849.
- Paris (păr'ris), capital of the French Empire; after London, the most populous city in Christendom.

tûrn, I sat down with my back against an oak on a hillock 1 of grass, my feet hanging over a ditch, and began writing in my green book.

- 2. As I was finishing the fourth line, I vaguely raised my eyes, and perceived, on the other side of the ditch, at the edge of the road straight before, only a few paces off, a bear staring at me fixedly. In broad daylight one does not have the nightmare; one can not be deceived by a form, by an appearance, by a queer-shaped rock, by an absurd log of wood. At noon, under a May-day sun, one is not subject to illusions.
- 3. It was indeed a bear, a living bear, a real bear, and, moreover, perfectly hideous. He was gravely seated on his haunches, showing me the dusty underneath of his hind-paws, all the claws of which I could distinguish; his fore-paws softly crossed over his belly. His jaws were partly open; one of his ears, torn and bleeding, was hanging half of off; his lower lip, half torn away, showed his well-bared tusks; one of his eyes was gone, and with the other he was looking at me with a serious air.
- 4. There was not a woodman in the forest, and what little I could see of the road was entirely deserted. One may sometimes get out of a scrape with a dog by calling Gip, or Flora; but what could one say to a bear? Where did he come from? What could it mean, this bear on the Paris high-road? What business could this new sort of vagabond have? It was very strange, very ridiculous, very unreasonable, and after all, any thing but pleasant. I was, I confess, much perplexed. However, I remained immovable.
- 5. The bear on his side also remained immovable; he even seemed to me, to a certain extent, benevolent. He looked at me as tenderly as a one-eyed bear could look. True, he had his jaws wide open, but he opened them as one opens one's mouth. It was not a grin, it was only a gape. There was something honest, sanetimonious, resigned, and sleepy, about this bear.

¹ Hill'ock, a small hill.

² Vāgue'ly, unfixedly; laxly.

^{*} Bear (bâr), see Note 2, p. 18.

Illusion (il lū'zhŭn), a deceptive appearance; a false show.

⁵ Haunches (hänch'ez), the hips; the hinder part.

⁶ Half (häf).

⁷ Rǐ dǐc'ū loŭs, fitted to awaken contempt and cause läughter.

⁸ Gape (gäp).

Sanc'ti mo'ni ous, making a show of being pious or devout; saintly.

Upon the whole, his face was so good that I too resolved to put a good face on the matter. I accepted the bear as a spectator, and went on with what I had begun.

- 6. While I was writing, a large fly alighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. He slowly raised his right paw, and passed it over his ear with a cat-like movement. The fly took itself off. He looked after it as it went; then, when it had disappeared, he seized his two fore-paws, and, as if satisfied with this faultless attitude, he resumed his contemplation. I assure 2 you I watched his movements with interest.
- 7. I was beginning to get accustomed to his presence, when an unexpected incident occurred. A noise of hasty steps was heard on the high-road, and all at once I saw turning the corner another bear, a large black bear. The first was brown. This black bear arrived at full trot, and perceiving the brown bear, gracefully rolled himself on the ground by his side. The brown bear did not condescend to look at the black bear, and the black bear did not condescend to look at me.
- 8. I confess that at sight of this new arrival, which redoubled my perplexity,4 my hand shook. Two bears! This time it was too much. What did it all mean? Judging from the direction from which the black bear had come, both of them must have set out from Paris—a place where bears are few, especially wild ones.
- 9. I was all but petrified.⁵ The brown bear had at last joined in the gambols of the other, and by dint of rolling in the dust, both of them had become gray. Meanwhile I had risen, and was considering whether I should pick up my stick, which had fallen into the ditch at my feet, when a third bear made his appearance—a reddish, diminutive,⁶ deformed bear, still more torn and bloody than the first; then a fourth, then a fifth, and a sixth, the last two trotting in company. The last four bears crossed the road without looking at any thing, almost running, and as if they were pursued.

¹ Con' tem pla' tion, act of the mind in considering with attention.

² Assure (ash shor'), to make sure or certain; to declare.

³ Con'de scend', to stoop or descend; deign; yield.

⁴ Per plěx' i ty, difficulty; a troubled state; not knowing what to do.

⁵ Pět'ri fied, changed to stone or stony substance.

⁶ Dĭ mĭn'ū tĭve, of small size.

- 10. This became too puzzling. I could not but be near the explanation. I heard barkings and shoutings; ten or twelve bull-dogs, seven or eight men armed with iron-shod sticks, and with muzzles in their hands, ran up at the heels of the fugitive bears. One of these men paused while the others were bringing back the muzzled beasts, and he explained to me this strange riddle.
- 11. The proprietor of a circus was taking advantage of the Easter holidays to send his bears and his dogs to give some performances in the country. The whole party traveled on foot; at the last resting-place the bears had been loosed, and while their keepers were dining at the neighboring tavern, they had taken advantage of their liberty to proceed merrily and alone on their journey. They were Bears out for a Holiday.

II.

8. A FROST-BITTEN NOSE.

NE day I took it into my head to go my rounds on foot. I armed myself from head to foot against the inroads of the cold; I enveloped myself in a large Astrakhan? frock-coat; I buried my ears in a fur cap; I wound round my neck a Cash'-mere scarf, and sallied into the street—the only part of me that was exposed to the air being the tip of my nose.

2. At first, every thing went on ad'mirably; I was even surprised at the little impression the cold made upon me, and I länghed to myself at the many tales I had heard on the subject. I was, moreover, delighted that chance had given me this opportunity of becoming acclimatized. However, as the first two pupils on whom I called were not at home, I began to think that chance managed matters too well, when I fancied I saw the people I met looking at me with a certain uneasiness, but still without speaking.

3. Presently, a gentleman more communicative,4 it would

¹ East'er, a chûrch feast-day in memory of Christ's resurrection.

⁹ Astrakhan (äs trä kän[^]), a city of Russia, capital of a government of its own name, situated on an elevated island in the Volga.

⁸ Ac cli'ma tized, inured or accustomed to a climate different from that which is natural.

⁴ Com mū'ni ca tive, inclined or ready to converse with, or impart to, others.

seem, than the rest, said to me in passing, "Nofs!" As I did not know one word of Russ, I thought it was not worth while to stop for the sake of a monosyllable, and I walked on. At the corner of Pear street I met a countryman, who was passing at full speed, driving his sledge; but, rapid as was his course, he too thought himself bound to speak to me, and called out, "Nofs! nofs!"

- 4. At length, on reaching Admiralty square, I found myself face to face with a strong fellow, who said nothing at all, but who, picking up a handful of snow, threw himself upon me; and before I could free myself from all my wrappers, began to besmear my face, and to rub it, and more especially my nose, with all his might. I did not much relish the joke, especially considering the weather; and, drawing my hand out of my pocket, I dealt him a blow that sent him rolling ten yards off.
- 5. Unfortunately or fortunately for me, two peasants just then passed, who, after looking at me for a moment, seized hold of me, and in spite of my resistance, held me fast by the arms; while the desperate fellow who first attacked me took up another handful of snow, and, as if determined not to be beaten, threw himself once more upon me. This time, taking advantage of my utter inability to defend myself, he again began his frictions; 1 but though my arms were tied, my tongue was free. Thinking myself the victim of some mistake, or of some concerted attack, I shouted most lustily 2 for help.
- 6. An öfficer came up running, and asked me in French what was the matter. "What, sir!" I exclaimed, making a last effort, and getting rid of my three men, who, with the most unconcerned air in the world, went on their way—"do you not see what those rascals were doing to me?"
- 7. "Well, what were they doing to you?" "Why, they were rubbing my face with snow. Would you think that a good joke, I wonder, in such weather as this?" "But, my good friend, they were rendering you an enormous service," replied my interlocutor, looking at me, as we French say, in the very white of the eyes.

³ In ter loc'u tor, one who speaks in dialogue.



¹ Friction (frik'shun), the act of rubbing the surface of one body against that of another.

² Lŭs'ti ly, vigorously.

- 8. "How so?" "Why, of course, your nose was being frozen."
 "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, feeling with my hand the threatened feature.
- 9. "Sir," said a passer-by, addressing my friend the officer, "I warn you that your nose is freezing." "Thank you, sir," said the officer; and, stooping down, he gathered up a handful of snow, and performed for himself the same service which had been rendered to me by the poor fellow whom I had rewarded so badly.
- 10. "You mean to say, sir, if it had not been for the man who first attacked me, that——" "You would have lost your nose," rejoined the öfficer, while rubbing his own.
- 11. "In that case, sir, allow me——" and off I ran in pursuit of my friend, who, thinking that I wanted to kill him outright, began running also; so that, as fear is generally more nimble than gratitude, I should probably never have overtaken him, had not some people, seeing him running away and me in pursuit, taken him for a thief, and seized him. When I came up, I found him talking with great volubility, trying to show that he was only guilty of too much kindness.
- 12. Ten flörins which I gave him explained matters. He kissed my hand, and one of the bystanders, who spoke French, recommended me to take more care of my nose in future. The recommendation was unnecessary; during the rest of my walk I never lost sight of it.

 Dumas. Dumas. 3

9. A TALE OF TERROR.

I WAS once traveling in Calabria, a land of wicked people, who, I believe, hate every one, and especially the French. To tell you the reason why, would take too long: suffice it to

¹ Vŏl' ū bĭl' i tỹ, ready motion of the tongue in speaking; readiness in speech.

³ Flor ins, coins first made at Florence. The silver florin was valued at from twenty-three to fiftyfour cents; the gold florin about a dollar and a half.

³ Alexandre Dumas (do mā') a French novelist and drămatist, born in Paris, July 28, 1824.

⁴ Ož lā'bri a, the south part of the kingdom of Naples, separated from Sicily by the Straits of Messina.

⁵ Suffice (suf fiz'), to satisfy or content.

say, that they hate us with a deadly hatred, and that one of our countrymen gets on very badly when he falls into their hands.

- 2. In these mountains the roads are precipices. It was with much difficulty that my horse made his way over them. I had for my companion a young man who went first. Taking a path which appeared to him shorter and more practicable, he led us astray. It served me right. Why did I trust to a head of only twenty years?
- 3. While daylight lasted, we tried to find our way through the wood; but the more we tried the more we were bewildered; and it was pitch dark when we arrived at a very black-looking house. We entered—not without fear—but what could we do? We found a whole family of charcoal-burners, seated round a table, at which they immediately invited us to take places.
- 4. My young man did not wait to be pressed. We soon made ourselves at home, and began to eat and drink; or at least my companion did. My time was chiefly occupied in examining the place and the appearance of our hosts. They had quite the look of charcoal-burners; but as for the house, you would have taken it for an arsenal.
- 5. What an assortment of guns, pistols, swords, knives, and cutlasses! Every thing displeased me, and I saw very well that I displeased everybody. My companion, on the contrary, making himself quite one of the family, läughed and chatted with them, and with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen (but, alas! it was so decreed), told them at once where we came from, where we were going, and who we were. He informed them, in short, that we were Frenchmen!
- 6. Just imagine! We, all the while, alone, out of our road, so far from all human aid, and in the power of our mortal? enemies! And then, as if to omit nothing that might insure

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Prec'i pice, a headlong descent; a very steep overhanging place.

⁹ Path (päth).

^{*} Prăc'ti ca ble, capable of being dône; admitting of use, or of being passed or traveled; passable.

⁴ Hōst, one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

^{*} Ar'se nal, a public building, or buildings, for the storage, or for the manufacture and storage, of arms and all other military equipments, whether for land or sea service,

⁶ Căt'lass, a broad, curving sword, with but one cutting edge.

⁷ Mor'tal, bent on one's destruction; deadly.

our death, he played the rich man; promised to pay these people whatever they wished for our entertainment, and for our guides the next day.

7. Then he spoke of his valise, begging them to take particular care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed; for he did not wish, he said, any other pillow. O'youth, youth, thou art to be pitied! Cousin, one would have thought we carried the crown diamonds. All that there was in my comrade's valise to cause so great solicitude! was—a bundle of his sweetheart's letters!

8. Supper over, our hösts left us. They slept bēlöw, we in the room above that where we had supped. A löft, to which we had to mount seven or eight feet by a ladder, was the resting-place that awaited us. It was a sort of nest, into which we were to introduce ourselves by creeping under cross-beams löaded with provisions for the whole year. My companion climbed up alone, and, already hälf asleep, threw himself down with his head upon the precious valise.

9. As for myself, I determined to watch; and, having made a good fire, I sat down near it. The night, which had been undisturbed, was at length near its end. Just before the break of day, when almost reassured, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below. Listening intently at the chimney, which communicated with the one in the lower room, I distinctly heard the husband utter these words: "Well, come now, must we kill them both?" The wife replied, "Yes;" and I heard no more.

10. How shall I go on? I stood scarcely breathing, my whole body cold as marble. To have seen me, you would not have known whether I was dead or alive. Horrible! when I but think of it, even now! We two, without weapons, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! And my companion half dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him—to make the slightest noise—I dared not; to escape alone was impossible: the window was not very high from the ground; but beneath it, howling like wolves, were two savage bull-dogs. Imagine, if you can, the agony of my situation.

¹ So lic'i tūde, anxious care; uneasiness of mind caused by the fear of evil or the desire of good.

^{&#}x27; Heard (herd).

³ Hör'ri ble, causing, or tending to cause, a shuddering; frightful.

⁴ Ag'o ny, extreme or very great pain of body or mind.

11. At the end of a long quarter of an hour, I heard some one on the stairs, and, through the crack of the door, I saw the father with his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. Up he came, his wife after him, I behind the door: he opened it; but, before he came in, he put down the lamp, which his wife took. As he entered, barefoot, from outside, the woman said to him, in a low voice, shading the light with her hand, "Softly, go softly."

12. When he got to the ladder, he mounted it, holding his knife between his teeth. Approaching the head of the bed, where my poor young friend, with throat bare, was lying—with one hand the monster grasped the knife, and with the other—th! cousin—he seized a ham which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice, and retired as he had come. The door closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone to my reflections.

13. As soon as dāy dawned, all the family came bustling to waken us, as we had requested. They brought us a very clean and a very good breakfast, I assure you. Two chickens formed part of it, of which we must, said our hostess, eat one, and take away the other. Seeing these, I at length understood the meaning of those terrible words, "Must we kill them both?" And I think now, cousin, you too will have penetration enough to guess what they signified.

14. Cousin, oblige me by not telling this story. In the first place, as you can not fail to see, I do not play a very enviable part in it. In the next place, you would spoil it. Truly, I do not flatter: that face of yours would ruin the recital. As for myself, without boasting, I have just the countenance one ought to have in relating a Tale of Terror.

country-seat, at Veretz, April 10, 1825. Courier's pamphlets are masterpieces of style. They were published, together with his translations from the Greek, and other works, in Paris, 1834, in four volumes, and since reprinted in one volume.



¹ **Hōst'ess**, a woman who receives and kindly entertains guests at her house; a female innkeeper.

⁹ Paul Louis Courier, an able French scholar and writer, born in Paris, Jan. 4, 1772, and mûrdered by his game-keeper, Frémont, near his



SECTION IV.

I.

10. DAY: A PASTORAL.

PART FIRST-MORNING.

I N the barn the tenant cock, Close to Partlet² përched on high,

for the neck, formerly worn by women; a hen, so called from the ruffling of her feathers, forming a sort of ring or ruff about her neck.

¹ Pastoral (pås'tor al), a poem describing country life, especially the life and manners of shepherds.

² Part'let, a ruff, band, or collar,

- Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jŏeund 1 that the morning's nigh.
- Swiftly from the mountain's brow, Shadows, nursed by night, retire;
 And the peeping sunbeam now Paints with gold the village spire.
- 3. Philomel² forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive⁸ where she prates at night:
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
- From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arched bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled 4 wing.
- 5. Now the pine-tree's waving top Gently greets the morning gale; Kidlings now begin to crop Daisies on the dewy dale.
- 6. From the bälmy sweets, uncloyed (Restlèss till her task be done), Now the busy bee's employed, Sipping dew beföre the sun.
- 7. Trickling through the creviced rock, Where the limpid stream distills, Sweet refreshment waits the flock, When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.
- Cŏlin's for the promised corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious—while the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.
- Sweet, oh sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossomed spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

⁶ Col'in, the name in pastoral poetry for a farmer or shepherd.



¹ Jŏc'und, lively; merry.

² Phil'o měl, the nightingale.

⁸ Plāint'ive, serious; sad.

⁴ Dăp' pled, marked with spots

of different shades of color; spotted.

⁵ Lĭm'pid, transpârent or clear.

L п.

11. DAY: A PASTORAL.

PART SECOND-NOON.

FERVID¹ on the glittering flood,
Now the noontide radiance² glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

- 2. By the brook the shepherd dines— From the fierce meridian heat Sheltered by the branching pines, Pendent ö'er his grassy seat.
- 3. Now the flocks forsake the glade,³
 Where unchecked the sunbeams fall—
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivied abbey 4 wall.
- 4. Echo, in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,
 Can not catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.
- 5. Cattle court the zephyrs bland Where the streamlet wanders cool, Or with languid 5 silence stand Midway in the marshy pool.
- 6. But from mountain, dell, or stream, Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs; Fearful lest the noontide beam Scorch its soft, its silken wings.
- 7. Not a leaf has leave to stir; Nature's lulled—serene —and still: Quiet e'en the shepherd's car,? Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

either sex, shut out from the world, and bound to remain single, and devote their time to religion; the building used for such a society.

¹ Fer' vid, very hot; bûrning; boiling; zealous.

^{*} Rã'di ance, vivid light; brilliancy; brightness.

^{*}Glāde, an open or cleared place in a förest or wood.

⁴ Ab'bey, a society of persons of

⁵ Lăn'guid, heavy; dull; weary

⁶ Se rēne', clear and calm; bright.

^{&#}x27; Cur (ker), a worthless dog.



8. Languid is the landscape round-Till the fresh descending shower, Grateful to the thirsty ground, Raises every fainting flower.

9. Now the hill, the hedge,1 are green; Now the warbler's throat's in tune: Blīthesome 2 is the verdant 3 scene, Brightened by the beams of noon.

³ Ver'dant, green; fresh.



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¹ Hědge, thorn bushes, or other shrubbery, planted as a fence.

² Blithe'some, merry; cheerful.

III.

12. DAY: A PASTORAL.

PART THIRD-EVENING.

O'ER the heafh¹ the heifer strays
Free (the fŭrrōwed task is done);
Now the village windōws blaze,
Bûrnished by the setting sun.

- 2. Now he sets behind the hill, Sinking from a gölden sky: Can the pencil's mimic skill Copy the refulgent 2 dye?
- 3. Trudging as the plowmen go
 (To the smoking hamlet bound),
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthened 5'er the level ground.
- 4. Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built, airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home.
- 5. As the lark, with varied tune, Cărols to the evening loud, Mark the mild, resplendent moon Breaking through a parted cloud.
- 6. Now the hermit owlet peeps From the barn or twisted brake; And the blue mist slowly creeps, Cûrling on the silver lake.
- As the trout in speckled pride, Playful from its bosom⁶ springs,

much like the crow, but which feeds mostly on seeds and grain.

4 Re splen' dent, shining with luster; very bright.

bere, an owl.

⁶ Bosom (bu'zum).

¹ Hēath, a plant which bears beautiful flowers. Its leaves are small, and continue green all the year; a place overgrown with heath.

² Re ful'gent, casting a bright light; brilliant; splendid.

³ Rook (ruk), a bird that looks



To the banks a ruffled tide Verges in successive rings.

- 8. Tripping through the silken grass
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexioned lass,
 With her well-poised milking-pail!
- 9. Linnets with unnumbered notes, And the cuckoo bird with two, Tuning sweet their mellow throats, Bid the setting sun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.1

¹ Allan Cunningham, a Scottish born at Blackwood in 1785, and died poet and miscellaneous writer, was in London, Nov. 5, 1842.

IV.

13. SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

THE world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one. The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall cometh on, like a sweet boon from heaven.

2. The darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day.

3. Night is one of the greatest blessings men enjoy: we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects.

4. It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that "millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake;" and that at all times they are round about us—not more by night than by day.

5. Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there?

6. Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise?

¹ Tim'or ous, fearful of danger; without courage; timid.

7. Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres 1 as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

Spurgeon.2

V.

14. THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET evening hour! Dear evening hour! That calms the air and shuts the flower; That brings the wild bird to its nest, The infant to its mother's breast.

- 2. Sweet hour! that bids the laborer cease; That gives the weary team release, And leads them home, and crowns them there With rest and shelter, food and care.
- 3. O season of soft sounds and hues; Of twilight walks among the dews; Of tender memories, converse sweet— And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!
- 4. Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time When feelings flow and wishes climb, When timid souls begin to dare, And God receives and answers prayer.
- 5. Then, trembling, from the vaulted skies The stars look out, like thoughtful eyes Of angels calm reclining there, And gazing on our world of care.
- 6. Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made, When Işaac walked, and Daniël prayed, When Abram's öfferings Göd did own, And Jesus loved to be ălone!

Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834. The chapel where he preaches, in London, is of great size. Several volumes of his sermons have been published.

¹ Sphēres, globes, worlds, or stars.

² Charles Haddon Spurgeon, a distinguished English preacher of the Baptist denomination, was born at

SECTION V.

Ī.

15. MY FIRST LESSON.

PART FIRST.

ABBY PUNDERSON—yes, that was the name of my first school-mistress. She was one of the stiffest, nicest, and most thoroughly prim old maids that ever took care of other people's children. She taught in a little red school-house, in "Shrub-oak," hälf a mile back of Falls Hill. I like to be particular in the geography, though I had never opened an atlas in my life, when Miss Punderson received me into her alphabet class.

- 2. I see her now, sitting so very upright in her high-backed châir, solemnly opening the blue-paper covers of Webster, and calling me by name: I see the sharp-pointed scissors lifted from the chain at her side: I hear the rap, rap, of her thimble against the wooden covers of that new spelling-book—yes, I feel myself dropping that bashful little courtesy, and blushing under those solemn gray eyes, as she points down the long row of Roman capitals and tells me to read.
- 3. I remember it all: she had on a brown calico dress; her hair was parted plainly, and done up in a French twist behind; there was a good deal of gray in that black hair, and around her prim mouth any quantity of fine wrinkles; but her voice was low and sweet. She was stiff, but not cross, and the little gris loved her in a degree, though she did give them long stretches of hemming, and over-seams to sew.
- 5. My first school-mistress came from some neighboring town She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian, but wore the nīcest little Methodist bonnet, made of silver-gray satin without a bow or bit of lace—a Quaker bonnet cut short. Then she had a dainty silk shawl, dinted like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief folded when she went to prayer-meeting.
 - 5. The school-house stood on the bank of a small stream

¹ Courtesy (kert'si), a slight bowing of the body, with bending of the ness, formerly done by women.

which turned a saw-mill just above. It was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could only hear the singing of the waters as they stole by the windows.

6. Some forty feet of měadow lay between the windows and the bank, and a noble peâr-tree full of gölden fruit, flung its shădow over the school-house, as we got our lessons. Those great bell-pears were cruelly 1 tantalizing 2 as they grew and ripened ămid the green leaves; but when they came rushing down from the boughs, and fell in the grass directly under us, so plump and měllow, it was reälly too much for human nature.

7. But Miss Punderson was strict: she read the Gölden Rule every Monday, and kneeling at her high-backed châir, prayed for us diligently night and morning all the week, while we stood mutely around. Indeed, her control was so perfect that we hardly ventured to look at the pears when they fell: the idea of touching them never entered our hearts.

8. But one thing troubled us very much. Just as the runt grew ripest, Miss Punderson began to take her dinner-basket and hymn-book, and cross into the meadow back of the schoolhouse, where she would disappear down the hemlock bank, and stay sometimes during the entire hour of noon.

9. One day I was startled at my lesson by a splendid pear that came rushing from the topmost boughs of the tree, and rolled down toward the mill-stream. Daniël Haines, who was sitting on the second class bench close by me, whispered from behind his spelling-book, that "the mistress would be after that 'ere pear about noon-time."

10. Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked suddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mistress crossed the bank every noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herself—greedy old thing!

11. We began to feel very angry and ill-used; not one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears? They did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the saw-mill, and lived in the great house with pointed gables just in sight, was the only person who had a claim on that tree or its fruit.

Oxuelly (kro'el li), Rule 4, p. 26. exciting false hopes or expectations;
Tan'ta lizing, tormenting by visiting with bitter disappointment.



II.

16. MY FIRST LESSON.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the recess 1 came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mistress took her dinner-basket, and, getting over the fence, went toward the hemlock bank. Once she stooped as if to tie her shoe.

2. "See, see!" whispered Daniel, who was on his knees peeping through the rail fence. "She's making believe to tie her shoe: oh, the old maid is cute!2—I told you so! Let's jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!" He climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed, a little frightened, but resolute to find out the truth.

3. Daniël went before, treading very softly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stopped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yellow in the hand he was pushing with considerable hurry and trouble into his pocket. But he looked straight forward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

4. Daniel went back in high dudgeon, trying to cover his pocket with one hand. I think Mary Bell and I would have gone back too, but that moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank. "Come, come," whispered Mary Bell; "let's see if she has really got it."

5. We crept forward very softly and looked over into the stream. It had a dry, pebbly shore, broken with a few moss-covered stones, all in deep shadow—for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our school-mistress, with her hymn-book open, singing. Her voice was soft and clear, and joined in with the marmars of the stream

solemn and sweet.

6. The old maid sung her little hymn, closed the book, and, casting a timid glance up and down, to be sure that she was in solitude, knelt down by the mossy stone, which had been her

¹ Re cĕss', intermission; a time of rest.

² Cūte, clever; sharp.

³ Dudgeon (dŭd'jun), resentment; ill-will; anger.

⁴ Göne, Note 5, p. 18.



seat, and began to pray. The mistress was alone with her God; she had only very simple language in which to tell him her wants, but its earnestness brought the tears into our eyes.

7. Poor soul! she had been grieving all the time that no one of the scholars ever knelt by her side in prayer. She besought Göd with such meek earnestness to touch our hearts and bring us humbly to his feet, kneeling, as she did, for a blessing or in thankfulness. She told the Lord, as if he had been her only father, how good and precious we were, lacking nothing but his holy grace. She so humbled herself, and pleaded for us, that Mary Bell and I crept away from the bank, crying softly, and ashamed to look each other in the face.

8. Daniël Haines was sitting in a crook of the fence, eating something very greedily; but we avoided him, and went into the school-house quite heart-broken at our own naughtiness. After a little, the mistress came in looking serene and thoughtful, as if she had been comforted by some good friend.

9. Mary Bell and I were still and serious all the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beautiful blue eyes looking at me wistfully over her spelling-book, but we knew that it was wrong to whisper, and for the world would not have disobeyed the mistress then.

10. At last the classes were all heard. The mistress looked, we thought, sadly around at the little benches, arose, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her knees. The children stood up, as usual. I looked at Mary Bell; she was trembling a little; the color came and went on her face. My heart beat quick; I felt a glow on my cheek, something soft and fervent stirring at my heart.

11. We both rose, hand in hand, walked through the scholars up to that high-backed chair, and knelt softly down by the mistress. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, and instantly they filled with tears; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thanksgiving to God for having answered her prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head and then upon the other. She called down blessings upon us; she poured forth her whole soul eloquently, as she had done under the hemlock boughs. I have heard burning prayers since, but never one that entered the depths of my memory like that.

- 12. The next day Mary Bell and I followed the mistress down to the mill-stream, for we felt guilty till she knew all. But she persisted that Göd himself had led us to the bank. No matter though Daniel Haines appeared to have done it. Wicked instruments were öften used to work out good. God had answered her prayer, and it was enough. She only hoped we would not be ashamed of having kneeled by our lonely school-mistress.
- 13. Ashamed! For the first time in our lives, we threw our arms around Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she hardly knew how to take it; those withered lips had been so long unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young, and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

 MRS. STEPHENS.

III.

∠ 17. COUSIN DEBORAH'S LEGACY?

COUSIN DEBORAH was an old, unmarried lady, who had no other property than a moderate life-annuity. The furniture of her house was faded and antique; the linen was well darned; the plate was scanty, and worn thin with use and frequent scouring; the books were few and in no very good condition.

- 2. She had no jewels or trinkets; her days were passed in a dreary state of tranquillity, stitching, stitching, stitching for ever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. That wanted nothing; for it was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tedious task.
- 3. Cousin Děb'orah particularly prided herself on her darning; carpèts, house linen, stockings, all bōre unimpeachable?
- authoress, was born in Derby, Conn., in 1813. In 1837 she removed to New York. She has written well, both in prose and verse.
- ² Lěg'a cỹ, a gift, by will, of money or goods.
- ² An nữ i tỹ, a sum of money payable yearly.
- ⁴ Antique (an tēk'), ancient; of old fashion.
- ⁵ Trăn quil'li tỳ, a câlm state; peace; quietness; freedom from câre or trouble.
- Worsted (wust'ed), a kind of yarn spun from long wool.
- ⁷ Un' im pēach'a ble, free from doubt or fault.

testimony¹ to this branch of in'dustry.² Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by her; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal ⁸—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table-cloths for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures.⁴

4. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats are to many other single ladies. She was lost without it: her conversation always turned on the subject of thread-papers and needle-cases; and never was darning-cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls than by the taper fingers of Cousin Deb'orah.

5. The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe 5 and veneration; 6 and without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eye greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton and forests of pins and needles.

- 6. And I have no doubt that Cousin Děb'orah first regarded me with favor in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a möst necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters; and, though very happy among ourselves, the cir'cumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest in'dustry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order "to make both ends meet."
- 7. She was proud of me, on the whole, as a pupil, though she sometimes had occasion to reprove me for idleness and skipping stitches; and between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings we made whole in the course of the year. Many a time I was invited by Cousin Deb'orah to take tea with her, and bring my work-bag in my hand, as a matter of course; and we used to sit for long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock.

feeling of respect and love.

¹ Těs'ti mo ny, proof of some fact; witness.

² In'dus try, steady attention to business.

³ Scăn'dal, something said which is false and injurious to character.

⁴ Frăct'ūre, a breach or break.

Awe (a), great fear and regard.
 Věn' er ă' tion, the strongest

^{&#}x27;Frugality (fro'găl'i tī), that câreful use of things valuable which expends nothing needlessly, and applies what is used profitably.

8. I sometimes found it very dull work, I confess. Not so Cousin Deb'orah. She needed no other society than that of her work-box; and I do not believe she loved any human being so well. Her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced toward me, as time went on, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in her devotion; I was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and läughing with companions of my own age.

9. But ply the needle I did, and so did Cousin Děb'orah; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pâir of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so every evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.

10. At length Cousin Děb'orah's quiet and blāmeless life came to an end. Having shut her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet, she tûrned her face to the wall and fell asleep. When her will was opened, it was found that she had left her books, fûrniture, and plate to a family that stood in the same relationship to her as we did, but who were in much more prosperous cîr'cumstances than we. To me she devised the huge old work-box, with all its contents, "in token of the high esteem and affection with which I was regarded" by the deceased.

11. I was to inherit the well-stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others. "Every ball of darning cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessing," said Cousin Deborah; "for Ada Benwell" (that was my name) "is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other

¹ Mūt'u al, interchanged; common; given and received.

² Conscientiously (kŏn shi ĕn'-shus li), with a strict regard to right and wrŏng.

³ Woman (wum'an).

⁴ In'dis pĕn'sa ble, not possible to omit or spâre.

⁵ Will, the lawful writing by which a person disposes of his property, to take effect at his death.

⁶ De vised', gave by a will.

gîrl of her age. Therefore, I particularly commend the balls of darning cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

12. My mother was a little disappointed at the contents of our kinswoman's will, and expressed her displéasure in a few sharp remarks, for which my father gently reproved her. The subject of the legacies was never again discussed by us. The work-box was in constant requisition 2 at my side, and the balls of darning cotton rapidly diminished. One day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with my needle, she remarked, " Y_{Ω} U have followed our poor cousin's directions, my dear Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done."

13. As my mother spoke, I unrölled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment she unfolded it before our astonished gaze. It was a bank note of fifty pounds! "O, dear, misjudged Cousin Deborah!" she exclaimed: "this is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her—kind, queer old soul!"

14. We were not long in using up all the other balls of darning cotton in that marvelous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my in'dustry sure never was met with before or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand. No less than ten fifty-pound notes were thus brought to light; and my father läughingly declared I had wrought my own dower's with my needle. No persuasions could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my "reward," and belonged to me alone.

¹ Therefore (ther for), for that or this reason.

Requisition (rek' wi zish' un), the act of requiring; demand.

^{*} Nā'ole ŭs, a kernel; hence, a central point about which matter is gathered.

⁴ Pound, a British name of money of the value of 20 shillings sterling, the gold sövereign, or about \$4.84.

⁵ Dow'er, the property which a woman brings to a husband in marriage; a gift.

exomination

18. SOCKS FOR JOHN RANDALL.

It was a matter of talk that Widōw Randall knit so many socks for the soldiers. She was a poor woman, and had little to do with; but she must have spent a great deal of money for yarn, buying so much of the best at war prices. Knitting seemed almost a māniā¹ with her. She was sometimes seen knitting before breakfast. No sooner was her housework done, than out came her knitting, and her needles flew, click, click, faster even than they did when her fingers were young and supple;² while her pale, sad face bending above them made one almost weep to look at her. She was one of those who do not weep, but who ever carry a full fountain of tears sealed up within them.

- 2. Not a box in all the country near was sent to the soldiers that did not contain a pair of Widow Randall's socks; and box after box from the Sanitary ⁸ Commission carried her contributions. Always welcome, so soft, so warm, so nice were her socks. The appreciative could not help unrolling them, feeling their softness and speaking their praise; and always carefully stitched within them they found a letter. Sometimes it was only, "To my dear son, John Randall, from his ever-loving mother;" sometimes it told of her love, and hope, and carnest prayer; sometimes it implored him to write to her, and tell her that he lived, and tell her of his wellfare if he lived.
- 3. How many soldiers were blessed through her love for one! How many felt a glow of thanks as they drew her comforting socks over their benumbed feet, and dropped a tear upon her tender letter to the son who might then be perishing uncared for, unknowing how a mother's love had sought for him, prayed for him, unceasingly.
- 4. A pair of "socks for John Randall" once fell into the hands of a poor motherless English boy. His lone, yearning, orphan heart responded to the maternal tenderness which he had missed and mourned for in his own life; and with the

⁴ English (ing/glish),



Mā' nǐ a, an insane or unreasonable desire; madness.

² Sŭp'ple, pliant; easily bent.

⁸ Săn'i ta rỹ, relating to, or intended to continue or secure health.

instincts of a son, he wrote the widowed mother a letter of love and thanks in the name of all the absent and wandering sons, and sent her gold, and offered to be her son, if God had bereaved her of her own.

- 5. A pair of "John Randall's socks" worked their way into a Kentucky regiment at the west. There a rough, hard old soldier got possession of them, and found the note within them, and read it aloud to the silent group around him. In that group was a lone youth who had come a stranger into the regiment, and who never spoke of his home or friends. No one listened to the note so intently as he, and it was strange to see how his color came and went as he listened. Then the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.
- 6. "Give me the letter," he said; "it is from my mother. The letter and the socks are mine."—"Yours! is your name John Randall?"—"Yes." A hearty läugh. "Randall! You cän't come that game so easy, Boy George."
- 7. "Boy George," as the youth was familiarly called, colored deeper than before, but persisted. "My real name is John Randall, and the letter and socks are mine."—"Yours when you get 'em, and not much before," answered the man who had them. "If you've changed your name once, you may change it a dozen times, but that won't give you my socks."
- 8. "Boy George" said no more about the socks, but again asked for and received the letter. He sought a quiet place and read it, and read it again. "My dearest son, dearest beyond all expression, if you are still living, write to me and tell me so; if you love me still, be a good boy, and try to meet me in heaven."
- 9. This was all; but was enough for the heart of that undutiful and suffering son. Wild and adventurous, and failing to obtain his mother's consent, he had gone to the war without it, changing his name, and enlisting in a regiment of a distant State. He had taken care that none of his early friends should know where he was, and he knew little of them. He had in some way heard that his mother was dead, and he feared that his own misconduct had broken her heart.
- 10. Thank Göd that in his mercy this bitterness was spared from his cup. His mother still lived, still loved him as of old. He would write to her—would tell her all, all his sins, his sor-

rows—would ask her forgiveness, her blessing. He kissed his mother's letter, read it again, and then lifted up his heart to God, the first time for long years.

- 11. He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks, offering his own and money for them. "Then it was your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strong desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. "Well, you shall have them: give me your duds, and take them."
- 12. How precious those socks seemed to him! Every stitch wrought by his mother's kind hand; and with every stitch a sigh heaved, or a prayer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers; he held the socks in his hand, and dropped tear after tear upon them, until his heart was moved, so softened, that he fell upon his knees, as he had not done since he was a child, and prayed, "God forgive me!"
- 13. It was broad daylight, and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just as she was binding off the heel, never taking care to fasten her needles, and letting her ball roll on the floor. One of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said "had come from the war," and he "mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him." No wonder, then, that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John! John alive!
- 14. She read, "Dear Mother—How shall I write you? I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgiveness. I am mortally wounded, and have not long to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees before God. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me; and it is your prayers that have led me to pray at last. How I have mourned for you, mother! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you both forgive your repentant and dying son."
- 15. The full fountain so long sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is uppermost? Which is strongest? Widow Randall

1 Wounded (wond'ed).

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knows that she is childless, but she knows that her son died repentant and prayerful. She knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain in the Lord; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters; not in vain her hope, and patience, and prayer. Never, never is prayer in vain when prompted by love, and winged by faith.

Mrs. P. H. Phelps.

SECTION VI.

T.

19. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART FIRST.

FAR south, in the Indian 1 Ocean, in the midst of almost ceaseless surf and spray, rises what is appropriately termed Danger Island. Of all the lonely spots on the globe whose existence has been ascertained, this is probably the most lonely. Once only since the creation has it been known to be visited by man.

- 2. The sea for many hundred miles rolls and flashes over a shallow bottom, till, arriving at a certain degree of latitude, the floor of rock abruptly ends, and the ocean becomes, in a moment, of unfathomable depth. On the very edge of this abyss stands Danger Island, which the least touch of an earthquake, or an unusual stroke of a hurricane, may topple over into the bottomless gulf.
- 3. From this persuasion, possibly, man has never attempted to erect his dwellings upon it: there it stands, in the midst of the surge, overcanopied by the bluest of blue skies, surrounded by a boundless expanse of waves, generally shining and beautiful, but as little specked by sails as if they girdled an uninhabited world. Yet, though no gale is astir, the billows incessantly fret and foam against the cliffs of Danger Island, which on all sides descend sheer into the deep, so as to appear from a distance perfectly inaccessible.

⁴ In'ac cess'i ble, not to be obtained, approached, or reached.



Indian (ind'yan).

² A byss', a gulf; a bottomless depth; hence, any very deep space.

³ Surge (sĕrj), rolling water.

4. A surveying ship, traversing 1 the ocean in all directions, for scientific purposes, once approached this wild rock. The weather was calm and lovely; the waves, usually so restless, being afforded by the wind no pretext for climbing and roaring about the cliffs, lay still and smooth, as if to entrap the unwary 2 mariner.8

5. Taking advantage of the occasion, a few daring young officers ordered a boat to be lowered, and, pushing off with many a sturdy 4 rower from the ship's side, soon drew near the perpendicular 5 precipices 6 of Danger Island. Nature has per-

haps nowhere produced a more strange or fairy 7 spot.

6. As the men rested on their oars, and looked up, they beheld trees of dense ⁸ and beautiful foliage ⁹ throwing out their arms over the cliffs ¹⁰ on all sides; while birds of the most variegated and brilliant plumage seemed to hang like clustering flowers on the boughs. Having never been disturbed by man, they were ignorant that his approach boded ¹¹ them mischief, so that if they now and then quitted their perches, and spread out their dazzling wings, it was only in frolic and sport.

7. After rowing to a considerable distance along the foot of the precipices, the gentlemen discovered a small fissure, ¹² through which they felt confident they could climb to the summit; and the boat being pushed quite close to the rocks, two or three of the most daring landed, and, after no slight toil and peril, reached the top. The prospect which then presented itself was truly extraordinary. Rendered green as an emerald ¹⁸ by the agency of hidden springs, the whole surface of the island was thickly strewn with eggs of innumerable oceanic ¹⁴ birds, which,

Măr'in er, seaman ; sailor.

¹ Trăv'ers ing, wandering over; crössing.

⁹ Un wä'ry, not watchful against dänger; unguarded.

<sup>Sturdy (ster'di), hardy; strong.
Per'pen dic'ū lar, exactly up-</sup>

Fer'pen dic'ū lar, exactly up right; toward the earth's centre.

⁶ Prěc'i pice, a very steep descent of land or rock.

⁷ Fairy (fâr'i), relating or belonging to fairies. Fairies were imaginary, not real, spirits, once thought to be able to take a human form,

ëither male or female, and to meddle in the affairs of mankind.

⁸ Děnse, compact; close.

Fo'li age, leaves; a cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

Oliff, a high and steep rock; a very steep or overhanging place.

¹¹ Bōd'ed, foreshadowed.

¹² Fissure (fish'or), a split, or narrow opening.

¹⁸ Em'e rald, a precious stone of a rich green color.

¹⁴ Oceanic (ō she ăn'ik), relating to, or found or formed in, the ocean.

rising from the task of incubation, formed a canopy of fluttering wings overhead'.

- 8. The eggs were of all colors—white, light chocolate, and dark blue, dotted with brown or crimson, tarquoïse or black. Here and there little bills protruded from the shells; and the mothers, though scared away for a moment by the unusual appearance of men, soon alighted near their young, being, in spite of the name of their home, thoroughly unacquainted with danger. It might almost be said that the whole surface of the isle formed but one nest, divided into several compartments, where the naturalist, if he could live on eggs, might study the appearance, habits, and character of half the winged dwellers on the deep.
- 9. It is altogether unnecessary, however, to voyage so far in order to contem'plate 4 the beauty of one of Nature's master-pieces—the egg. On few things has so much beauty been lavished. Just peep, in any lane, or break, in spring, into a bird's nest, and, lying cozily in their mossy couch, you will behold a number of mysterious spheres, every one of them with life within, but externally smooth and brilliant as a gem, penciled with delicate lines, flecked with red, cloudy, streaked, furnished with thousands of invisible pores, through which the air penetrates to the imprisoned bird, to hasten its development, and cooperate with animal heat in imparting to it all the mysterious powers of organization 6 and vitality.
- 10. Considering one of these marvels⁸ from our own point of view, we should, before instructed by experience, imagine it was something intended to last for ever, so wonderful is its constitution,⁹ so rare its beauty, so ex'quisite ¹⁰ the finish and polish

¹ In'cu bā'tion, the act of sitting on, or otherwise warming, eggs for the parpose of hatching young.

⁹ Turquois, (těr kēz'), a mineral, used in jewelry, of a peculiar bluishgreen color.

^{*}Protruded (pro trod'ed), thrust out; came forth.

⁴ Con těm'plāte, to look at on all sides or in all beârings; to study.

⁵ In vis'l ble, unseen; not capable of being seen.

⁶ Or'găn i zā'tion, the parts of which a thing is formed; structure.

⁷ Vi tăl'i ty, life; the power or means of maintaining life.

⁸ Mar'věl, that which causes admiration or surprise; a wonder.

⁹Cŏn'sti tū'tion, the state of being; make.

¹⁰ Exquisite (ĕks'kwi zit), cârefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving râre satisfaction.

with which, so to speak, it has been chiseled and turned out of hand. Yet it is meant to endure but for a few days at furthest. The young birds are cradled in things of beauty, which, when they have served their purpose, are thrown aside like the merest dross; not here and there, scantily and by driblets, but profusely, in incalculable quantities, over the whole surface of our globe. And why not? The power that called the egg into existence can, when it is broken and thrown aside, bring forth others of equal loveliness in multitudes that know no limit.

11. If you pierce the shell, what do you find within? First, a covering, white, thin, and delicate like the petal of the rarest flower, which envelops the young bird, and preserves it from contact with the polished but hard substance of the shell. Then, if you proceed further, you come upon the mighty process of matter quickening into life—the changing of two dissimilar fluids into bones, and flesh, and feathers, and talons, and heart, and brains, together with all the machinery of voice, instinct, affection, and such other things as characterize life in all creatures, whether they emerge, like the ostrich, from a huge globe, or like the humming-bird, from an egg scarcely equaling in size the smallest pea.

12. Every one has heard of the egg-hatching ovens of Grand Cairo; but unless by actual inspection, it would be almost impossible to form a correct ide'a of them. They are, in fact, not ovens at all, but long suites of small, low chambers, lighted from above, and heated by hypocausts below the flooring. When you look down the long line of rooms, you imagine yourself to be gazing upon whole acres of eggs, and experience a warmth equal to that which you would feel if forty hens were sitting on you. About the nineteenth day the throbbings of life are first seen in the egg; soon after which the shell parts, and leaves the bird exposed to the outer changes of life. Then man

¹ Pět'al, one of the inner or colored leaves of a flower.

⁹ In'stinct, inward impulse; the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

⁸ Cairo (kī'ro), the capital city of Egypt. Population, 250,000.

⁴ Suite (swēt), a connected series; a collection; also, a train of followers.

⁵ Hyp'o caust, an arched, underground room from which the heat of a fire is conducted to rooms above by means of earthen tubes. It was first used in baths.

takes upon himself the office of the hen, and feeds the young chickens till they are able to provide for themselves.

13. If there is remance 1 in hatching birds in this manner, we entirely miss it. Much more poetical did it appear to us to stand beside a solitary nest in the desert. It was that of some unknown bird, which, with sweet confidence in the forbearance of every thing possessing life, had constructed her nest in the open waste, under the frail shelter of a little tuft of grass. We arrived during her brief peried of absence, when she had gone out of sight, just to take a sweep, and stretch her wings in the balmy air. The nest was round, made externally of moss and grass, and lined with a variegated pattern of pink and white feathers. On this lay the five eggs, in color of a sky-blue, dotted with spets of gold.

14. It was a sight of rare beauty: the surrounding grass. slightly scerched by the sun's rays, waved and rustled ever the levely spheres, as the gentle desert breeze fanned it into motion. Presently we heard a sharp cry everhead, and leeking up, beheld the anxious mother wheeling round in small circles, and, by her cries of increasing agony, entreating us to be gone. Obeying through reverence for maternal love, we left the poor bird, of whatever species she might be, to bring forth her young in peace.

II.

20. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART SECOND.

I F from the first home of the bird we turn to its clothing, what andless former of the bird we turn to its clothing, what endless forms of magnificence present themselves! The branch of the fern, the frond s of the palm, the pensile 4 boughs of the larch bending beneath a weight of snow-flakes, yield the prize of organization to an ostrich feather, to the tail of the peacock, or to that of the bird-of-paradise. Even the rainbow, which in summer spans the plain, and paints the cloud

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¹Ro mănce', an .extravagan<u>t</u> or Frond, the organ formed by the fictitious tale; the fanciful. Union, into one body, of leaves and 2 Mag nif i cence, grandeur of apstalks in certain plants. 4 Pĕn'sĭle, pendent; hanging. pearance; splendor of show or state.

with its brilliant radia'tions of light, is less dazzling in its tints than the plumage of many a bird.

- 2. Sometimes, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have perhaps been sleeping all night on your prayer-carpet, if you glance along the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes, diminutive as the finest needle, and green as an emerald, spreading forth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine any thing softer or more lustrous 1 than this evanescent 2 robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogether at the first touch of the sun.
- 3. An Ar'ab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gābriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phenix, which, after having been expelled from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of the desert.
- 4. One of the most ex'quisite sights we have ever behed was produced by the agency of feathers. Sitting on a broad, sandy flat in the Upper Nile, about half an hour before sunrise, we listened, in a delicious revery, to the divine waters, as they flowed and rippled on either side of the isle. Time, in such situations, flies rapidly by. The sun, ere we were aware of it, rose, as if with a bound, from behind the Arabian mountains, and immediately the whole earth lay flooded with golden light. At the same instant, the flapping and rustling of countless wings were heard overhead; and looking up, we beheld an immense flight of pelicans voyaging southward.
- 5. The breast of the pělican, it is well known, is milky white; yet now, being touched by the beams of the young sun, it became covered with a roseate flush. In one bird this would have been striking; but when the delicate tinge passed like an irradiation along the soft curves of a thousand bosoms at once, it produced an effect truly marvelous.

¹ Lŭs'troŭs, shining; bright. 🦯

² Ev'an ĕs'cent, vanishing like vapor; fleeting.

^{*}Phē'nix, a bird fabled to live single, and, after death, to rise again from its ashes.

⁴ Delicious (de lish'us), delight-

ful; most grateful or sweet to the senses.

^{*}Rev'er'y, a loose or irregular train of thoughts occurring in musing; a vision.

⁶ Ir rā'dĭ ā'tion, act of giving out beams of light; illumination.

6. To our shame, we confess it, we killed, and attempted to eat, one of these harmless dwellers amid the waters. But our punishment was instantaneous: no human teeth could masticate its tough fibers, nor could any human stomach digest them. It is true we could gaze upon its dead breast, and try to fancy the celestial i hues that had gladdened our sight in the morning; but they were no longer visible. The breast was indeed soft as that of the swan; but as it suggested ghastly ideas, we flung it into the Nile; so that nothing remained to us but the regret of having slaughtered the beautiful bird in vain.

7. Far away up in Af'rica, we met a car'avan bringing slaves, gold, ivory, odoriferous gums, and ostrich feathers toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Some of these feathers were white, —not the cold white of snow, but the creamy soft white of a fair woman's skin. In London, Paris, or New York, we fancy they

would have been worth their weight in gold.

8. Each feather was in itself a picture. There was nothing in it which, when touched, produced that harsh, grating sensation of the nerves caused by passing the finger along ordinary feathers. It hung in soft, wavy curls, like the finest lace, on both sides of the stem, and terminated in a little fan of ringlets, that fell soothingly upon the hand, like nothing else we are acquainted with in the creation.

9. Yet the bird on which these marvels grew is one of the most awkward, ungainly, flat-footed creatures that Africa—the cradle of monsters—brings forth. While on the body of its owner, a tuft of these lovely feathers looks positively ludicrous, as, with its huge, long legs, long neck, little head, and body like a stuffed cushion, it scours away in droves athwart the waste.

10. Among the treasures of the same car'avan were other feathers, of colors so bright that they suggested the ide'a of having been freshly dyed by art—some vermilion,4 others of the brightest green, others turquois, or beryl 5 yellow, or clouded

^{&#}x27;Celestial (se lest'yal), belonging to the heavens, either spiritual or the regions of air; heavenly.

Vis'i ble, to be seen; in view.

³ Căr'a van, a company of travelers, pilgrims, or merchants, traveling together for security.

⁴ Ver mil'ion, a beautiful red color; a lively and brilliant red.

⁵ Běr'ÿl, a hard mineral usually of a green, or bluish-green color. The beryl, when transparent, is of great beauty, and, set as a gem, is called aqua-marine.

like the <code>opal,¹</code> or sparkling like the <code>chalcedony.³</code> One bunch of mingled tints so strikingly resembled a nosegay, that we thought for a moment the young Ar'ab chief who held them in his hand was taking home some African flowers to his bride; and so, perhaps, he was; but they were flowers that would not fade, and may still be nodding on the brow of some loving brunette ³ beneath the tents of Ishmael.⁴

11. In the far East, tiny b humming-birds are eagerly sought by the ladies of the harem. In the Moluccas, the nutmeg bird, with plumage in color like the fruit, is a special favorite, though its sober hues appear to Eprope ans extremely poor in comparison with those of its gandy neighbors. In old Greece, a very peculiar use was made of feathers, not after the death of their owners, but while they yet flashed and fluttered with joy on the wings that bred them.

12. Several kinds of birds, having been carefully tamed, were scented with liquid odors, and during banquets, let loose in spacious and splendid saloons, where, flitting among the lights, they scattered sweet dews over the guests. Among the luxurious of the same country, counterpanes were made with feathers of the peacock's tail, which cast their gorgeous hues over the forms of sleeping beauty.

III.

21. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

M ERRILY swinging on briar and weed, Near to the nest of his little dame, 10

¹O'pal, the precious opal has a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints, and is highly esteemed as a gem. The colors of fire opal are like the red and yellow of flame. Common opal has a milky appearance.

³ Chăl cĕd'o nỹ, a stone of several varieties and various colors, used in jewelry.

⁸ Brunette (bro nět'), a girl or woman with a brown or dark skin.

4 Ish'ma el, here means the Arabs

who are the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham.

⁵ Tī'ny, little; very small.

⁶ Mö lüc'cas, or *Spice Islands*, a name given to the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

⁷ Banquet (băngk'wět), a feast.

⁸ Spā'cioŭs, wideextended; roomy.

*Luxurious (lugz yū'rĭus), greatly delighting in the pleasures of the table; devoted to pleasure.

Dame, the mistress of a school, or of a family.

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Over the mountain-side or mead,¹
Robert of Lineoln² is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest;

Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine—
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife, Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings, Passing at home a patient life, Broods in the grass while her husband sings Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, Spink, spank, spink; Brood, kind creature; you need not fear Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chēe, chee, chee.

4. Mödest and shy as a nun is she; One weak chirp is her only note. Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hāy,
 Flecked with pûrple—a pretty sight!
 There as the mother sits all dāy,
 Robert is singing with all his might:

¹ Mēad, a meadow.

⁹ Lincoln (lǐngk'ŭn).

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice, good wife, that never goes out—
Keeping house while I frolic about!
Chee, chee, chee.

- 6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Găthering seeds for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bobolink,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.
- 7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made Sober with work, and silent with care; Off is his holiday garment laid, Hälf-forgotten that merry air: Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, Spink, spank, spink; Nobody knows but my mate and I Where our nest and our nestlings lie. Chee, chee, chee.
- 8. Summer wanes; the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone; Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.

BRYANT.

America. His style, both in prose and verse, is pure, manly, elegant, and vigorous. He has traveled extensively in this country and Europe. His residence is near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island. He is still connected with the "Evening Post."

¹ Wāne, decrease; waste away.

⁹ Crone, an old woman or man.
⁸ William Cullen Bryant, among

⁸ William Cullen Bryant, among the first, if not the first, of American poets, was born in Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794. He is the poet of nature, especially as found in

IV.

22. THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?—
And who is Will, I pray?

- 2. Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill, A suppliant s at my door? Why ask of me to whip poor Will?— And is Will really poor?
- 3. If poverty's his crime, let mirth From out his heart be driven; That is the deadliest sin on earth, And never is forgiven!
- 4. Art Will himself?—It must be so: I learn it from thy moan; For none can feel another's woe As deeply as his own.
- 5. Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat, While other birds repose? What means thy mel'ancholy note?— The mystery disclose!
- 6. Still "Whip poor Will!"—Art thou a sprite,4
 From unknown regions sent,
 To wander in the gloom of night,
 And ask for punishment?
- 7. Is thine a conscience sore beset With guilt?—or, what is worse, Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt— No money in thy purse?
- 8. If this be thy hard fate indeed, Ah, well mayst thou repine;

⁵ Conscience (kŏn' shĕns), the power or principle within us which decides on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of our actions and affections, and approves or condemns them.



¹ Dost (dŭst).

² Pěn'sĭve, thoughtful, or sad.

⁸ Sup'pli ant, one who entreats, or asks humbly.

⁴ Sprite, an apparition ; a spirit.

The sympathy I give, I need— The poet's doom is thine!

- 9. Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved The fairest can deceive? Thine is the lot of all who've loved, Since Adam wedded Eve.
- Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
 No friend was he in need!
 A common error—men still lean
 Upon as frail a reed.
- 11. Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame, A crown of brambles won?— O'er all the earth 'tis just the same With ĕvèry mother's son.
- 12. Hast found the world a Bābel ¹ wide, Whêre man to Mammon ² stoops— Where flourish Arrogance ³ and Pride, While modest Merit droops?
- 13. What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain?
 To guess it who's the skill?Pray have the kīndness to explainWhy I should whip poor Will.
- 14. Dost merely ask thy just desert?What, not another word?—Back to the woods again, unhurt:I will not harm thee, bird!
- 15. But use thee kindly; for my nerves,
 Like thine, have penance done;
 "Use every man as he deserves—
 Who shall 'scape whipping?"—none!

disposition to ûrge for one's self undue claims.

¹ Bā'bel, the name of the city where the confusion of languages took place [Gen. XI. 9]; hence, confusion; disorder.

² Mam'mon, wealth; riches.

⁸ Ar'ro gance, haughtiness; the

⁴ Pěn'ance, labor, pain, or suffering, self-applied, or imposed by authority of the Church, as a punishment for faults.

16. Farewell, poor Will !—not văluelessThis lesson by thee given :

"Keep thine own counsel, and confess Thyself ălone to Heaven!"

MORRIS.1

SECTION VII.

I

23. THE FRENCHMAN'S DOG.

VOLUMES could be filled with anecdotes² of the mutual attachment of men and dogs; and we are of opinion that the affection in such cases is very much more noble and generous than is usually supposed. No person, probably, can have any proper idea of this tenderness of feeling, who has not kept a favorite dog.

- 2. Courage, watchfulness, fidelity —many of the best qualities that awaken respect, admiration, and love, among human beings—are possessed to a wonderful extent by dogs. There seems to be a sort of humanity in them. This is most admirably shown in the beautiful picture that appears on the next page. Mark the determination to protect, and conscious repose of power, in the large dog, and the bristling assurance, indulged from a sense of security, of the small one!
- 3. Dogs, in their love for man, play a part in nearly every tragedy. A modern novelist, describing a mardered man, adds,
- ¹ George P. Morris, the popular American song-writer, was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1802. He commenced his literary career in New York, at the age of fifteen. As a journalist he was sprightly and entertaining, though as a poet, and more particularly as a song-writer, he acquired his chief reputation. Millions of copies of his songs have been circulated. Various editions of his poems have been published, the last of which appeared

in 1860. He died in New York, July 6, 1864.

- ⁹ An'ec dôte, a particular fact or single passage of private life of an interesting nature; a short störy.
- * FY dĕl'i ty, loyalty; faithfulness.
 * Hu măn'i ty, the nature peculiar to man; kindness.
- ⁵ Trăg'e dy, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some action having a fatal and mournful end; any event in which human lives are lost by human violence.



with rare power of picture-words: "The full, sweet light of the summer-day fell into the chamber of the dead, where they had laid him down, and left him in the deep stillness that no footfall stirred, no voice disturbed, and no love watched, save that of a little spaniel, which had crept into his breast, and flew at those who sought to move her from her vigil, and erouched there, trembling and moaning piteously."

¹ Spaniel (spăn'yĕl).

- 4. We believe, that, among the different varieties of dogs, the small spaniel kind is the most affectionate; but probably we are led to entertain this notion from an acquaintanceship with the character of our own favorite Fiddy—a small spaniel, of joyous and intelligent character, and possessing boundless attachment to persons about her. An anecdote is told of a small dog of this variety which does not appear to us to be in any respect incredible.¹
- 5. During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris, to appear before the revolutionary tribūnal.² His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him, but, on arriving in the capital, was refused admission to the prison of his master.³ The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison.
- 6. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master, on seeing his dog, was not less.
- 7. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands, and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer.
- 8. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and, to the surprise of the court, there also was the dog. It had followed his master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle 4 of so much affection would have

⁴ Spec'ta cle, something presented to view; usually, a remarkable sight.



¹ In crĕd'i ble, not possible to be credited or believed.

⁹ Tri bū'nal, the seat of a judge; hence, a court of justice.

⁸ Master (mås'ter).

moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of maniacs 1 or demons.²

9. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aris'tocrat, was doomed to be guillotined; and, in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him? The condemned man and his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman, it is needless to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy.

10. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the ax fell, and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat.

11. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his body grew thinner, his eye more glassy. Occasionally he uttered low, moaning sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found, stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings.

12. Who can describe the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. All can, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands.

¹ Mā'ni ăc, a madman.

² **Dē** mon, a spirit holding a middle place between men and the gods of the pagans; an evil spirit; a devil.

⁸ A ris'to crat, one who favors, in principle or practice, a form of government whose power is vested

in the chief persons of a state; one who is haughty, proud, or overbearing in his temper or habits.

Guillotined (gĭl lō tēnd'), beheaded with the guillotine, a machine in which a heavy ax is raised by means of a cord, and let fall upon the neck of the victim.

II.

24. LEWIS AND HIS DOG.

ASTER JOHN had come to sail a little boat which his grandfather had given him: the string by which the length of its voyage was to have been regulated had broken, and the boat had drifted farther and farther from its hapless owner, until at last it had reached a species of buoy¹ to which the park-keeper's punt² was occasionally moored, and there it had chosen to stick hard and fast. In this rebellious little craft was embarked, so to speak, all Master John's present stock of earthly happiness; thence the sorrow which Mary's caresses were unable to assuage, and thence the lamentations which had attracted Lewis's attention.

2. "Don't cry so, my little man, and we'll see if we can't ind a way of getting it for you," observed Lewis, encouragingly, raising the distressed ship-owner in his arms, to afford him a better view of his stranded property. "We must ask my dog to go and fetch it for us. Come here, Mr. Faust! You are not afraid of him? he wouldn't hûrt you; that's right, pat him—there's a brave boy. Now, ask him to fetch your boat for you: Say 'Please, Mr. Faust, go and get my boat'—say so."

3. And the child—hälf-pleased, half-frightened, but with implicit faith in the dog's intellectual powers, and the advisability of conciliating its good-will and imploring its assistance—repeated the desired formula with great fervor. "That's well! Now, nurse, take care of Master—what did you say?—ay, Master John, while I show Faust where the boat is." As he spoke, he took up a stone, and, attracting Faust's attention to his proceedings, jerked it into the water just beyond the spot where the boat lay, at the same time directing him to fetch it.

4. With a bound like the spring of a lion, the noble dog

¹ Buoy (bwai), a float; a floating mark to point out the position of objects beneath the water.

² Punt, a flat-bottomed boat.

⁸ Lăm'en tā'tion, the act of bewailing; expression of sorrow.

⁴ Can't (känt).

⁵ Im plic'it, resting on another;

trusting fully to another's word, power, or authority; entire.

⁶ Formula (fôr'mu là), a set rule or form; a fixed method in which anything is to be arranged, done, said, or the like.

^{&#}x27;Fer'vor, heat; very great feeling.

⁸ Ay (äi), yea; yes.

dashed into the water, and swam vigorously toward the object of his quest,¹ reached it, seized it in his powerful jaws, and turned his head toward the bank in preparation for his homeward voyage; while the delighted child läughed and shouted with joy at the prospect of regaining his lost treasure. Instead, however, of proceeding at once toward the shore, the dog remained stationary, beating the water with his fore-paws to keep himself afloat, and occasionally uttering an uneasy whine. "Here—Faust! Faust! What in the world's the matter with him?" exclaimed Lewis, calling the dog, and inciting² him, by gestures, to return—but in vain. His struggles only became more violent, without his making the slightest progress through the water.

- 5. Attracted by the sight, a knot of loungers gathered round the spot, and various suggestions were hazarded as to the dog's unaccountable behavior. "I think he must be seized with cramp," observed a good-natured, round-faced man, in a velveteen jacket, who looked like one of the park-keepers. "The animal is suicidally disposed, apparently," remarked a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, with a sinister sexpression of countenance, to which a thick mustache imparted a character of fierceness. "Anxious to submit to the cold-water cure, more probably," replied his companion. "It will be kill, rather than cure, with him, before long," returned the former speaker, with a half-läugh. "He's getting löwer in the water every minute."
- 6. "He's caught by the string of the boat which is twisted round the buoy!" exclaimed Lewis, who, during the above conversation, had seized the branch of a tree, and, raising himself by his hands, had reached a position from which he was able to perceive the cause of his favorite's disaster. "He'll be drowned if he is not unfastened. Who knows where the key of the boathouse is kept?" "I'll run and fetch it," cried the good-natured man; "it's at the receiving-house, I believe." "Quick; or it will be no use!" said Lewis, in the greatest excitement.
 - 7. The man hurried off, but the crowd round the spot had

¹ Quĕst, desire ; sẽarch.

⁹ In cit'ing, moving to action; rousing.

² Sĭn'is ter, left-handed; evil.

⁴ Mustache (mus täsh'), that part of the beard which grows on the upper lip; hair left to grow above the mouth.

now become so dense—even carriages filled with fashionably dressed ladies having stopped to witness the catastrophe 1—that it was no easy matter for him to make his way through it; and several minutes elapsed without witnessing his return. In the meantime, the poor dog's struggles were becoming fainter and fainter; his whining had changed to something between a hoarse bark and a howl—a sound so clearly indicative of suffering as to be most distressing to the bystanders; and it was evident, that, if some effort were not speedily made for his relief, he must sink.

- 8. "He shall not perish unassisted!" exclaimed Lewis, impetuously—"Who will lend me a knife?" Several were immediately offered him, from which he selected one with a broad blade. "May I inquire how you propose to prevent the catastrophe?" asked, superciliously, the mustached gentleman to whom we have before alluded. "You shall see, directly," returned Lewis, divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckeloth. "I presume you are aware there is not one man in a hundred who could swim that distance in his clothes," resumed the speaker, in the same sneering tone; "do you actually—I merely ask as a matter of curiosity—do you really consider it worth while to peril your life for that of a dog?"
- 9. "For such a noble animal as that—yes!" replied Lewis, sternly. I might not take the trouble for a mere puppy;" and he pronounced the last two words with a marked emphasis, which rendered his meaning unmistakable. The person he addressed colored with anger, and slightly raised his cane—but he read that in Lewis's face which caused him to relinquish his intention; and, smiling scornfully, he folded his arms and remained to observe the event.
- 10. Having completed his preparations, Lewis placed the knife between his teeth, and, motioning to the crowd to stand aside, gave a short run, dashed through the shallow water, and then, breasting the stream gallantly, swam, with powerful strokes, toward the still struggling animal. As he perceived his master approaching, the poor dog ceased howling; and, seemingly re-animated by the prospect of assistance, redoubled his

² Sū'per oĭl'i oŭs ly, proudly; haughtily; overbeâringly.



¹ Ca tăs'tro phe, a final event, usually of a dişastrous nature.

efforts to keep himself affoat. In order to avoid the stroke of his paws, Lewis swam round him, and, supporting himself by resting one hand upon the buoy, he grasped the knife with the other, and at one stroke severed the string.

- 11. The effect was instantly perceptible: freed from the restraint which had till now paralyzed 1 his efforts, the dog at once rose higher in the water; and, even in that extremity, his affection for his master overpowering his instinct of self-preservation, he swam toward him with the child's boat (of which, throughout the whole scene, he had never loosened his hold) in his mouth. Merely waiting to assure himself that the animal had yet strength enough remaining to enable him to regain the shore, Lewis set him the example by quitting the buoy, and striking out lustily for the bank.
- 12. But now the weight of his clothes, thoroughly saturated as they had become, began to tell upon him; and his strokes became weaker, while his breath came short and thick. Faust, on the contrary, freed from the string which had entangled him, proceeded merrily, and reached the shore ere Lewis had performed half the distance. Depositing the boat in triumph at the feet of one of the bystanders, the generous animal only stopped to shake the water from his ears, and then, plunging in again, swam to meet his master.
- 13. It was perhaps fortunate that he did so; for Lewis's strength was rapidly deserting him, his clothes appearing to drag him down like leaden weights. Availing himself of the dog's assistance, he placed one arm across its back, and, still paddling with the other, he was partly dragged and partly swam forward till his feet touched ground, when, letting the animal go free, he waded through the shallow water and reached the bank, exhausted indeed, but in safety.
- 14. Rejecting the many friendly offers of assistance with which he was instantly overwhelmed, he wrung the water from his dripping hair, stamped it out of his boots, and hastily resuming his coat and waistcoat, was about to quit a spot where he was the observed of all observers, when Lord Bellefield, after exchanging a few words with his companions, made a sign to attract Lewis's attention. Having succeeded in so doing, he said,

¹ Păr'a l**ÿzed,** made powerless.

"That is a fine dog of yours, sir; will you take a twenty-pound note for him?"

15. Lewis's countenance, pale from exhaustion, flushed with anger at these words; pausing a moment, however, ere he replied, he answered, coldly, "Had he been for sale, sir, I should scarcely have risked drowning in order to save him. I value my life at more than twenty pounds." Then, turning on his heel, he whistled Faust to follow him, and walked away at a rapid pace in the direction of Hyde Park Corner.

III.

25. THE KENTUCKIAN'S DOG.



A KENTUCKIAN sportsman had a favorite stag-hound, strong, and of first-rate qualities, named Bravo, which he, on one occasion, when going on a hunting-expedition, left at home, taking in his stead, on trial, a fine-looking hound which had been presented to him a few days before. Having gone a certain length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag, which he brought down after a considerable run, and belie in to be dead.

- 2. The animal, how is, was only stunned by the shot. He was no sooner touched ith the keen edge of the knife, than he rose with a sudden bound, "threw me from his body," says the hunter, "and hurled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wounding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers, and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us further from it.
- 3. "My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the combat, trembling and quivering in every limb. My dog had not come up, and his bay I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had now become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs cutting deep into

⁵ Hoofs (hofs).



¹ Stag, the male red deer.

² Ant'ler, a start or branch of a horn of an animal of the deer family, as of the moose or stag.

⁸Cŏm'bat, a struggle to resist, conquer, or destroy; a small battle.

Bāy, bark.

my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold.

4. "The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed by autumn rains, and into this I endeavored to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort: when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold, and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him.

5. "Locking my arms around his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long; every muscle and fiber of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

6. "At this moment of despâir I heard the faint bayings of the hound; the stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that blessed sound came nearer and nearer! Oh, how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge from the ravine, and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game!

7. "I released my hold of the stag, which turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted, and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that, dastard like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

8. "Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I carsed the coward dog, which stood near, baying furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. Oh, how I prayed for Bravo!

¹ Washed (wŏsht).

² Despair (de spâr'), loss of hope.

^{*}Emerge (e mẽrj'), come forth from; rise out of and appear.

⁴ Ravine (ra vēn'), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

⁵ Exhausted (egz hast'ed), deprived wholly of strength; fatigued.

⁶ Dăs'tard, one who meanly shrinks from danger; a great coward.

Wound (wond), a hurt; an injury; damage.

The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild förest älöne, with none to help! Thoughts of höme and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill came the baying of my gallant Brāvo!

9. "I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: 'On, Bravo, on!' The next moment, with tiger-like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the hill, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. 'No pause he knew;' but fixing his fangs in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

10. "I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Bravo, 'my own Bravo,' as the heroine of a modern novel would say, standing over me. He had gnawed in two the rope with which he had been tied, and following his master through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death."

SECTION VIII.

I. 26. THE BLOOD HORSE.

AMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

³ Strong, see Note 5, p. 18.



Fangs, tusks; long, pointed teeth by which the prey is seized and held.

⁹ Master (mås'ter).

- 2. Look—how 'round his straining throat
 Grace and shifting beauty float!
 Sinewy strength is in his reins,
 And the red blood gallops through his veins—
 Richer, redder, never ran
 Through the boasting heart of man!
 He can trace his lineage 1 higher
 Than the Bourbon 2 dare aspire—
 Douglas, 3 Guzman, 4 or the Guelph, 5
 Or O'Brien's 6 blood itself!
- 3. He, who hath no peer, was born,
 Here, upon a red March morn;
 But his famous fathers dead
 Were Ar'abs all, and Arab bred,
 And the last of that great line
 Trod like one of a race divine!
 And yet—he was but friend to one,
 Who fed him at the set of sun,
 By some lone for ntain fringed with green;
 With him, a roving Bed'ouin,
 He lived—(none else would he obey
 Through all the hot Arabian day)—
 And died, untamed, upon the sands
 Where Balkh a midst the desert stands!

 Proctor

II. 27. DON FULANO.

THERE they came! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full career! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of

- ¹ Lin'e age, descendants in a line from a common forefather; race.
- ² Bourbon (bor'bon), the name of a French royal family which traces its origin to Louis IX.
- ³ Doug'las, here refers to a Scottish family which has been connected with the royal houses of Scotland and England, and with the most distinguished nobles of Europe.
 - 4 Guzman (goth män').

- ⁶ Guelph (gwĕlf), a line of German princes, originally Italian, and traced to the 9th century, from which the present royal family of England claims its descent.
- ⁶ O'Brien, the name of a family ranking among the most ancient in Ireland.
- ⁷ Bedouin (běď o ēn), one of a tribe of Arabs.
 - 8 Balkh (bälk).

the prāi'rie; then they bûrst over, like the foam and sprāy of a black, stormy wave when a blast strikes it, and wildly swept by us, with manes and tails flaring in the wind. It was magnificent. My heart of a horseman leaped in my breast. "Hurräh!" I cried. "Hurrah 't is!" said Gerrian.

2. The herd dashed by in a huddle, making for the eorral. Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black—my purchase. It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so perfectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the very chiefest chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How masterly he looked! How untamably he stepped!

3. The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted after, a hundred feet behind the hindmost, with large and liberal action. And even at this half speed, easily overtaking his slower comrades, he from time to time paused, bounded in the air, tossed his head, flung out his legs, and then strode on again, writhing all over with suppressed power.

4. He was an American horse—so they distinguish in California one brought from the old States—a superb⁴ young stallion, perfectly black, without spot upon him, except where a flake of foam from his indignant⁵ nostril had eaught upon his flank. A thorough-bred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. Hard after him came José, the herdsman, on a fast mustang.⁶ As he rode, he whirled his lasso⁷ with easy turn of the wrist.

5. The black, trotting still, and halting still to cur'vet 8 and

¹ Mag nif'i cent, on a grand scale; grand in appearance.

² Hurrah (ho rā'), a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.

⁸ Cor'ral, an inclosure or yard, especially for cattle, near a house.

Su perb', grand; rich; showy.

⁵ In dig'nant, greatly provoked, as when a person is excited by unjust treatment, or a mean action; angry.

⁶ Mŭs'tang, the wild horse of the prairies in Mexico, California, &c.

¹ Läs'so, a rope or cord with a noose, used for cătching wild horses, and other animals.

⁸ Curvet (ker'vet), to leap as a horse, when he raises both his fore legs at once, equally advanced, and, as his fore legs are falling, raises his hind legs, so that all of his legs are in the air at once.

căracōle,¹ tûrned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies, and break their spirit by brutality; but an American horse is no môre to be touched by a Mexican than an American man. Bah! make your cast! Dōn't trifle with your lässo! I challenge you. Jerk ăwāy, Señor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish." So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance, and his whinny of disdain.

6. José took the hint. He dug eruel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound, and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer. They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the herdsman, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

7. I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment breezeless. Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor! The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised 2 for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping the circle perfect, waiting for the herdsman's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

8. Hurrah! Through it went the Black! With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched only to spurn its vain assault, with his hindmost hoof. "Hurrah!" I cried. "Hurrah! 't is," shouted Gerrian. José dragged in his spurned lasso. The black, with elated head, and tail waving like a banner, sprung forward, closed in with the herd; they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lost with his suite over the swell of the prairie.

9. When we had come in sight of the corral, we discovered, to our surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. Gerrian sent in José, who drove all but the black out of the staked enclosure. He trotted about at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars, and showing no special disposition to follow.

¹ Căr'a cole, a semi-round, or half turn, which a horse makes, either to the right or left.

² Poised, balanced or suspended by equal weight or power.

⁸E lā'ted, lifted up; raised by success or pride.

⁴Suite (swēt), attendants or followers; a set; a series; a collection; as a *suite* of rooms.

10. I entered alone. Presently he began performing at his own free will. It was magnificent to see him as he circled about me, fire in his eye—pride in his nostril, power and grace from tip to tip. He trotted powerfully; he galloped gracefully; he thundered at full speed; he lifted his fore-legs to welcome; he flung out his hind-legs to repel; he leaped as if he were springing over bayonets; he pranced and curveted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl. Then, when he had amused himself, and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

11. Finally, instinctively knowing me for a friend, the black came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome—a neigh, and no more. Then he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me every mark of confidence. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then, by gentle seductions, I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

12. The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. I named him, after the gold mine, my share of which I had given in exchange, Don Fulano.² He represented to me my whole profit for the sternest and roughest work of my life. I looked at him, and looked at the mine—that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore—and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. "My kingdom for a horse"—so much of a kingdom as I had, I had given. Winthrop.³

France, Germany, Italy, and Greece. He also traveled extensively in this country. He was killed at the battle of Great Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He left in manuscript three novels, "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Bothertoft," which, as well as a number of magazine articles, have been published since his death.

¹ Se dŭo'tion, act of leading away from duty; means of tempting or attracting.

⁹ Fulano (fo la'no).

³ Theodore Winthrop, an American soldier and author, was born in New Haven, Conn., Sept. 22, 1828. He was graduated at Yale College in 1848, and for the sake of his health visited England, Scotland,

III.

28. THE CID AND BAVIECA.

1.

THE king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal¹ true;
Then to the king Ruy Diaz² spake, after reverence due,
"O King! the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile³ himself, should Bavieca ride:

2.

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring So good as he, and certes the best befits my king. But, that you may behold him, and know him to the core, I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor."

3.

With that, the Cid, clad as he was, in mantle furred and wide, On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side; And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career, Streamed like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Diaz' minivere.

4.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse, As matched well, and rivals for gallantry and force; Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near, Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

5.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapped in twain his nether 'rein:—" God pity now the Cid!—
God pity Diaz!" cried the lords—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

6.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king, But, "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing, That pēerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid, By any other mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my Cid!"

¹ Văs'sal, one who holds lands of a superior, and who vows fidelity and homage to him; a tenant.

⁹ Ruy Diaz (dē'āth), Count of Bivar (bē vār'), an illustrious champion of Christianity and of the old Spanish royalty, in the 11th century.

³ Castile (käs tēl'), a former kingdom of Spain.

⁴ Cer'tes, certainly; in truth.

⁵ Wont (wunt), used; accustomed.

⁶ Cid, chief or commander—a name given to Ruy Diaz.

⁷ Něth'er, lower.

SECTION IX.

I.

29. DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS.

A WANTON¹ destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquī'ry as to their mĭs'chievousness, for no other reason than that, wherever we see an insect, we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrong. We have no right to seek their destruction if they are harmless. Our only thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trod on. There is a vague² īdē'a that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward God's minor³ creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.⁴

- 2. A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a scepter that rightly sweeps him away; but in the pasture, where he belongs, and you do not—where he is of no inconvenience, and does no mischief—where his webs are but tables spread for his own food—where he follows his own instincts in eatching insects for his livelihood—why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of happiness? And yet, wherever you see a spider, "Hit him!" is the law of life.
- 3. Upturn a stone in the field. You shall find a city unawares. Dwelling together in peace are a score of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining, black bugs back to their covert. Ants swarm with feverish agility, and bear away their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the enginery and economy that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strange

¹ Wanton (wŏn'tŭn), unrestrained: spōrtive.

³ Vāgue, unsettled; uncertain.

⁸ MI'nor, inferior; lesser,

⁴ Con cšp'tion, the image, idea, or notion of any action or thing which is formed in the mind.

⁵ Score, a notch or mark made to keep an account; twenty.

⁶ Covert(kŭv'ert), a covered place; a shelter.

A gĭl'i ty, quickness of motion.

En'gine ry, artful contrivance.
E con'o my, orderly system.

conditions of life are going on before you. Feel at least sympathy 1 for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be in terested without egotism.²

- 4. But no, the first impulse s of rational man, educated to despise insects and God's minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmless insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The most universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is man, who symbolizes death better than any other thing.
- 5. I, too, learned this murderous pleasure in my boyhood. Through long years I have tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in summer, to seek the solitary 6 hillside—that is less solitary than even the crowded city,—and, waiting till my intrusion 7 has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind God has poured abroad with such profusion. 8 And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens every morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the forests, are rich with marvelous 9 lessons that I could read nowhere else. And often things have taught me what words have failed to teach. Yeā, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature.
- 6. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of Paradise 10 in which man walked, to be sure at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, eruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to God gives me a right

¹ Sym'pa thy, kindness of feeling toward sufferers; fellow-feeling.

² E'go tism, the practice of too often using the word *I*; hence, speaking or writing much of one's self; self-praise.

⁸ Im'pulse, hasty inclination.

^{&#}x27;Rational (răsh'un al), having reason.

⁵ Sým'bol īz es, sērves as a sign or representation of.

⁶ Sŏl'i ta ry, not much visited; retired.

⁷ Intrusion (in tro'zhun), act of entering into a place without invitation, right, or welcome.

⁸ Profusion (pro fu'zhun), great supply or plenty; rich abundance.

Mar'vel ous, strange; wonderful. ¹⁰ Păr'a dise, the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve were first placed; heaven.

to look sympathět'ically upon all that Gŏd noŭrishes. In his bitternèss, Jōb declâred, "I have said to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.'" We may not sāy this; but I surely say to all living things in God's creātion, "I am your elder brother, and the almoner of God's bounty to you. Being his son, I too have a right to look with beneficence upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does."

- 7. A wanton disregard of life and happiness toward the insect kingdom tends to produce earelessness of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would therefore slay a man; but I do mean to say that that moral constitution out of which springs kindness is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman toward the lower forms of animal life.
- 8. The fact is, that all those invasions s of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of Göd's work, to a low and base view of creation, to a love of destructiveness, and to a disposition that carries with it eruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out only by fear and selfishness, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature which they beget will catch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coerce him to the benefit of the strong and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Christianity that shall teach men to regard the whole animal kingdom below themselves as Göd's kingdom and as having rights—minor and lower rights, but rights—before God and before man.

taught by Christ; the religion of Christians.

¹ Al'mon er, one who distributes alms, or gifts, in behälf of another.

² Be něfi cence, the practice of doing good; kindness.

Invasion (in va'zhun), encroachment; raid.

⁴ Coerce (ko ers*), restrain by force.

Ohristianity (krist yan'i ty), the system of doctrines and precepts

the distinguished American preacher, lecturer and writer, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Mass., 1834. He is at present minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

II.

30. CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

PART FIRST.

IRECTLY in front of the tent, and at no great distance from it, a thick network of vines stretched between two trees. Over the leaves grew flowers so thickly as almost to hide them; the whole surface shining as if a bright carpet had been spread from tree to tree, and hung down between them. Francis, who had for some time kept his eyes in that direction, all at once exclaimed: "Look yonder—humming-birds!"

2. "Where are they?" inquired Lucian. "Softly, brothers, approach them gently." As Lucian said this, he walked cautiously forward, followed by Băşil 2 and Francis. "Ah!" exclaimed Lucian, as they drew near, "I see one now; it is the

ruby-throat: see his throat, how it glitters!"

3. "Shall we try to catch it?" asked Francis. "No, I would rather observe it a bit. You may look for the nest, as you have good eyes." When the curiosity of the boys was satisfied, they were about to return to the tent; but Lucian suddenly made a motion, which caused his brothers to look on the ground.

4. Crouching among the leaves, now crawling side-ways, now making short springs, and then hiding itself, went a fearful-looking creature about the size of the humming-bird. Its body consisted of two pieces joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles. It had ten limbs, long, crooked, and covered with hair like the body—two curved claw-like feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that but for its sharp fiery eyes, it would have been difficult to tell which was its head.

5. "The leaping-spider," whispered Lucian to his brothers; "see, it is after the humming-bird!" This was evident. Step by step, and leap after leap, it was approaching the cluster of blossoms where the humming-bird was at that moment. Sometimes the spider would hide itself among the leaves of the vine, then, when the bird settled for a moment to feed, it would advance nearer by a quick run or a leap, concealing itself again

¹ Lucian (lū'shǐ an).

to await a fresh opportunity. At last, the bird poised itself at the mouth of a flower, sucking out the honey with its long tongue, and in a moment the spider sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his feeler.

- 6. The bird, with a wild chirrup, flew outwards and upwards as if to carry the spider away. But its flight was suddenly checked; and, on looking more closely, the fine thread of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strong enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles of the spider were buried in its shining throat.
- 7. And now the spider began reeling in his line, in order to carry up his prey to his nest among the branches. But the eyes of the boys were caught at this moment by a shining object stealing down the tree. It was a lizard of the most brilliant colors; its back of golden green, the underneath part of its body a greenish-white, its throat of the brightest scarlet. It was not more than six inches in length.
- 8. As it was crawling onward, its bright eye fell on the spider and his prey. All at once the lizard stopped, its color changed; the red throat became white, the green body brown, so that it could hardly be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it erouched. Soon it was evident that it meant to attack the spider, and to do this it ran round the tree to the nest, where it crouched down, waiting the return of the master of the house.
- 9. The spider, no doubt exulting in the thought of the feast he was going to have, and little suspecting a foe so near, came up. In a moment the lizard sprang upon him, and lizard, spider, and bird fell to the ground. There was a short struggle between the first two, but the spider was no match for the lizard, who in a few moments had ground off his legs, and killed him by thrusting his sharp teeth into the spider's skull.
- 10. From the moment the lizard sprang upon his prey all his bright colors had returned—if possible, brighter than before. And now the lizard began dragging the body of the spider across the grass, when suddenly, from a tree close by, out of a

¹ Măn'di bles, jaws; the anterior or upper pâir of jaws of spiders.

² Exulting (ĕgz ŭlt'ing), leaping for joy; glad above mĕasure.



dark round hole, some twenty feet from the ground, a red head and brown shoulders were visible. It was moving from side to side, watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to come down. Lucian, when he saw the red head, olive-brown body, and fierce dark eyes, knew it for a scorpion-lizard.

III.

31. CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

PART SECOND.

THE little green lizard, rustling over the dead leaves with the spider, caught the scorpion's attention, and he resolved to deprive him of the prey. But the green lizard was brave, and turned to fight—his throat swelled out, and looked brighter than ever.

- 2. After a while, they sprang at each other open-jawed—wriggled over the ground, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed defiant attitudes, their forked tongues shot forth, and their sparkling eyes glittering in the sun.
- 3. The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is it, that the slightest blow will separate it from the body. Its foe evidently knew this, and tried to attack the tail; but the lizard carefully faced him whichever way he turned. For several minutes they fought, and then the bright colors of the green lizard grew paler; the scorpion rushed forward, threw the other on his back, and before he could recover himself, bit off his tail. The poor little fellow, feeling he had lost more than half his length, ran off, and hid among the logs.
- 4. It was well for him that he did so; and it would have been better for the scorpion had he stayed in his hole, for a new enemy had drawn near while the battle was raging. From the leafy spreading branches of a mulberry-tree, a red snake, about the thickness of a walking-cane, was hanging down, a full yard of it, out from the trees. Just as the lizard ran off without its tail, the scorpion perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling ahove him, and knowing it was a terrible enemy, ran off to hide himself.
 - 5. But instead of taking to a tree, where he might have



escaped, he ran out, in his fright, to the open ground. The snake dropped down, overtook him in a moment, and killed him on the spot. Snakes do not chew their food, but swallow it whole, sucking it gradually down their throats. This the red snake began to do with the scorpion-lizard—it was a curious operation, and the boys watched it with much interest.

6. But other eyes were bent upon the reptile. A dark shadow was seen moving over the ground; and on looking up, the boys saw a large bird, with snow-white head and breast, wheeling in the air. It was the great southern kite; and beautiful it was to see him sailing in circles with his wide-spread tapering wings.

7. Nearer and nearer he came, till the boys could see the red gleam of his eyes; and now for the first time the snake caught sight of him too. It had hitherto been closely occupied with its prey, which it had just swallowed. When it looked up and saw the kite, its red color turned, pale, and it struck its head into the grass, as if to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently down, and when it rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

8. But as the kite rose, it was evident, from the flapping of his wings, that his flight was impeded. The cause soon appeared. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons, it had twined itself round his body. All at once the kite began to flutter, and both bird and serpent fell heavily to the ground. A violent struggle ensued—the bird trying to free himself from the folds of the snake, while the snake tried to squeeze the kite to death. How was it to end? The kite could not free itself from the snake. The snake dared not let go the kite, for it would have been seized by the head, and have lost its power. So, though both would gladly have been parted, neither could let the other go.

9. At length the kite got his beak close to the head of the serpent, then seized the reptile's lower jaw in his mouth; the serpent tried to bite, without effect, and now the kite had the best of it—planting his talons round kns adversary's threat, he held him as in a vice. The coils of the reptile were seen to loose and fall off. In a few moments its body lay along the grass motionless. The kite raised his head, extended his wings

¹ Im ped'ed, decembed; below Google

to make sure he was free; then, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long body of the serpent trailing after him like a train.

- 10. At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. It might have passed for the echo of the first. but its tones were wilder and louder. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. The boys knew very well that it was the white-headed eagle.
- 11. The kite had heard the cry too, and at once tried to rise higher into the air, resolved to hold on to his hard-earned plunder. Birds of his species will sometimes outfly and escape the eagle. Up rose the kite, straining every pinion of his pointed wings, and upward goes the pursuing eagle. Closer and closer they appear to come. Soon both disappear beyond the reach of vision. Hark! there is a sound like the whirling of a rocket—something has fallen on the tree-top. It is the kite dead, and the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder!
- 12. And now the eagle has shot down with the snake in her talons, gliding slowly over the top of the trees, and alighted on the summit of a dead magnolia.1 Basil seized his rifle, sprung on his horse, and rode off among the bushes. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch. This was the last link in the CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION. REID.

IV.

32. CRUELTY OF ANIMALS.

THAT one animal should support its own life only by the destruction of another creature, appears to be rather a eruel dispensation 4 of nature, and repugnant 5 to the beauty and kindness which prevail in the order of created things. Averse 6 as are we, the created beings, to inflicting pain on any of our

fragrant flowers.

² Mayne Reid, a British novelist, was born in the north of Ireland in 1818. He came to America in 1838, traveled extensively in nearly every State of the Union, and aided the United States in her war with Mex-

¹ Mag no'li a, a tree having large, ico. He now resides in London. His books for boys are very popular.

⁸ Creature (krēt'yēr), any thing created; an animal; a man.

⁴ Dispen sation, that which is commanded, dealt out, or appointed.

⁵ Re pug'nant, opposite; contrary.

⁶ A verse', unwilling. Digitized by Google

fellow-creatures, it can not but seem strange that the Creator should have made so many animals to suffer a viölent death, and apparently to endure torturing pangs, by the lacerations to which they are subjected by their destroyers.

2. The reflection is a just one, and one which, until late years, has never received a word of answer. Endeavors were made to reconcile the Divine love with this apparent eruelty, by asserting that the lower animals are endued with so low a sense of pain that an injury which would inflict severest torture on a man would cause but a slight pang to the animal.

3. Yet, as all animals are clearly sensitive to pain, and many of them are known to feel it acutely, this argument has but trifling weight. Moreover the system which is insensible to pain would be equally dull to enjoyment; and thus we should reduce the enimal creation to a level but little higher than that of the vegetables.

4. The true answer is, that, by some merciful and marvelous provisions, the mode of whose working is at present hidden, the sense of pain is driven out of the victim, as soon as it is seized or struck by its destroyer. The first person who seems to have taken this view of the case was Livingstone, the well-known traveler, who learned the lesson by personal experience. After describing an attack made upon a lion, he proceeds:—

5. "Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height: he caught my shoulder as he sprung, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog shakes a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of draminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under the influence of ehloroform, describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife.

¹ Lăc'er ā'tion, act of rending or tearing; breach made by tearing.

⁹ David Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, missionary, and author, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815. He was busily

exploring portions of Central Africa until his death in 1873.

³ Chloroform (klō' ro fôrm), an oily liquid uşed to cause insensibility; also applied externally to lessen pain.

- 6. "This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated i fear, and allowed no sense of horror on looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the Cärnivora; 2 and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."
- 7. This fearful experience is, although most valuable, not a solitary one, and is made more valuable by that very fact. I am acquainted with a similar story, of an officer of the Indian army, a German nobleman by birth, who, while in Bengal, was seized and carried away by a tiger. He described the whole scene in much the same language as that of Livingstone, saying, that, as far as the bodily senses were concerned, the chief sensation was that of a pleasant drowsiness, rather admixed with curiosity as to the manner in which the brute was going to eat him.
- 8. Only by his reasoning powers, which remained unshaken, could he feel that his position was one of almost hopeless danger, and that he ought to attempt to escape. Perhaps, in so sudden and overwhelming a shock, the mind may be startled for a time from its hold upon the nerves, and be, so to speak, not at home to receive any impression from the nervous system.
- 9. Many men have fallen into the jaws of these fearful beasts, but very few have survived to tell their tale. In the case of Livingstone, rescue came through the hands of a Hottentot servant, who fired upon the lion, and who was himself attacked by the infuriated animal. In the latter instance, the intended victim owed his life to a sudden whim of the tiger, which, after carrying him for some distance, threw him down, and went off without him. The officer used thankfully to attribute his escape to his meager 4 and fleshless condition, which, as he said, induced the epicure and 5 tiger to reject a dinner on so lean and tough an animal as himself.

¹ An nī' hi lāt ed, reduced to nothing; destroyed.

² Car niv o ra, an order of animals which live on flesh.

⁸ Bengal (ben gal') the largest presidency and province of British India.

⁴ Mēa'ger, having little flesh; pecially in the pleasures of the table.

thin; lean; without strength, richness, or the like.

⁵ Ep' i cu rē' an, pertaining to Epicurus, a celebrated Greek philosopher, who regarded pleasure as the highest human happiness; hence, give to over-indulgence, especially in the pleasures of the table.

SECTION X.

I.

33. THE TIDES.

THE moon is at her full, and riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light;
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to night.

- There comes no voice from the great woodlands round That murmured all the day;
 Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground Is not more still than they.
- 3. But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep; His rising tides I hear; Afar I see the glimmering billows leap: I see them breaking near.
- 4. Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair, Pure light that sits on high;— Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where The mother-waters lie.
- 5. Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show, Again, its glimmering crest;¹ Again it feels the fatal weight below, And sinks, but not to rest.
- 6. Again, and yet again; until the Deep Recalls his brood of waves; And, with a sullen moan, abashed,² they creep Back to his inner caves.
- 7. Brief respite !s they shall rush from that recess With noise and tumult soon, And fling themselves, with unavailing stress, Up toward the placid moon.

³ Rěs'pite, a putting off of that which was appointed; delay; rest. ⁴ Plăc'id, pleased; contented; unruffled; quiet.



¹ Crest, the highest part or summit; the foamy, feather-like top of a wave.

² A băshed', much confused.

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- 8. O restlèss Sea! that in thy prison here Dôst struggle and complain; Through the slow centuries¹ yearning to be near To that fâir orb in vain.
- The glōrious sōurce of light and heat must warm
 Thy bosom with his glōw,
 And on those mounting waves a nobler form
 And freer life bestōw.
- In which they welter 2 here,
 And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
 In a serener sphere.
 W. C. BRYANT.

II.

34. TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.

PART FIRST.

I was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that, with its stern granutic wall, bars aeçess' for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Dooeot, and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near.

2. The tide was a low neap; 6 and if we wanted a passage dryshod, it behooved 7 us to wait for at least a week. But neither of us understood the philosophy 8 of neap-tides at that period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water, with my uncles, not

² Wĕl'ter, to rise and fall; to tumble over; to wallow.

³ Prom'on to ry, headland; high land extending into the sea.

- 4 Gra nit'ic, having the nature of, or consisting of, granite—a kind of rock.
- ⁵ Doo'cot, sea-caves situated in Scotland, near the entrance of the Cromarty Frith, an inlet of the North

Sea, and connected with wooded headlands called South and North Sutors.

⁶ Nēap, neap tides are those which happen in the second and last quarters of the moon, when the difference between high and low water is less than at anyother periodin the month.

⁷ Be hoove', to be fit, meet, or necessary for.

8 Phĭ lŏs'o phỹ, the knowledge of effects by their causes.

¹ Century (sĕnt'yu ry), a hundred years.

a great many days before; and we both inferred, that, if we but succeeded in getting round now, it would be quite a pleasure to wait among the caves inside, until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return.

- 3. A nărrow and broken shelf runs ălong the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked feet, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it, and then, crawling outward on all-fours—the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling more and more formidable from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below—we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still nărrowing margin—the water, by a reverse process, becoming shallower and less green as we advanced inward—we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet.
- 4. Down we both dropped, proud of our success: up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell; and for at least the whole coming week—though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time—the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days, to borrow emphasis from the phraseology of Carlyle, "they were our own, and no other man's."
- 5. The first ten hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded, by creeping, in discovering dwarf-bushes, that told of the bright influences of the sea-spray; the pale yellow honey-suckle, that we had never seen before save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply shaded slope we detected the sweet-scented wood-roof of the flower-pot and parterre,4 with its delicate white flowers and pretty verticillate 5 leaves.

¹ For'mi da ble, of a nature to excite fear and hinder from undertaking; alarming.

² Phrā'se ŏl'o ġy, peculiar manner of using words in sentences.

³ Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish author, was born in 1795. He is one of the ablest, most brilliant,

and remarkable of British writers.

⁴ Parterre (par târ'), an arrangement of plots or beds of flowers, with spaces between of gravel or tûrf for walking on.

⁵ Ver tic'il late, arranged in a ring, or around the stem, like the rays of a wheel.

- 6. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the overbeetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot, bitter settry-grass, with its minute erugiform 1 flowers, which the great Captain Cook 2 used in his voyages. Above all, there were the caves, with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue, and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble.
- 7. In a short time, we had broken off with our hammers whole pocketfuls of stallactites and petrified moss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congelation going on, as at the commencement of an October frost; when the cold north wind but barely ruffles the sarface of some mountain pond or sluggish moorland stream, and shows the newly-formed needles of ice glistening from the shores into the water. So rapid was the course of déposition, that there were cases in which the sides of the hollow seemed growing almost in proportion as the water rose in them; the springs, lipping over, deposited their minute crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs deepened and became more capacious as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry.
- 8. The long, telescopic s prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess, as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black, heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downward, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons, as they

¹ Cru'ci form, erőss-shaped.

⁹ Capt. James Cook, an English navigator, born in Yorkshire, England, Oct. 27, 1728, and killed at the Sandwich Islands, Feb. 14, 1779.

⁸ Sta lăc'tite, carbonate of lime, attached like an icicle, which it resembles in form, to the roof or side of a cave.

⁴ Con'ge la'tion, the process or act of changing a fluid to a solid state, usually by cold.

⁵ Deposition (děp'o zĭsh'un), act of depositing or laying down.

⁶ Reservoir (rez'er vwar'), a place where anything is kept in störe; a basin or cistern.

⁷ Ca pā'cious, able to contain; roomy; large.

⁸ Těl'e scop'ic, like, or pertaining to, a telescope; far-reaching.

⁹ Gram'pus, a large kind of fish which breathes by a spout-hole on the top of the head, as whales do.

shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light-all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes,1 framed in jet, and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful.

9. It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide. while yet there was a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space began actually to creep upward on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify,4 we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on.

10. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became somber 5 and gray.

11. The sea-gull flapped upward from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deepsea stack; the dusky cormorant 6 flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downward from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

12. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves

¹ Vignette (vĭn yĕt'), a wood-cut, engraving, etc., without a border.

² Om' i noŭs, pertaining to an omen or sign; usually foreshowing something evil.

³ Făth'om, a measure of length, containing six feet.

⁴ Rěc'ti fy, to make straight or

right. ⁵ Sŏm'ber, dull; dusky; gloomy.

⁶ Cor'mo rant, a class of webfooted sea-birds, often called searaven, noted for great greediness of appetite.

among the crags, where the falcon 1 and the raven 2 build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up. The cliffs had never been scaled, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious 3 footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious, we had just to give up in despair.

III.

35. TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.

PART SECOND.

"Wouldn't care, nëither," said I, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back-water, and we'll get out at twelve." We retreated together into one of the shallower and dryer caves; and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms.

2. For the last few hours, mountainous piles of clouds had been rising, dark and stormy in the cave's sea-mouth; and they had flåred portentously in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from fiery red to a somber, thunderous brown, and from somber brown to doleful black; and we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no longer see.

3. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep sea-caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sunk; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now

¹ Falcon (fg'kn), a bird of prey, which is often trained to catch other birds, or game.

⁹ Raven (rā'vn).

³ Pre cā'ri oŭs, exposed to constant risk; uncertain; unsteady.

⁴ Por těnt'ous ly, ominously; in a manner to forshadow ill.

driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

- 4. My companion had only the real evils of the case to deal with; and so, the hardness of our bed and the coldness of the night considered, he slept tolerably well; but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me. The corpse of a seaman had been found on the beach, about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay.
- 5. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated into deep folds at every joint, yet swollen to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheep-skin; and where the head should have been, there existed only a sad mass of decay. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me.
- 6. Every time I dropped into a dose, he would come stalking up the beach, from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff, white fingers, that stuck out like eagles' claws, and his pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt to strike me; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical bunches of sea-weed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast away. The near neighborhood of a score of living bandits would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.
- 7. Toward midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose, red as a mass of heated iron, out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light, over the rough, slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea enclasping the base of the promontory. A glimmering ide'á of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not

¹ Cor'ru gät ed, formed or shaped into folds; wrinkled.

² Băn'dit, a lawless or desperate fellow; a robber.



imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves: it was imprisonment for a week.

- 8. There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk passing slowly across the red, glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness; and just as we lost sight of her for ever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman.
- 9. The vessel, as we afterward learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from among the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on, however, shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upward, higher and higher at every dash.
 - 10. As the moon rose and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome, and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downward among the crags to the shore, and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and shouted yet again. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back.
 - 11. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there

were cases remembered of people having been tide-bound in the Doocot caves, and not much worse in consequence; but as the caves were inaccessible even during neaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had happened once before, only one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come home. And in this belief, when the moon rose, and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out.

12. It was late in the morning ere we reached Crömarty, but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident, a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the élite of the town.

MILLER.²

IV.

36. THE HIGH TIDE.3

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

2. Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears dofh still abide
The message that the bells let fall.
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

¹ Crom'ar ty, a seaport town of Scotland, beautifully situated on Cromarty Frith.

³ Hugh Miller, a British geologist and writer, was born at Cromarty, on the east coast of Scotland, Oct. 10, 1802, and died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, Dec. 26, 1856.

³ High Tide on the coast of Lincolnshire, England, 1571.

⁴ Mew (mu), a kind of sea-fowl; a gull,

⁵ Pē'wit, the lapwing; also, the black-headed or läughing gull.

⁶ Pied, marked with different colors; spotted.

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3. I sat and spun within the doore: My thread brake off-I raised myne eyes; The level sun, like ruddy ore, Lay sinking in the barren skies; And dark against day's gölden death She moved where Lindis wandereth. My sonne's fâire wife, Elizabeth.

4. "Cusha!1 Cusha! Cusha!" calling, Ere the early dews were falling, Farre away I heard her song. "Cusha! Cusha!" all along; Where the reedy Lindis floweth, Floweth, floweth, From the meads where melick groweth

Faintly came her milking song:

5. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling, "For the dews will soone be falling; Leave vour měadow grásses měllow: Mellow, mellow; Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow; Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot, Quit the stalks of parsley hollow, Hollow, hollow: Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow, From the clovers lift your head; Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot, Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow, Jetty, to the milking shed."

6. If it be long, äye, long ago, When I beginne to think howe long, Againe I hear the Lindis flow, Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong; And all the aire it seemeth mee Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee), That ring the tune of Enderby.

7. Alle fresh the level pasture lay, And not a shadowe might be seene,

1 Cusha (kush'a).

Save where, full fyve good miles away.

The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide

Was heard in all the country side

That Saturday at eventide.

- 8. The swannerds, where their sedges are, Moved on in sunset's golden breath, The shepherde lads I heard afarre, And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth; Till, floating o'er the grassy sea, Came downe that kyndly message free, The "Brides of Mavis Enderby." 2
- 9. Then some looked uppe into the sky, And all along where Lindis flows To where the goodly vessels lie, And where the lordly steeple shows. They sayde, "And why should this thing be, What danger lowers by land or sea? They ring the tune of Enderby!
- 10. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,3
 Of pyrate galleys warping down;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne:
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"
- 11. I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin a rang again,
 "Elizabeth! ELIZABETH!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)
- 12. "The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe, The rising tide comes on apace,

[}]¹.Swan'nerd, swan.

⁹ En'der by-Ma'vis, a parish of
England, county of Lincoln.

⁸ Ma'ble thorpe, a parish of England, county of Lincoln.

⁴ Wĕl'kin, the sky.

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And boats adrift in vonder towne Go sailing uppe the market-place." He shook as one that looks on death: "God save you, mother!" straight he sayth; "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?".

13. "Good sonne, where Lindis winds away With her two bairns 1 I marked her long: And ere you bells beganne to play, Afarre I heard her milking song." He looked across the grassy sea, To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!" They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

14. With that he cried and beat his breast: For lo! along the river's bed A mighty eygre 2 reared his crest, And uppe the Lindis raging sped. It swept with thunderous noises loud; Shaped like a eurling snow-white cloud, Or like a demon in a shroud.

15. And rearing Lindis backward pressed, Shook all her trembling bankes amaine; Then madly at the eygre's breast Flung uppe her weltering walls again. Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout— Then beaten foam flew round about— Then all the mighty floods were out.

16. So farre, so fast the eygre drave, The heart had hardly time to beat, Before a shallow seething wave Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet: The feet had hardly time to flee Before it brake against the knee. And all the world was in the sea.

17. Upon the roofe we sate that night, The noise of bells went sweeping by: I marked the lofty beacon light

¹ Bairn (bârn), a child.

ing up a river in one wave, or in ² Ea'gre, an entire flood tide movtwo or three successive waves.

Stream from the church-tower, red and high—A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

- 18. They rang, the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O come in life, or come in death!
 O löst! my love, Elizabeth."
- 19. And didst thou visit him no more?

 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,

 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.
- 20. That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and mee;
 But each will mourn his own (she sayth);
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.
- 21. I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling
 Ere the early dews be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water winding downe,
 Onward floweth to the towne.

¹ Lūr'id, ghastly pale; dismal.



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28. I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling—
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot. Whitefoot.

Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

SECTION XI.

I.

37. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind, one morning, sprang up from sleep, Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!

Now for a madcap galloping chase!

I'll make a commotion i ne every place!"

2. So it swept with a bustle 2 right through a great town, Creaking the signs, and scattering down Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls, Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls. There never was heard a much lustier 3 shout, As the apples and oranges tumbled about; And the ûrchins, 4 that stand with their thievish eyes Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

¹ Com mö'tion, disturbed or förcible motion; disorder.

² Bustle (bŭs'l), great stir.

³ Lüs ti er, healthier; stronger.

⁴ Urchin (ēr'chin), a mischievous child.

- 3. Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming, And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming. It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows, And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows—Till, offended at such a familiar salute, They all turned their backs, and stood silently mute.²
- 4. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks; Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks; Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray, Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
- 5. It was not too nice to bustle the bags
 Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
 'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
 With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
- 6. Through the förest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now, You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!" And it made them bow without more ado, Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
- 7. Then it rushed, like a monster, ō'er cottage and farm, Striking their inmates with sudden alarm; And they ran out, like bees, in a midsummer swarm. There were dames, with their kerchiefs tied over their caps, To see if their poultry were free from mishaps; The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud, And the hens crept to roost, in a terrified crowd: There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on, Where the thatch 4 from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
- 8. But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain; For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood, With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud. Howirr.

¹ Mã' tron lỹ, elderly; like a mother.

² Mãte hindered from speeking:

² Mūte, hindered from speaking; silent; a dumb attendant; öften employed as an executioner in Turkey.

Sturdy (ster'di), stiff; strong.

⁴ Thătch, straw, tûrf, or other covering.

b William Howitt, an English author, was born in 1795. He was married to Miss Mary Botham in 1823. They have prepared many books, both jointly and separately, in prose and verse. Their writings generally are very popular, and none more so than their juvenile books.

II.

38. THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'M not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September;
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember.
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;
For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married pairs get clashing;
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing;
 A little stīr among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder;
 A little rocking of the trees—

3. Oh, how the ponds and rivers boiled, And how the shingles rattled! And oaks were scattered on the ground, As if the Tītanş² battled; And all above was in a howl, And all below a clatter— The ĕarth was like a frying-pan,

And then came on the thunder.

Or some such hissing matter.

4. It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;

The storm came roaring through the lines,

And set them all a-flying: I saw the shirts and petticoats Go riding off, like witches;

I löst, ah! bitterly I wept— I lost my Sunday breeches!

¹ Brewing (brg'ing), see Rule 4, p. 26.

² Tī'tans, the fabled giants of the ancients.

⁸ Breeches (brich'ez), a kind of short trowsers or pantaloons, worn by men and boys, covering the hips and thighs.

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
A demon had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches:
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

- 6. That night I saw them in my dreams— How changed from what I knew them! The dews had steeped their faded thread, The winds had whistled through them; I saw the wide and ghastly rents, Where demon claws had torn them; A hole was in their amplest part, As if an imp had worn them.
- 7. I have had many happy years, And tailors kind and clever, But those young pantaloons have gone Forever and forever! And not till fate has cut the last Of all my earthly stitches, This aching heart shall cease to mourn My loved, my long-lost breeches!

HOLMES.1

III.

39. SPRING CLOTHING.

If there's any thing in the world I hate—and you know it it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times—and I do, the more shame for you to let me.

2. What do I want now? As if you didn't know! I'm sure,

¹ Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American physician and poet, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He is professor in the Medical College of Harvard University. His poems are remarkably popular. As a writer of songs and lyrics, he stands in the first rank. He is also a popular lecturer and prose writer.

² Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Caudle. This is a fine exercise in Personation (see p. 48).

if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

- 3. What do you say? If it's painful, why so often do it? I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is any thing that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!
- 4. Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?
- 5. What do you say? What of it? What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"
- 6. You didn't see it? The more shame for you? I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.
- 7. What do you say? I ought to be ashamed to own it? Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold? next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they sha'n't; and there's an end of it!
- 8. I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.
- 9. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. How much money do I want? Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and— What do you say? I needn't count 'em! You know how many there are! That's just the way you take me up!
- 10. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things

¹ Merino (me rē'no), a thin clöth, of merino wool, for ladies' wear.

² Thrěsh'öld, the door-sill; door.

³ Sha'n't (shânt), Note 3, p. 18.



like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and, though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle.

- 11. How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.
- 12. What did you say? Twenty fiddlesticks? What? You won't' give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't câre; let the children go in rags; let them stop from chûrch, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.
- 13. What do you say? Ten pounds enough? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.
- 14. They only want frocks and bonnets? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well! Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no, sir!
- 15. No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses. You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a farthing!
- 16. No, sīr; no—I dōn't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I ōnly want to make 'em respectable. What do you say? You'll give me fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do! JERROLD.

merous successful plays for the theaters, and many striking and original pieces for magazines. He died, from disease of the heart, June 8, 1857.



¹ Won't, will, or woll, not.

² Douglas Jerrold, an English author and humorist, was born in London, Jan. 3, 1803. He wrote nu-

SECTION XII.

40. THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

THE Count,¹ who is in prison for a political cause, and is not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, has found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison-yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it; and this is the conversation they have on the subject:—

- 2. "As to your gillyflower" 2—"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count. "Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you, you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden upon it long ago, without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it, the little beauty!"—"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."
- 3. "Oh! it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have occupation—he must take to something—and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who doubtless were formerly important people; men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here: well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal-table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."
- 4. The Count would have spoken, but he went on. "Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I am happy

¹ Count, a nobleman on the continent of Europe, equal in rank to an English earl.

⁹ Gil'ly flow'er, a flowering plant, called also *purple gillyflower*, cultivated for ornament.

to gratify them. I had a beautiful large Angōrā¹ cat with long white fur. He would lēap and gambol in the prettiest wāy in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of him, so did I. Well, I gave him ăwāy, for the bīrds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

5. "That was very kind of you, Mr. Jailer," replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me more than an amusement."—" Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Beside, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?" added he with a loud läugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!"

6. "What would you do?"—"What would I do! I would stop you, though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner; that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

7. The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much in teresting study."

8. "Well, then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst."

9. "One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, more

Angora cats are much larger than ours, with beards like the lynx. They are common in Paris.

¹ Angora (an gō'ra), a town of Asiatic Turkey, situated in the midst of a rich and elevated plain. The

and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; "what, have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude;" and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

10. The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. "Plants only want water, Sir Count," he said; "and one can treat them to a drink without ruining one's self. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough;" and he went and put back the cup in its place.

11. The Count advanced toward the jailer, and held out his hand. "Oh! no, no," said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; "hands are only given to equals or to friends."

12. "Well, then, be my friend."—"No, no, that can not be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-morrow as well as to-day one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'fire!' No; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant."

BONIFACE.1

II. 41. JAFFAR.

J AFFAR' the Bar'mecide, the good vizier,³
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,⁴
Jaffar was dead! slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun,⁵ sullen with mistrust

¹ Joseph Xavier Boniface, better known by his assumed name of Saintine, a French author and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1797. His dramatic works, romances, and other writings are very numerous and popular. His prize story of Picciola, from which the above was selected, has passed through more than twenty editions, and been translated into many languages.

² Jaf far', usually written Giaffar, was beheaded, at the age of 87, at

Anbar, on the Euphrates, in 803; and all the other Barmecides were arrested and deprived of their property. This severity of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid was caused by his jealousy of the great popularity of the Barmecides.

⁸ Vi ziēr', a councilor of state; a high öfficer in Tûrkey and other countries of the East.

⁴ Pēer, one of the same rank or character; an equal.

⁵ Haroun (hä'ron).



Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might sāy, Ordained that no man living from that dāy Should dâre to speak his name on pain of death.— All Ar'aby and Persia¹ held thêir breath.

- 2. All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show How far for love a grateful soul could go, And facing death for very scorn and grief (For his great heart wanted a great relief), Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square Where once had stood a happy house; and there Harangued the tremblers at the cimeter, On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.
- 3. "Bring me this man!" the eāliph cried. The man Waş brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cord!" cried he; "From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me; From wants, from shames, from lovelèss household fears, Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears; Restored me—loved me—put me on a par With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"
- 4. Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiëst vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another hälf as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
 The cāliph's judgment shall be måster still.
 Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diädem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
 "Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
 High töward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!" Hunt.

sentative of Mohammed; the highest title born in Turkey and Persia.

¹ Persia (pěr'shǐ å).

² Bagdad (bāg dād', or bǎg'dad), a large and noted city of Asiatic Turkey, formerly capital of the empire of the caliphs.

³ Cim'e ter, a short, crookèd sword, used by the Persians and Turks.

⁴ Cā'liph, a successor or repre-

⁵ Leigh Hunt, an English poet and essayist, was born in Southgate, Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784, where he died, Aug. 28, 1859. He was an extensive and popular writer of prose and verse.

III.

42. GENEROUS REVENGE.

A T the period when the Republic of Gen'oā¹ was divided between the factions² of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratic³ form of government.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigor; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing upon him a sentence of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property.

3. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first mag'istracy,—a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments—in pronouncing the sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity, by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You," said he,—"you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Gen'oā—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung."

4. Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own. He then made his obeisance, and retired; and, after taking leave

¹ Gĕn'o a, a famous fortified seaport city of Northern Italy.

² Fac'tion, a party united in opposition to the prince, government, or state; any party acting solely for their own private ends, and for the destruction of the common good.

⁸ Děm'o crăt'ic, pertaining to a government by the whole people.

⁴ Sub vert'ing, overturning.

⁵ Su prěm'a cy, higher authority

or power; the state of being supreme.

⁶ Lěn'i ty, gentleness of treatment; mērcy.

⁷ Con'fis ca'tion, the act of appropriating private property, as a penalty, to the public use.

⁸ Ag'gra vāt'ed, made worse; heightened.

⁹ In'so lent, overbearing : rude.

¹⁰ Clěm'en cỹ, mildness; kindness; indulgence.

of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

- 5. He collected some debts due to him in the Neāpolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipel'ago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his in'dustry and capacity in mer'eantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Gen'oä; and his reputation for honor and generosity equaled his fortune.
- 6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Gen'oä. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country-house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention.
- 7. The youth seemed oppressed with labor, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh bûrst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his inquir'ies, informed him that he was a Gěnöēse'.
- 8. "And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition."—"Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoä. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son."—"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he said, "Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."
- 9. He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair 4 exptain, who claimed a right in young Adorno, and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive

¹ Italian (i tăl'yan).

² Christian (krist'yan), born in a Christian land, or professing the re-

 $^{{\}bf ligion\ of\ Christ};\ {\bf pertaining\ to\ Christ}.$

³ In quir'y, a question.

⁴ Corsair (kar'sâir), a pirate.

of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse, and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him that he was free.

- 10. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.
- 11. After a stay of some days at Tunis, to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homeward, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had highly ingratiated himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoä, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:—
- 12. "My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be eruelty to deprive them, longer than necessary, of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me." Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.
- 13. The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost broken-

¹ Crown, a piece of money so called because stamped with the image of a crown. The English silver *crown* is of the value of about \$1.20.

² Ap par'el, clothing; dress.

Ingratiated (in grā' shi āt ed), introduced or commended to the favor of another; brought into favor.

hearted parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis—for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered 1 at sea—"And to whom," said old Adorno, "am I indebted for the inestimable 2 benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," said his son, "will inform you." He opened it and read as follows:—

14. "That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction ³ accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is 'The Banished Uberto.'" Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying, in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly parental kindness he had experienced from him.

15. As the debt could not be canceled, Adorno resolved, if possible, to repāy it. He made so powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoä. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his dāys in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

IV.

43. SELECTED EXTRACTS.

THE philanthropist 6 Howard 7 made the law of kindness his great rule of life. He left his comfortable home to visit and console the outcasts of society shut up in dark, gloomy

¹ Found'ered, filled with water and sunk.

² In ĕs'ti ma ble, above all mĕasure or price.

³ Pre dic'tion, the act of fore-telling; that which is foretold.

Căn'celed, blotted out; made void.

In ter ces' sion, a prayer or pleading for the cause of another.

⁶ Phi lăn' thro pist, a lover of mankind; one who aims to do good to all men.

⁷ John Howard, the English philanthropist, was born at Hackney, London, in 1726. To improve the condition of prisoners, he visited all the prisons of the United Kingdom and the principal ones of Europe. He died at Kherson, Russia, in 1790.

prisons. The hearts of the poor prisoners were awfully hardened by blows, chains, starvation, and neglect; but no sooner was the angel voice of Howard heard, and his kindness felt, than the long-scaled feelings were opened, the dried-up sources of tears were filled, the waters of sorrow flowed, and the heart of sin became radiated with deep and undying love for their benevolent visitor.—

2. Rōwland Hill¹ was once waylaid by a robber, who, with pistol in hand, demanded his money. Mr. Hill gazed at him with a mild and benevolent look, and kindly remonstrated with him to abandon such a dreadful course, which must soon end in ruin. Tears started from the robber's eyes, while he fell upon his knees, and begged his pardon. Mr. Hill took him home, and made him his coachman; and he became a reformed and good man, and, after being twenty years in Mr. Hill's family, died a peaceful death.———

3. Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but it is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice; subdues temper; turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness—and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.

4. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds charm to beauty, decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble the angel of Paradise. Who will refuse to smile?———

6. How beautiful, how sublime 2 the precept, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!" But who would willingly be thus adjudged? Who is there that does not hope for more mercy at the hand of his Maker than he has shown to his fellow-men? And yet how positive is the sentence that, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."———

6. Two good men, on some occasion, had a warm dispute; and, remembering the exhôrtātion of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrāth," 3 just before sunset, one of them

¹ Rōwland Hill, a noted English előrgyman, born Aug. 12, 1744, and died April 11, 1833.

² Sub lime', lifted up; high; excellent.

³ Wrath (räfh), great anger.

7. It is the bubbling spring which flows gently; the little rivulet, which glides through the měadōw, and which runs ălŏng day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, răther than the swōllen flood or the rōaring cataract. Nīāgara¹ excites our wonder; and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of Gŏd thêre, as he "pōurs it from the hŏllōw of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for a continent or a world; while that same world needs thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water ĕvèry farm and měadōw, and every garden, and that shall flow on unceasingly, day and night, with thêir gentle, quiet beauty.

8. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great suffering only, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done: it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the fäther, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done, and in this all may be useful.——

9. BE valiant against the corruptions of the world, but fear to do an evil. He that fears not to do an evil is always afraid to suffer evil: he that never fears is desperate: he that fears always, is a coward. He is a true valiant man that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought. Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself, that is not above an injury.———

10. God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air; upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss which lifts its head in the desert; upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its

¹ Niagara (nī ăg'a rå).

² Valiant (văl'yant), brave.

deep chambers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None of us lives to himself."

- 11. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and bestows the most pleasure; and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant. The star that is most useful in the heavens is the star that we admire the most. Now, is it not reasonable, that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness than any other being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living, not to himself, but for others?———
- 12. Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No: your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.
- 13. The true hero 1 is the great, wise man of duty—he, whose soul is armed by truth, and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious, but tranquil 2 spirit, găthers strength by facing its storms, and dies, when he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And, if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is none so brilliant as a war with wrong; no hero so fit to be sung as he who hath gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

44. CHARITY.

OULD I command, with voice or pen, The tongues of angels and of men,

¹ Hē'ro, a great warrior; a brave and ready man in dānģer.

² Tranquil (trăngk' wĭl), quiet; cälm; peaceful.

A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass, My speech and preaching would surpass; Vain were such eloquence to me Without the grace of charity.

- 2. Could I the martyr's flame endure, Give all my goods to feed the poor— Had I the faith from Al'pine steep,— To hurl the mountain to the deep,— What were such zeal, such power, to me, Without the grace of charity?
- 3. Could I behold with prescient eye
 Things future, as the things gone by—
 Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
 And mete out heaven with a span—
 Poor were the chief of gifts to me
 Without the chiefest—charity.
- 4. Charity suffers long, is kind; Charity bears a humble mind; Rejoices not when ills befall, But glories in the weal 7 of all; She hopes, believes, and envies not, Nor vaunts,8 nor marmars o'er her lot.
- 5. The tongues of teachers shall be dumb; Prophets discern not things to come; Knowledge shall vanish out of thought, And miracles on more be wrought, But charity shall never fail— Her anchor is within the veil.

MONTGOMERY. 10

knowledge of events before they take place; foreknowing.

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¹ Oğmbal, a musical instrument. ² Brass (bras), see Note 3, p. 18.

³ El'o quence, such an utterance of one's thoughts, feelings, or desires, as awakens a perfect sympathy, or corresponding emotions in the listener.

⁴ Chăr'i ty, love; good-will; act of giving freely.

⁵ Mar'tyr, a witness who sacrifices his life or property for the truth, or to sustain a cause.

⁶ Prescient (prē'shǐ ent), having

⁷ Wēal, a sound, healthy, or prosperous condition of a person or thing.

⁸ Vaunt (vänt), to boast or brag.

[•] Mir'a cle, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.

¹⁰ James Montgomery, a British poet, was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov. 4, 1771, and died near Sheffield, April 30, 1854. A complete edition of his poetical works appeared in 1855.

SECTION XIII.

I.

45. COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

PART FIRST.

1.

THE beaver cut his timber with patient teeth that day,
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows surveyors of highway—
When Keezar' sat on the hill-side upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand to keep his waxed-ends warm.

2.

And there, in the golden weather, he stitched and hammered and sung; In the brook he moistened his leather, in the pewter mug his tongue. Well knew the tough old Teuton³ who brewed the stoutest ale, And he paid the good-wife's reckoning in the coin of song and tale. The songs they still are singing who dress the hills of vine—

The tales that haunt the Brocken⁴ and whisper down the Rhine.

3.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, the swift stream wound away, Through birches and scarlet maples flashing in foam and spray— Down on the sharp-horned ledges plunging in steep cascade, Tossing its white-maned waters against the hemlock's shade.

4.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, east and west and north and south; Only the village of fishers down at the river's mouth; Only here and there a clearing, with its farm-house rude and new, And tree-stumps, swart b as Indians, where the scanty harvest grew.

5.

No shout of home-bound reapers, no vintage song he heard, And on the green no dancing feet the merry violin stirred. "Why should folk be glum," said Keezar, "when Nature herself is glad, And the painted woods are läughing at the faces so sour and sad?"

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¹ Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.

² Cob'bler, a maker or mender of coarse shoes or boots.

³ Teū'ton, one of the ancient inhabitants of Germany.

⁴ Brocken (brök'ken), a mountain of Prussia, Province of Saxony, 3740 feet above the level of the sea. It is cultivated nearly to the top. This is a district of many popular superstitions.

⁵ Swart, tawny; very dark.

6.

Small heed had the careless cobbler what sorrow of heart was theirs Who travailed in pain with the births of God, and planted a state with prayers—

Hunting of witches and warlocks, smiting the heathen horde— One hand on the mason's trowel, and one on the soldier's sword! But give him his ale and cider, give him his pipe and song, Little he cared for church or state, or the balance of right and wrong.

7.

"'Tis work, work, work," he muttered—"and for rest a snuffle of psälms!"

He smote on his leathern apron with his brown and waxen pālms.

"Oh for the purple harvests of the days when I was young!

For the merry grape-stained maidens and the pleasant songs they sung!

8.

"Oh for the breath of vineyards, of apples and nuts and wine!

For an oar to row, and a breeze to blow, down the grand old river

Rhine!"

A tear in his blue eye glistened, and dropped on his beard so gray. "Old, old am I," said Keezar, "and the Rhine flows far away!"

9.

But a cunning man was the cobbler; he could call the birds from the trees,

Charm the black snake out of the ledges, and bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals, all the lore of the woods, he knew, And the arts of the Old World mingled with the marvels of the New.

10.

Well he knew the tricks of magic—and the lapstone on his knee Had the gift of the Mormon's Urim ' or the stone of Doctor Dec.² For the mighty master Agrippa ' wrought it with spell and rhyme

¹ Mormon's Urim, two transparent stones in silver bows like spectacles, by the aid of which Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon religion, claimed that he read, from hieroglyphic plates, the "Book of Mormon," or Golden Bible.

⁹ John Dee, an English mathematician and astrologer, born in London, July 13, 1527. Though learned in the science of the times, he was a

sincere devotee to magic. One of his magic mirrors is in the British museum. He died about 1607.

³ Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a philosopher and alchemist, was born of a noble family at Cologne, Sept. 14, 1486. Though well educated and very talented, his whole life was spent invain strivings after universal knowledge. He was an ardent student of alchemy. He died in 1535.

From a fragment of mystic 1 moon-stone 2 in the tower of Nettesheim. To a cobbler Minnesinger 2 the marvelous stone gave he—And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar, who brought it over the sea.

II.

46. COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

PART SECOND.

1.

HE held up that mystic lapstone, he held it up like a lens, And he counted the long years coming by twenties and by tens. One hundred years, quoth Keezar; and fifty have I told:

Now open the new before me, and shut me out the old!

2.

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness rolled from the magic stone,
And a marvelous picture mingled the unknown and the known.
Still ran the stream to the river, and the river and ocean joined;
And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line, and cold north hills
behind.

3.

But the mighty forest was broken by many a steepled town, By many a white-walled farm-house, and many a garner brown. Turning a score of mill-wheels, the stream no more ran free; White sails on the winding river, white sails on the far-off sea. Below in the noisy village the flags were floating gay, And shone on a thousand faces the light of a holiday.

4.

Swiftly the rival plowmen turned the brown earth from their shares; Here were the farmer's treasures, there were the craftsman's wares. Golden the good-wife's butter, ruby ' her currant-wine; Grand were the strutting turkeys, fat were the beeves and swine.

5

Yëllow and red were the apples, and the ripe pears russet-brown,

And the peaches had stolen blushes from the girls who shook them

down.

¹ Mỹs'tic, far from human understanding; obscure.

² Moon'-stone, a variety of feldspar, often used as a gem.

³ Min'ne-sing'er, a love-singer.

⁴ Lĕns, glass, or other transparent substance, used in instruments for

changing the direction of rays of light, thus enlarging or otherwise modifying the appearance of objects.

⁵ Bluff, a high, steep bank extending into the sea or a river.

⁶ Gar'ner, a grănary.

⁷ Ruby (ro'bi), red.

And with blooms of hill and wild-wood, that shame the toil of art, Mingled the gorgeous blossoms of the garden's tropic heart.

6.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar: "Am I here, or am I there?
Is it a fête¹ at Bĭng′en?² Do I look on Frankfort³ fair?
But where are the clowns and puppets, and imps with horns and tail?
And where are the Rhěnish⁴ flagons?⁵ and where is the foaming ale?

7.

"Strange things, I know, will happen—strange things the Lord permits;

But that doughty of folk should be jolly puzzles my poor old wits. Here are smiling manly faces, and the maiden's step is gay; Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking, nor mopes, nor fools, are they. Here's pleasure without regretting, and good without abuse, The holiday and the bridal of beauty and of use.

8.

"Here's a priest, and there is a Quaker—do the cat and the dog agree? Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood? Have they cut down the gallows-tree?

Would the old folk know their children? Would they own the graceless town,

With never a ranter to worry, and never a witch to drown?"

9.

Loud läughed the cobbler Keezar, laughed like a school-boy gay;— Tössing his arms above him, the lapstone rolled ăwāy; It rolled down the rugged hill-side, it spun like a wheel bewitched; It plunged through the leaning willows, and into the river pitched:

10.

There, in the deep, dark water, the magic stone lies still,
Under the leaning willows in the shadow of the hill:
And oft the idle fisher sits on the shadowy bank,
And his dreams make marvelous pictures where the wizard's lapstone sank.

Bing'en, a town of Germany, grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

⁶ Dough'ty, noted for bravery; noble.

⁷ Wiz'ard, an enchanter; one supposed to be able to perform remarkable acts by the aid of spirits or unseen powers.



¹ Fete (fāt), a festival; a holiday.
² Bing'en, a town of Germany,

³Frank'fort-on-the-Main, an important city of Germany, formerly the seat of the Germanic Diet.

⁴ Rhĕn'ish, of, or relating to, the river Rhine.

⁵ Flag'on, a vessel with a narrow mouth, used for holding liquors.

11.

And still, in the summer twilights, when the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory, warm with the melted sun,
The weary mill-girl lingers beside the charmed stream,
And the sky and the golden water shape and color her dream.
Fair wave the sunset gardens, the rosy signals fly;
Her homestead beckons from the cloud, and love goes sailing by!

WHITTER.1

III.

47. THE DAYS OF OLD.

1

OH, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!

True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:

Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls let in the cold;

Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

2.

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold: Above both law and equity' were those great lords of old!

3.

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!

With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,³
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

4

Oh, the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain, Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;

- ¹ John Greenleaf Whittier, a true and most worthy American poet, was born of a Quaker family near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He has written much and well, both in verse and prose. He resides in Amesbury, Mass., where all his later publications have been written.
- ² Equity (ĕk'wĭ tĭ), justice; honesty; even-handed action.

- ⁸ Wold, a plain, open country; ridges of highland.
- 4 Joust, a combat for sport or for exercise, in which horsemen pushed with lances and swords, man to man, in mock fight.
- ⁵ Tournament (tër'na ment), a mock fight by a number of men on horseback, practiced as a sport in the middle ages.

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold;—

Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Б.

Oh, those mighty towers of old! with their turrets,' moat,' and keep; 's Their battlements 's and bastions,' their dungeons dark and deep: Full many a baron' held his court within the castle hold; And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.

6.

Oh, the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be:
For years they served their lady-love ere they their passion told;
Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

7,

Oh, those blessed times of old! with their chivalry. and state; I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate; I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

Frances Brown.

¹ Tŭr'ret, a little tower; a small spire attached to a building and rising above it.

and and a

Moat, a deep trench round the mound of a wall or castle or other fortified place, sometimes filled with water; a ditch.

*Kēep, the strongest and securest part of a castle.

⁴ Băt'tle ment, an indented or notched rampart or wall used on castles, and fortifications generally.

⁵ Bastion (bast'yun), a part of the main inclosure which extends toward the outside, consisting of the faces and the flanks.

⁶ Băr'on, a nobleman; in England, a nobleman of the lowest grade of rank in the House of Lords.

²Troubadour (tro'ba dor'), one of a school of poets who flourished

from the eleventh to the latter end of the thirteenth century, principally at Provence, in the south of France, and also in the north of Italy.

⁸ Chivalry (shiv'al ri), a body or order of knights serving on horseback; cavalry.

Ohronicle (kron'i kl), a historical register or account of acts or events arranged in the order of time; a history; a record.

10 Lö'gend, that which is appointed to be read; a story about saints, especially, one of a marvelous nature; any narrative or story.

¹¹ Frances Brown, a blind Irish poetess, was born June 16, 1818. She has been a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to "Frazer's Magazine," "Chambers' Journal," and other periodicals.

SECTION XIV.

I.

48. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

PART FIRST.

I came to pass, in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened in their habitations; for who knows not that they were, from the first, a sober, hardy, and industrious race, tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility? And therefore they lived to a good old age, and "sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced;" so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders.

2. And they looked this way and that way, and they said, "What shall we do? for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room." So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council, to consider what they must do.

3. And, behold, there arose amongst them a man unlike the men of the land; for they were short, and broad, and well-formed in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand, and a fierce eye; his clothes had a wild look; he had a sword by his side, a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughter.

4. With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said, "Fěllōw citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at hōme, and know nothing of the world; but I and my followers have pursued the deer and the bōar far away into the forests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods; and enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy and jollity.

5. "Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fold? We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is

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a good land. There are corn and wine; there are cities, towns, and villages ready built to our hands.

6. "Let us arise and come suddenly upon them, and we shall not only get all these possessions, but we shall get great glory." And when he had so said, he looked round him with much exaltation, and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him cried out, "Ay, it is true! Let us arise and get great glory!"

- 7. But at that word, there stood up Mynheer 2 Kindermann, an old man—a very old man. He was of low stature, of a stout, broad frame, and his hair, which was very white, hung down upon his shoulders; and his beard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverently upon his breast. That old man had a large and tranquil countenance; his features were bold, and of a very healthful complexion; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his forehead was bold and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used only to behold his children and his children's children at their play, or to fix them on the loving form of his wife or his friend.
- 8. As he arose, there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a low tone, the word "Glory," but those afar off only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud, "My brethren! I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory; but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughter calls you? In my youth, as some of you well know, I traveled far and wide with my merchandise; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people; but what of that?
- 9. "It is not people that we lack: it is land; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yet do those people no wrong! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably get beaten, like thieves and robbers, for our pains;—and is that glory? But if we are able to take that land, we must first kill

⁹ Myn heer', Sir; Mr.;—the ordinary title of address among the Dutch; hence, a Dutchman.



¹ Exultation (ĕgz'ul tā'shun), lively joy at success or victory, or at any advantage gained; greet delight,

or drive out those that cultivate it, and make it fit to live in;—and is that glory?

- 10. And if we take those cities, and towns, and villages, we must kill those who built them, or have lived pleasantly in them, with God's blessing. Oh, what honest, inoffensive men, what good, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes, we must murder and destroy, or drive away from their warm homes, which God has given them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal forests, to perish with cold and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in their anguish, to curse us before the Great Father who made us all! My brethren, I can not think that is glory, but great disgrace and infamy, and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us.
- 11. "I have long looked about me, and I see that heaven has given all those countries round us to whom he would, and they are full of people; they are full of rich fields and vineyards; they are full of towns for men, and temples for God; they are full of warm, bright, happy homes, where there are proud fathers, and glad mothers, and innocent children, as amongst ourselves; and cursed be he who would disturb or injure them."

49. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

PART SECOND.

BUT, my brethren, how shall we get glory? and, what is of more immediate necessity, how shall we get land to live in? I have been thinking of this, and it has come into my mind that it has been too long the custom for men to call themselves warriors when they desire to be murderers, and to invade the property and the lives of their neighbors; and I have thought, as all the land is taken up, and as we can not, without great sin, invade the land, that we had better invade the sea, where we can take, and wrong no man.

2. "And who does not know, that has looked toward the sea, that there is much ground which seems properly to belong neither to the sea nor the land? Sometimes it is covered with the

¹ In'fa my, the complete loss of character; public disgrace.



waters, and sometimes it is partly bare—a dreary, slimy, and profitless region, inhabited only by voracious 1 crabs, that make war upon one another,—the stronger upon the weaker—and sea-fowl, which come in like conquerors and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughter calls 'great glory.' My brethren, let us invade the sea—let us get piles, and beams, and stones, and dig up the earth, and make a large mound which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough and to spare."

- 3. As he finished his speech, there arose a deep mûrmûr, that grew and grew, till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and at length became like the sound of the ocean itself; and then the people cried out, "Yes, we will invade the sea!" and so it was decreed.
- 4. Then began they with axes to fell wood; with levers 2 and mattocks 3 to wrench up stones; and with wagons, horses, and oxen, to draw them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gone down very far, they began to dig up the earth, and to make a mighty bank. So, when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers; but it took no notice thereof.
- 5. And it went down, and came up again, and they had pushed out the bank still farther, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge stones, and it began to wonder. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed the bank still farther, so that, in great amaze, it said within itself, "What are these little insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their banks, and sweep both it and them away together."
- 6. But, at length, as it came up once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched across from land to land, and the sea was entirely shut out. Then it was filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amazing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the

or other substance used to exert a . 4 Wot, to know.



¹ Vo rā'cious, greedy for eating; pressure, lift, or sustain a weight. eager to devour or swallow; very **; **Măt'tock, a kind of pick-ax, having the iron ends broad instead of pointed.

progress of itself—the mighty sea, which stretched round the whole world, and was the greatest moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder.

- 7. In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whole length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm of bees. Marvelous was it to see how that throng of little creatures was all astir, running here, and running there; stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, roaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams, till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, "Surely the mound will fall!" Then came the sea, swelling and raging more dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind, it thundered against the bank and burst it! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places, and many men perished.
- 8. Then went Van Manslaughter among the people with great joy, and many loud words, saying, "See what has come of despising my counsel! See what glory your old counselor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave it to people this bog with fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honorable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world."
- 9. Then began the people to be very sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kindermann called them again to him, and bid them be of good heart, and to repair the bank; to make it stronger, and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took courage and did so; for they said, "Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder." Therefore they renewed the mound; and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before; but it was all in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, "The mound will stand!"
 - 10. Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to

build towns, and to lay out gardens; and it became a beautiful country. Then the inhabitants rejoiced, saying, "Others have invaded lands, and killed people; but we have hurt no man. We have only invaded the sea, and Heaven has made us out of it a goodly heritage!"

11. These are the people whose wealth and in'dustry are known through the whole world. They have sent out colonies to the ends of the earth, and have got themselves the name of the Honest Dutchmen. Would that they had always been as wise and merciful as they were on that day!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

III.

50. WAR NOT ALL A BLESSING.

I T was a sergeant 1 old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,2
Along the turnpike of the village.

- For days and nights the winding host
 Had through the little place been marching;
 And ever loud the rustics cheered,
 Till every throat was hoarse and parching.
- 3. The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
 All took the sight's elec'trie stirring;
 And hats were waved, and staves were sung,
 And kerchiefs white were countless whirling.
- 4. They only saw a gallant show Of heroes stalwart ounder banners; And in the fierce heroic glow 'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.
- The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
 Where he behind in step was keeping;

¹ Sergeant (sar'jent), a non-commissioned öfficer, next in rank above the corporal, in a company of infantry, or troop of calvary, whose duty is to instruct recruits in discipline, to form the ranks, etc.

^{&#}x27; Wake, the track left by a vessel

in the water; hence in the way or train of.

³ E lěc'tric, relating to, or caused by, electricity.

Stave, part of a psälm or hymn.
Stalwart (stöl' wart), brave;
ströng; violent.

But glancing down beside the road, He saw a little maid sit weeping.

- 6. "And how is this?" he gruffly said, A moment pausing to regard her; "Why weepest thou, my little chit?"¹ And then she only cried the harder.
- 7. "And how is this, my little chit?"
 The stûrdy trooper straight repeated,
 "When all the village cheers us on,
 That you, in tears, apart are seated?
- 8. "We march two hundred thousand strong!
 And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
 To quicken silence into song,
 And glorify the soldier's duty."
- "It's very, very grand, I know,"
 The little maid gave soft replying;
 "And father, mother, brother too,
 All say 'hurräh,' while I am crying.
- 10. "But think, O Mr. Soldier! think,
 How many little sisters' brothers
 Are going all away to fight,
 Who may be killed, as well as others!"
- 11. "Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant said,
 His brawny hand her curls caressing,
 "Tis left for little ones like you
 To find that war's not all a blessing."
- 12. And "bless thee!" once again he cried;
 Then cleared his throat, and looked indignant,
 And marched away with wrinkled brow
 To stop the straggling tear benignant.
- 13. And still the ringing shouts went up From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage— The pall behind the standard seen By one alone of all the village.

¹ Chit, a child or babe.

² Brawn'y, having large, strong muscles; fleshy; strong.

⁸ Again (ă gĕn').

⁴ Be nig'nant, kind; gracious; favorable.

14. The oak and cedar bend and writhe, When roars the wind through gap and braken; 1 But 'tis the tenderest reed of all That trembles first when earth is shaken.

J. X. BONIFACE.

IV.

51. WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

HAVE somewhere read of a reg'iment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works.

2. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they will take it, they must."

3. Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their chûrns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons—"the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at.

4. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked.—"We have none," was the brief reply.—"But we have come to take the town."—"Well, friends, it lies before you."—"But is there nobody here to fight?"—"No: we are all Christians."

5. Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for-a

² Rěg'i ment, a body of soldiers, commanded by a colonel, and consisting of a number of companies, usually ten.

³ Tyr'ol, a province of the Austrian dominions, on the south-west frontiers of Germany.

* Courier (ko'ri er), a messenger

sent with haste for conveying letters or dispatches, usually on public business.

⁵ Har le quin, a man, dressed in party-colored clothes, who plays tricks, öften without speaking, to divort the bystanders or an audience; a merry-andrew.

⁶ E mer gen cy, a condition of things appearing suddenly or unexpectedly.

¹ Brāk'en, same as *brake*, a thicket; a place overgrown with shrubs and brambles, or with brakes.

sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-proof.¹ The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we can not fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

6. This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

Mrs. Child.

V.

52. THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

- 2. One marches to the drum-beat's roll, The wide-mouthed clarion's bray, And bears upon the crimson scroll— "Our glory is to slay."
- 3. One moves in silence by the stream, With sad, yet watchful eyes, Calm as the patient planet's gleam That walks the clouded skies.
- 4. Along its front no sabers shine, No blood-red pennons wave; Its banner bears the single line— "Our duty is to save."
- 5. For those, no death-bed's lingering shade;— At Honor's trumpet call, With knitted brows and lifted blade, In Glöry's arms they fall.

ten many educational, biographical, and religious works, and several novels, with almost uniform success.

⁸ Clăr'i on, a kind of trumpet, whose note is clear and shrill.

¹ Bomb-proof (bum' prof), secure against the force of bombs, or shells.

⁹ Lydia Maria Child, an American authoress, was born at Medford, Mass., Feb. 11, 1802. She has writ-

- 6. For these, no flashing falchions 1 bright, No stirring battle-cry;—
 The bloodless stabber calls by night—
 Each answers—"HERE AM I!"
- 7. For those, the sculptor's laureled bust, The builder's marble piles, The anthem's pealing ō'er their dust Through long cathedral aïsles.²
- 8. For these, the blossom-sprinkled turf That floods the lonely graves, When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf In flowery-foaming waves.
- Two päths lead upward from belöw, And āngels wait above, Who count each būrning life-drop's flöw, Each falling tear of love.
- 10. Though from the Hero's bleeding breast Her pulses Freedom drew; Though the white lilies in her crest Sprang from that scarlet dew—
- 11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
 Till all their sears are shown,
 Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
 To sit beside the Throne!
 O. W. Holmes.

SECTION XV.

I.

53. A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of

¹ Falchion (fal'chun), a short, erookèd sword.

² Aisles (īlz), alleys; passages.

Strölled, wandered on foot.

the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

- 2. They used to say to each other, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams, that gambol down the hill-sides, are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.
- 3. There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others; and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window.
- 4. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"
- 5. But while she was still very young—oh! very, very young—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice would say, tremulously, "God bless my brother and the star!"
- 6. And so the time came—all too soon—when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a

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train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

7. All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming² eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and soon came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues³ of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

8. But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified 4 and radiant, 5 but his heart found out his sister among all the host. 6 His sister's angel lingered 7 near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No."

9. She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

10. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

11. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

¹An'gel, a spirit employed by Gŏd to make known his will to man; a ministering spirit; a messenger.

² Bēam'ing, sending förth beams or rays of light; shining.

⁸ Av'e nue, a way, opening, or passage; an alley or walk; a wide street.

⁴ Glō'ri fied, made glorious or excellent.

⁵ Rā'dĭ ant, beaming with brightness; shining.

⁶ Höst, an army; a multitude; any great number.

⁷ Lin'gered, delayed; remained or waited long.

And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

- 12. He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.
- 13. He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.
- 14. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!" They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my Fäther! now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me." And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

most happily combine humor and pathos. Some of his most beautiful and striking passages have been drawn from the sorrows and sufferings of childhood. Died 1870.

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Bedewed (be dud'), moistened with dew, or as with dew.

⁹ Charles Dickens, an English novelist, was born at Portsmouth, Feb. 7, 1812. His numerous writings

54. MY CHILD.

I CAN not make him dead!
His fâir sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study châir;
Yĕt, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I tûrn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not thêre!

I walk my parlor floor,
 And, through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;

I'm stepping toward the hall To give the boy a call;

And then bethink me that—he is not there!

3. I thread the crowded street;—
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair,
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

5. I can not make him dead!—
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

6. When, at the cool, grāy break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning âir
My soul goes up, with joy,

To him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

7. When at the day's cālm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying,
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

8. Not there !—Where, then, is he ?—
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

9. He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again, will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

10. Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening¹ rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
"Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

PIERPONT.2

¹ Chastening (chā'sn ing), punishing for the sake of correcting or reclaiming; purifying.

² John Pierpont, an American clergyman, poet, and author, was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785. He was graduated at Yale College in 1804, studied law and was admitted to practice in 1812, and was ordained minister of a Congrega-

tional Church in 1819. As a public speaker, a writer, and a reformer, he was highly esteemed. The first edition of his poetical works, under the title of "Airs of Palestine, and other Poems," appeared in 1840. Many of his poems were called forth by circumstances connected with the moral and religious movements of the times. He died Aug. 26, 1866.

III.

55. LITTLE EDWARD.

PART FIRST.

ERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, church-going, school-going, orderly times? If so, you may have seen my uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, downright good man that ever labored six days and rested on the seventh?

- 2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed drawn with "a pen of iron and the point of a diamond;" his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were best not to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect sopening and shutting of the mouth; his downsitting and uprising, all performed with deliberate forethought; in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, after a military fashion, "to the right about face—forward, march!"
- 3. Now, if you supposed, from all this sternness of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.
- 4. It is true he seldom läughed, and never joked himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a joke was in another; and when a witticism was uttered in his presence, you might see his face relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a sort of quiet wonder, as if it were past his comprehension how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.
- 5. Uncle Abel, too, had some relish for the fine arts; 5 in proof of which, I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at
- ¹ Căt'e chis ing, instructing by asking questions, receiving answers, and offering corrections and explanations—usually in regard to religion.
- Rect an gu lar, right-angled; having one or more angles of ninety degrees; exact.
- ³ Cir'cum spect, attentive to all the circumstances of a case; cautious; watchful.
 - 4 Wit'ti cism, a jest; a joke.
- ⁵ Fine Arts are those in which the *mind* is chiefly concerned, as poetry, music, painting.

the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof is neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor under the earth. And he was also so eminent a musician, that he could go through the singing-book at one sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

- 6. He had, too, a liberal hand, though his liberality was all by the rule of three. He did by his neighbor exactly as he would be done by; he loved some things in this world very sincerely; he loved his God much, but he honored and feared him more; he was exact with others, but he was more exact with himself, and he expected his God to be more exact still.
- 7. Every thing in uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were studying the multiplication table. There was the old clock, forever ticking in the chimney-corner, with a picture of the sun upon its face, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplar trees. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney.
- 8. There, too, were the yearly höllyhöcks and morning-glöries blooming about the windows. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor; the eupboard in one corner, with its glass doors; the evergreen asparagus bushes in the chimney; and there was the stand with the Bible and almanac on it in another corner. There, too, was aunt 1 Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never took it into his head to practice either addition or subtraction or multiplication, on its sum total.
- 9. This aunt Betsey aforenamed was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been

⁵ Pre dom'i nat ing, prevailing; ruling.



¹ Aunt (änt).

² Con tin'u ance, a holding on, or remaining in one condition; stay.

⁸ Tō'tal, whole; entire; not divided; complete.

⁴ Efficient (ef fish'ent), causing effects; producing results; able, active, and prompt.

twice married, aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead; and so seemed likely to reign on till the end of the chapter.

10. But my unele's latest wife left aunt Betsey a much less tractable 1 subject than ever before had fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew on the verge of a snow-drift. He had been committed to the naring of his grandmamma till he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then my old uncle's heart so yearned for him that he was brought home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner 2 of dignities, such a violator of high places and sanctities, 3 as this same Master Edward.

11. It was in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry elf that ever shook a head of corls. He läughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his fair arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek peering out beside the bleak face of uncle Abel, you might fancy you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled by this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter; nor could he devise any method of bringing it into any reasonable shape, for it did mischief with an energy and perseverance that were truly astonishing.

12. But uncle Abel was most of all perplexed to know what to do with him on the Sabbath; for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself to be particularly diligent and entertaining. "Edward! Edward must not play Sunday!" his father

¹ Trăct'a ble, capable of being easily led, taught, or managed.

² Con těm'ner, one who despises, slights, or neglects.

³ Sănc'ti ties, religions; religious rules or practices.

⁴ De co'rum, justness or fitness of manner or conduct; decency.

⁵ Elf, a fairy; a little fancied spirit, supposed to live in wild and lonely

places, and to delight in mischievous tricks; hence, any small and sportive being.

⁶ Pēer'ing, looking nărrowly, or curiously; peeping.

Meta physics, the science, or regulated knowledge, of the mind; the science of the principles and causes of all things existing; the science of real being.

would call out; and then Edward would hold up his curly head, and look as grave as the catechism; but in three minutes you would see pussy scampering through the "best room," with Edward at her heels, to the entire discomposure of all devotion in aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

13. At length my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in nature to teach him any better," and that "he could no more keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was, he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, and he would rub his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common when aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings.

IV.

56. LITTLE EDWARD.

PART SECOND.

In process of time, our hero had completed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went through with it in a fortnight, and at last came home in great delight, to tell his father that he had got to "Amen."

- 2. After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, occasionally glancing around to see if pussy gave proper attention. And being of a practically benevolent turn of mind, he made several commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as might have been expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to become a literary wonder.
- 3. But, alas for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried all her simple remedies, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father's heart was torn with sorrow, but he said nothing; he only stayed by his child's bedside day and night, trying all means to save him, with affecting pertinacity.

4. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?" said he to

¹ Per'ti năc'i tỹ, great firmness in holding on to a thing; fixedness.

the physician, when all had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician.

- 5. A momentary convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "The will of the Lord be done," said he, almost with a groan of anguish.
- 6. Just at this moment, a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked cûrtains, and gleamed like an āngel's smile ācross the face of the little sufferer. He woke from troubled sleep. "Oh dear! I am so sick!" he gasped, feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the room. "There goes pussy," said he: "Oh dear! I shall never play any more."
- 7. At that moment, a deadly change passed over his countenance. He looked up in his father's face with an imploring expression, and put out his hand as if for help. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features settled into a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face. It was too much for his principles, too much for his consistency, and he "lifted up his voice and wept."
- 8. The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day; and it rose with "breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression touching to behold. I remember him at family prayers, as he bent over the great Bible, and began the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry, for, after reading a few verses, he stopped.
- 9. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and kneeled down to pray. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos which I shall never forget. The God so much reverenced, so

¹ Con sist'en cy, agreement of one's belief or conduct at different times; steadiness.

² Pā'thos, passion; warmth of feeling or action; that which awakens tender emotions or feelings.

much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

- 10. My unele rose, and I saw him walk to the room of the departed one. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death; but oh, how surpassingly lovely! The brilliancy of life was gone, but that pure, transparent face was touched with a mysterious, triumphant brightness, which seemed like the dawning of heaven.
- 11. My uncle looked long and carnestly. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and sat in the front door.
- 12. The morning was bright, the bells were ringing for church, the birds were singing merrily, and little Edward's pet squirrel was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran up one tree, and then down, and up another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering just as if nothing was the matter.
- 13. With a deep sigh, uncle Abel broke forth: "How happy that creature is! Well, the Lord's will be done." That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known him.
- 14. Years have passed since then, and all that was mortal of my uncle has long since been gathered to his fathers; but his just and upright spirit has entered the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have had opinions which the philosophical scorn, and weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile; but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined; for he shall awake in "His likeness," and "be satisfied."

American authoress, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1812. She has written frequently for periodicals, and published several novels, one of which, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has had a wider circulation than any other work of fiction in the English language. She is one of the most popular and successful of living writers.

¹ Transparent (trans par'ent), admitting the passage of light; open; bright.

² Mỹs tẽ'ri ous, secret; not easily understood.

⁸ Squirrel (skwŭr'rel).

⁴ Phil'o soph'ic al, skilled in philosophy; deeply learned; wise.

⁵ Harriet Beecher Stowe, an

V.

57. THE DYING CHILD.

1.

OTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Q.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord??
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth,
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

8.

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?

Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?

Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;

I will, dear mother, will be always thine!

Do not thus sigh—it marreth my reposing;

And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!

Oh! I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;

Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

Andersen.

¹ Fāin, with joy or pleasure; gladly.

⁹ Ac cord', the union of different sounds, which is agreeable to the ear; agreement of things.

⁸ Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish poet and novelist, was born

at Odensee, April 2, 1805. His writings generally are very popular. His novel, "Improvisatore," his charming "Fairy Tales" for children, and many of his other works, have been translated into almost every modern language. He died in 1875.

SECTION XVI.

I.

58. THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

1.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark! and care aside; Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide; Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree, Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

2

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee:
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

9

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky, But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody; Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold; And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold. God bless them all! those little ones, who, far above this earth, Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

1.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—from yonder wood it came! The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;—Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind, Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind; Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art; But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

5.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon of for thought-crazed wight like me, To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer-tree!

¹ Cark, a state of anxiety or oppression under care; solitude.

² Scoff, mockery; reproach.

³ Vent, to utter; to pour forth.

⁴ Mo not'o nous, presenting a tiresome sameness.

⁵ Boon, a gift; a present.

⁶ Wight, a being; a person.

To suck once more in every breath their little souls away, And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day, When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant 1 boy Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

6.

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old!

MOTHERWELL.³

II.

59. SUMMER.

I THANK heaven every summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks. And from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brook-side, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly—even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life.

2. Two days since, I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away; and, for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past, I have been lying, this blessed summer's morning, upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear old stream! unchanging, unfaltering—with no harsher notes now than then—never growing old, smiling in your silver rustle,

² **Yōre**, of yore, of old time; lŏng since; long ăgō.

¹ Truant (tro'ant), idle, and shirking duty; loitering.

³ William Motherwell, a Scottish poet and journalist, was born in Glasgow, Oct. 13, 1797, and died in that city, Nov. 1, 1835.

⁴ Vault (valt), a continued arch or curved covering.

⁵ Jostled (jös'ld), run against and shaken; caused to totter or move unsteadily; disturbed by crowding.

⁶ Băb'bled, made a constant mûrmûring noise; uttered words imperfectly.

and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools; I love you as I love a friend.

- 3. But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shadow of the meadow oaks, I have sought shelter in a chamber of the old farm-house. The window-blinds are closed; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late blossoming white azāleā, so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with fragrance.
- 4. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances, as the breeze moves the branches, upon the oaken floor of the farm-house. Through one little gap, indeed, I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glistening of the steel, as they wipe their blades; and can just eatch, floating on the air, the measured, tinkling thwack of the rifle stroke.
- 5. Here and there a lark, scared from his feeding-place in the grass, soars up, bubbling forth his melody in globules of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whistle from the hills. Nearer by, the tyrant king-bird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear-tree; and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then, with a smack of his bill, resumes his predatory watch.
- 6. As I sit thus, watching through the interstices of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyond the hills. The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial, two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunder-clouds are lifting above

¹ A zā'le a, a class of flowering plants, mostly natives of China or North America.

² Ri'fle, a thin blade or strip of wood covered with emery or similar material, used for sharpening scythes; also, a whetstone for a scythe.

⁸ Glöb'ule, a little globe.

⁴ Prěďa to ry, hungry; given to plunder.

⁵ In'ter stice, that which comes between or separates one thing and another; an empty space between things; a hole.

⁶ Me rid'i an, the point directly overhead; mid-day.

the sharp, clear line of the western horī'zon; the light breeze dies away, and the âir becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chamber window.

7. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings, that came faintly before, now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights. I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all directions around the gray roofs of the barn.

8. The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for its coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and, like swift-working golden ropes that lift it toward the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growling thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

9. I thrust away my azāleā boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet; and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and shows gorgeous scallops? of gold that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blāzonrys fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

10. The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow; and the loiterers come straggling after, with rakes upon their shoulders. The air freshens, and blows now from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm-breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain, upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tosses like a billowy sea.

11. Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the cherry and

¹ Zē'nith, that point of the heavens directly overhead.

² Scallop (sköl'lup), a recess or cûrving of the edge of any thing,

into parts of circles; a kind of sea shell-fish.

⁸ Blā'zon ry, showy display; exhibition of coats of arms.

pear-trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast. There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree-toad, doling out his lugubrious 1 notes.

12. Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then—like great grief spending its pent agony in tears—come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first proud tread of youth.

MITCHELL.²

III.

60. THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,
And longed for snow-storms, hail and mantled skies;
And sang their praises in as gay a troll⁸
As troubadours have poured to Beauty's eyes.

- 2. I deemed the hard, black frost a pleasant thing, For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out; And wild birds came, with tame and gentle wing, To eat the bread my young hand flung about.
- 3. But I have walked into the world since then, And seen the bitter work that cold can do— Where the grim Ice King levels babes and men With bloodless spear, that pierces through and through.
- I know now, there are those who sink and lie
 Upon a stone bed at the dead of night;
 I know the roofless and unfed must die,
 When even lips at Plenty's feast tûrn white.
- 5. And now whenê'er I hear the cuckoo's song In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;

works have been well received. His style is quiet, pure, and effective.

¹ Lu gū'brĭ oŭs, mournful; indicating sorrow.

⁹ Donald G. Mitchell, an American author, was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822. His numerous

⁸ Troll, a song, the parts of which are sung in succession; a catch; a round.

- While my heart runs a cadence in a throng
 Of hopeful notes, that say—"Thank God for summer!"
- 6. I've lëarnt that sunshine bringèth more than flowers, And fruits, and forèst leaves to cheer the ëarth; For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers, Light up benëath it with a grateful mirth.
- 7. The agèd limbs that quiver in their task
 Of dragging life on, when the north-winds goad,
 Taste once again contentment, as they bask
 In the straight beams that warm their churchyard road.
- 8. And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood, hälf forgets The starving pittance of our cottage homes, When he can leave the hearth, and chase the nets Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.
- 9. The moping idiot seemèth less distraught ²
 When he can sit upon the grass all day,
 And läugh, and clutch the blades, as though he thought
 The yëllow sun-rays challenged him to play.
- 10. Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
 And greet the bee—the merry-going hummer;—
 And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
 I kiss their cheeks, and say—"Thank God for summer!"
- 11. Feet that limp, blue and bleeding as they go For dainty cresses in December's dawn, Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow, And woo the gûrgles, on a July morn.
- 12. The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain, Is free to choose his mossy summer bed, And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.
- 13. Oh! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once—but now I never see you come without a pang Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow, To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

¹ Pit'tance, an allowance of food, given in charity; any small allowance. ² Dis traught', distracted; pergiven in charity; any small allowance.



- 14. My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold, And my ears listen to the callow 1 rook; I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold, And pry for violets in the southern nook.2
- 15. And when fâir Florâ sends the butterfly Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer4— "Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry, "The poor will suffer less! THANK GOD FOR SUMMER!" ELIZA COOK.5



SECTION XVII.

I.

61. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART FIRST.

THE bannered hösts of Macedon 6 stood arrayed in splendid might. Crowning the hills, and filling the valleys, far and wide extended the millions in arms, who waited on the word of the young Alexan'der 7—the most superb array of human power which sceptered ambition ever evoked 8 to do its bidding.

2. That army was to sweep nations off the earth, and make a continent its camp; following the voice of one whose sword

¹ Căl'Iōw, naked; unfledged; destitute of feathers.

² Nook (nok), a narrow place between bodies; a corner; a recess; a retired place.

⁸ Flō'ra, the Roman goddess of flowers and spring.

4 Mum'mer, one who makes diversion in disguise; a masker; a clown.

⁵ Eliza Cook, an English authoress, was born in London about 1818. A collection of her poems was first published in 1840. For several years she was editress of "Eliza Cook's

Journal," a popular weekly publication. She has contributed much, both in prose and verse, to different periodicals.

⁶ Măc'e don, an ancient country of S. E. Europe, N. of Greece.

⁷ Alexander the Great, son of Philip, king of Macedon, was born in the autumn, B.C. 356. He made so many conquests that he was styled the Conqueror of the World. He died in May or June, B.C. 323.

⁸ E voked', called out; summoned forth.

was the index to glory, whose command was the synonym of triumph. It now stood expectant, for the king yet lingered.

- 3. While his war-horse fretted at the gate, and myriads 2 thus in silence waited his appearance, Alexander took his way to the apartment of his mother. The sole ligament 3 which bound him to virtue and to feeling was the love of that mother; and the tie was as strong as it was tender.
- 4. In mute dejection,4 they embraced; and Alexander, as he gazed upon that affectionate face, which had never been turned to him but in tenderness and yearning love, seemed to ask, "Shall I ever again behold that sweet smile?" The anxiety of his mother's countenance denoted the same sad curiosity; and without a word, but with the self-same feeling in their hearts, they went out together to seek the oracles in the temple of Philip, to learn their fate.
- 5. Alone, in unuttered sympathy, the two ascended the steps of the sacred temple, and approached the shrine. A priest stood behind the altar. The blue smoke of the incense eurled upward in front, and the book of oracles was before him.
- 6. "Where shall my grave be digged?" said the king; and the priest opened the book and read, "Where the soil is of iron, and the sky of gold, there shall the grave of the monarch of men be digged."
- 7. To the ŭtmōst limit, Asia 6 had become the possession of the Macedonian. Fatigued with conquest, and anxious to seek a country where the difficulty of victory should enhance 7 its value, the hero was returning to Europe. A few days would have brought him to the capital of his kingdom, when he fell suddenly ill. He was lifted from his horse, and one of his generals,

¹ Sỹn'o nỹm, one of two or môre words in the same language which are the precise equivalents of each other, or which have very nearly the same meaning.

² Mỹr'i ad, the number of ten thousand—sometimes used for any very large number.

² Lig'a ment, any thing that ties or unites one thing or part to another; a bond.

⁴ Dejection (de jěk'shŭn), low-

ness of spirits caused by misfortune or grief.

⁵ Oracle (ŏr'a kl), the answer of a god, or some person said to be a god, among the heathen, to an inquiry made in regard to some future event; the god who gave the answer, or the place where it was given; the Sacred Scriptures; a wise person.

⁶ Asia (ā'shi a).

⁷ Enhance (en hans'), raise to a higher point; advance; increase.

unlacing his armor, spread it out for him to lie upon, and held his golden shield to screen him from the mid-day sun.

- 8. When the king raised his eyes, and beheld the glittering canopy, he was conscious of the omen. "The ŏracle has said that where the ground should be of iron, and the sky of gold, there should my grave be made! Behold the fulfillment! It is a mournful thing! The young cypress is cut down in the vigor of its strength, in the first fullness of its beauty. The thread of life is snapped suddenly, and with it a thousand prospects vanish, a thousand hopes are crushed! But let the will of fate be done! She has long obeyed my behest! I yield myself now to hers! Yet, my mother!"
- 9. And the monarch mused in mel'ancholy silence. At length he turned to his attendants, and ordered his tablets to be brought; and he took them, and wrote, "Let the customary alms, which my mother shall distribute at my death, be given to those who have never felt the miseries of the world, and have never löst those who were dear to them;" and sinking back upon his iron couch, he yielded up his breath. They buried him where he died, and an army wept over his grave!

II.

62. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the intelligence of the death of Alexander was brought to his mother, as she sat among her ladies, she was overwhelmed by anguish.² "Ah! why," she exclaimed, "was I exalted so high, only to be plunged into such depth of misery?" Why was I not made of lower condition, so, haply, I had escaped such grief? The joy of my youth is plucked up, the comfort of my age is withered! Who is more wretched than I?" And she refused to be comforted.

2. The last wish of her son was read to her, and she resolved to perform that one remaining duty, and then retire to solitude, 4 to

¹ Be hëst, that which is willed or ordered; command.

² Anguish (ang'gwish), extreme pain of body or mind; bitter sorrow.

⁸ Mis'er y, wretchedness; woe; great unhappiness.

⁴ Sŏl'i tude, the state of being alone; loneliness.

indulge her grief for the remainder of her life. She ordered her servants to go into the city, and bring to the palace such as the will of Alexander directed—selecting those who were the poorest.

- 3. But the messengers, ere long, returned, and said that there were none of that description to be found among the poor. "Go then," said the queen, "and apply to all classes, and return not without bringing some who have never lost any who were dear to them."
- 4. And the order was proclaimed through all the city, and all heard it and passed on. The neighboring villages gave no better success; and the search was extended through all the country; and they went over all Macedoniä, and throughout Greece, and at every house they stood, and cried, "If there are any here who have never known misery, and never lost those that were dear to them, let them come out, and receive the bounty of the queen;" but none came forth.
- 5. And they went to the häunts of the gay, and into the libraries of the philosophers; to the seats of public office, and to the caves of hermits; they searched among the rich, and among the poor—among the high and among the low; but not one person was found who had not tasted misery: and they reported the result to the queen.
- 6. "It is strange!" said she, as if struck with sudden astonishment. "Are there none who have not lost their friend? And is my condition the condition of all? It is not credible? Are there none here, in this room, in this palace, who have always been happy?" But there was no reply to the inquiry.
- 7. "You, young page, whose countenance is gāy, what sŏrrōw have you ever known?"—"Alås!" madam, my father was killed in the wars of Alexander, and my mother, through grief, has followed him!"
- 8. And the question was put to others; but all had lost a brother, a father, or a mother. "Can it be," said the queen, in perplexity, "can it be that all are as I am?"
- 9. "All are as you are, madam," said an old man that was present, "excepting in these splendors and these consolations. By poverty and humility, you might have lost the alleviations,

¹ Haunts (hänts), resorts; places ² Al lē'vi ā'tion, that which mitioften visited. ² Al lē'vi ā'tion, that which mitigates, or makes more tolerable.



but you could not have escaped the blow. There are nights without a star; but there are no days without a cloud. To suffer is the lot of all; to bear, the glory of a few!"—"I recognize," said the queen, "the wisdom of Alexander!" and she bowed in resignation, and wept no more.

WALLACE.

III.

63. SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the Talmud² you may read the story)—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribūte⁸ to the mighty king.

- 2. Nor this ălone: much had her Highnèss heard What flowers of learning graced the royal speech; What gems of wisdom dropped with every word; What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth, To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.
- Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued be her most)
 How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
- Were quite transparent to his piercing eye; And so the Queen had come—a royal guest— To put the sage's cunning to the test.
- 4. And straight she held before the monarch's view, In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers; The one, bedecked with every charming hue,

3 Tal'mud, the body of the He-

brew laws, traditions, and explanations, or the book that contains them.

Trib'ūte, a personal gift bestowed in token of services rendered, or as that which is due or deserved.

Wont (wunt), used; accustomed.

⁵ Piqued (pēkt), wounded the pride of; offended.

⁶ Sāģe, a wise man.

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¹ Horace Binney Wallace, an American lawyer and author, was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1817. His essays and other miscellaneous writings display great depth of thought, power of description, and a finely cultivated taste. He died suddenly in Paris, Dec. 16, 1852.

Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers; The other, no less fair in every part, Was the rare product of divinest Art.

- 5. "Which is the true, and which the false?" she said. Great Solomon was silent. All amazed, Each wondering courtier? shook his puzzled head; While at the garlands long the monarch gazed, As one who sees a miracle, and fain, For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.
- 6. "Which is the true?" once more the woman asked, Pleased at the fond amazement of the King; "So wise a head should not be hardly tasked, Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!" But still the sage was silent; it was plain A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.
- 7. While thus he pondered, presently he sees, Hard by the casement 6—so the story goes— A little band of busy, bustling bees, Hunting for honey in a withered rose. The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head; "Open the window!"—that was all he said.
- 8. The window opened at the King's command;
 Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
 And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
 And so the King and all the courtiers knew
 That wreath was Nature's;—and the baffled Queen
 Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

¹ Prod'uct, that which is produced, brought forth, or effected; fruit; work.

⁹ Cōurt'ier, one who attends or frequents the courts of princes; one who courts or solicits favor; one who flatters to please.

⁸ Mir'a cle, a wonder; an event or act beyond, or contrary to, the laws of nature.

⁴ A māze'ment, the act or condition of being filled with fear, sudden

surprise, or wonder, at what is not understood.

⁵ Liēģe, a lord or superior; a sôvereign.

⁶ Cāse'ment, a frame or sash, furnished with glass, opening on hinges, which are affixed to the upright sides of the frame into which it is fitted.

Dex'ter, pertaining to, or situated on, the right hand; right.

^{*}Baffled (băf'fld), checked; foiled; defeated.

9. My story teaches (every tale should bear A fitting moral 1) that the wise may find In trifles light as atoms in the air Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—Some truth designed to profit or to please—As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

SAXE.

IV.

64. COMPENSATION.

NE day an Antelope 8 was lying with her fawn 4 at the foot of the flowering Mīmōsa. 5 The weather was intensely 6 sultry, 7 and a Dove, that had sought shelter from the heat among the leaves, was cooing above her head.

- 2. "Happy bird!" said the Antelope "happy bird! to whom the air is given for an inheritance, and whose flight is swifter than the wind. At your will you alight upon the ground, at your will you sweep into the sky, and fly races with the driving clouds: while I, poor I, am bound a prisoner to this miserable earth, and wear out my pitiable life crawling to and fro upon its surface."
- 3. Then the Dove answered, "It is sweet to sail along the sky, to fly from land to land, and coo among the valleys; but, Antelope, when I have sate above amidst the branches, and watched your little one close its tiny lips upon your breast, and feed its life on yours, I have felt that I could strip off my wings,
- ¹ Mőr'al, the inner meaning of a fable, narrative, or occurrence; the practical lesson which any thing is intended or fitted to teach.
- ² John G. Saxe, an American poet and journalist, was born in Highgate, Franklin Co., Vermont, June 2, 1816. His poems abound in fine wit and satire.
- ⁸ An'te Iope, an animal almost midway between the deer and goat. Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and very beautiful.

- ⁴ Fawn, a young deer; a deer of the first year.
- ⁵ Mi mō'sa, a family of pod-bearing plants, of many varieties, including the sensitive plant.
- ⁶ In tense'ly, to an extreme degree.
- ⁷ Sul'try, very hot, burning, and oppressive.
- ⁸ In her'it ance, land, money, or other property received as a right on the death of a parent or other ancestor; possession.
- Pit'i a ble, deserving pity; sorrowful; wretched.

lay down my plumage, and remain all my life upon the ground, only once to know such blessed enjoyment."

- 4. The breeze sighed among the boughs of the Mimosa, and a voice came trembling out of the rustling leaves: "If the Antelope mourns her destiny, what should the Mimosa do? The Antelope is the swiftest among the animals. It rises in the morning: the ground flies under its feet—in the evening it is a hundred miles away.
- 5. "The Mimosa is feeding its old age on the same soil which quickened its seed-cell into activity. The seasons roll by me, and leave me in the old place. The winds swāy among my branches, as if they longed to bear me away with them; but they pass on, and leave me behind. The wild birds come and go. The flocks move by me in the evening on their way to the pleasant waters. I can never move. My cradle must be my grave."
- 6. Then from bēlōw, at the root of the tree, came a voice which nēither bīrd, nor Antelope, nor tree had ever hēard, as a Rock Crystal from its prison in the limestone, followed on the words of the Mimosa.
- 7. "Are ye all unhappy?" it said. "If ye are, then what am I? Ye all have life. You! O Mimosa! you, whose fair flowers year by year come again to you, ever young, and fresh, and beautiful—you who can drink the rain with your leaves, who can wenton with the summer breeze, and open your breast to give a home to the wild birds—look at me, and be ashamed. I only am truly wretched."
- 8. "Alas!" said the Mimosa, "we have life, which you have not, it is true. We have also what you have not, its shadow—death. My beautiful children, which year by year, I bring out into being, expand in their loveliness only to die. Where they are gone I too shall soon follow, while you will flash in the light of the last sun which rises upon the earth."

son of the late Archdeacon Froude, was born at Dartington Rectory, Fotness, Devonshire, in 1818. He is a bold and original thinker, and a finished writer.

¹ Děs'ti ny, that to which any person or thing is appointed, intended, or doomed.

⁹ James Anthony Froude, an English historian and journalist,

SECTION XVIII.

I. 65. DESTINY OF AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime Barren of every glorious theme, In distant lands now waits a better time Producing subjects worthy fame:

- 2. In happy climes, where, from the genial sun And vîrgin čarth, such scenes ensue, The force of Art by Nature seems outdone, And fancied beauties by the true:
- 3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence, Where Nature guides, and Vîrtue rules; Where men shall not impose for truth and sense The pedantry and schools:
- 4. There shall be sung another golden age, The rise of empire and of arts; The good and great inspiring epic 8 rage, The wisest heads and noblest hearts.
- 5. Not such as Europe breeds in her decay: Such as she bred when fresh and young; When heavenly flame did animate her clay— By future poets shall be sung.
- 6. Westward the course of empire takes its way: The four first acts already past, A fifth shall close the drama with the day: Time's noblest offspring is the last. BERKELEY.

¹ Mūse, one of the nine fabled goddesses of the ancients, originally of song, and afterward of all kinds of poetry, and of the arts and sciences.

² Pěďant ry, a boastful display of knowledge of any kind.

⁸ Ep'ic, containing narrative or recital; relating to an epic or heroic poem, in which the deeds of some great hero are narrated.

⁴ Drā'ma (or drä må), a stōry which is acted, not related; a number of connected events ending in some in'teresting or striking result.

⁵ George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Thomastown, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684, and died at Oxford, England, in 1753. He was the author of several works. He visited America in 1728.

II.

66. OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.

PROFESS to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States—to the constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill, and can not be hid. We can not withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which hälf a century ago was predicted 1 as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind; and not a meteor 2 of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

Webster.3

III.

67. THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION¹ of a mighty stock Hands of iron—hearts of oak—

¹ Pre dict'ed, presaged; fore-showed; foretold.

⁹ Mē'te or, a fire-ball or other shining body seen in the sky; any appearance in the atmosphere, as clouds, rain, snow, &c.

³ Daniel Webster, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Amer-

ican ŏrators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782. His works, arranged by his friend Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, in 1851. He died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct 24, 1852.

ScI'on, a shoot or twig of a plant; hence, a descendant; an heir.

Follow with unflinching tread Where the noble fathers led.

- Craft and subtle treachery, Gallant youth! are not for thee;— Follow thou in word and deeds.
 Where the God within thee leads.
- 3. Honesty with steady eye,
 Truth and pure simplicity,
 Love that gently winneth hearts—
 These shall be thy only arts.
- 4. Prudent in the council train, Däuntlèss on the battle plain, Ready at thy country's need For her glörious cause to bleed.
- 5. Where the dews of night distil Upon Vernon's holy hill; Where above it, gleaming far, Freedom lights her guiding star—
- 6. Thither tûrn the steady eye, Flashing with a pûrpose high; Thither with devotion meet Often turn the pilgrim feet.
- Let thy noble motto be, God—the Country—Liberty! Planted on Religion's rock, Thou shalt stand in every shock.
- Läugh at dänger far or near;
 Spürn at baseness, spurn at fear;
 Still, with persevering might,
 Speak the truth, and do the right.
- 9. So shall peace, a charming guest, Dovelike in thy bosom rest; So shall honor's steady blaze Beam upon thy closing days:

10. Happy if celestial favor Smile upon the high endeavor; Happy if it be thy call In the holy cause to fall.

A. H. EVERETT.

IV.

58. OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

ALL hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may be have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity

a brave champion, and religion an altar.

- 3. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and the pride of the American heart.
- 4. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads the way.

 EVERETT.²

Chīnā, where he died in Canton, May 29, 1847.

² Edward Everett, an American statesman, ŏrator, and man of letters, brother of the preceding, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he had but few equals. He died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 15, 1865.

Alexander H. Everett, an American diplomatist, and accomplished man of letters, was born in Böston, March 19, 1792. He wrote much and well. For five years he was editor and proprietor of the "North American Review." He was U. S. Minister to the Netherlands, to Spain, and Commissioner to

SECTION XIX.

I

69. THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BID ådieu to the homestead, adieu to the vale;
Though the memory recalls them, give grief to the gale:
There the hearths are unlighted, the embers are black,
Where the feet of the onward shall never turn back.
For as well might the stream that comes down from the mount,
Glancing up, heave the sigh to return to its fount;
Yet the lordly Ohio feels joy in his breast
As he follows the sun onward into the West.

- 2. Oh! to roam, like the rivers, through empires of woods, Where the king of the eagles in majesty broods; Or to ride the wild horse o'er the boundless domain, And to drag the wild buffalo down to the plain; There to chase the fleet stag, and to track the huge bear, And to face the lithe painther at bay in his lair, Are a joy which alone cheers the pioneer's breast; For the only true hunting-ground lies in the West!
- 3. Leave the tears to the maiden, the fears to the child, While the future stands beckening afar in the wild; For there Freedom, more fair, walks the primeval 2 land, Where the wild deer all court the caress of her hand. There the deep forests fall, and the old shadows fly, And the palace and temple leap into the sky. Oh, the East holds no place where the onward can rest, And alone there is room in the land of the West!

READ.8

II.

70. LIFE IN THE WEST.

O! brothers—come hither and list to my story— Merry-and brief will the narrative be:

in Chester Co., Pa., March 12, 1822. A new edition of his poetical works in a collected form appeared in 1860. His verse is musical and his descriptions beautiful. He died May, 1872.

¹ Lithe, pliant; limber.

² Prī mē'val, primitive; belŏnging to the ĕarliest times; original.

⁸ Thomas Buchanan Read, an American painter and poet, was born

Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glöry—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where once frowned a forest, a garden is smiling—
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
And there earls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the West.

- 2. Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prāirie; Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free; Behold how its beautiful colors all vary, Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea! A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing: With proud independence we season our cheer; And those who the world are for happiness ranging, Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here. Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest; I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.
- 3. Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
 We reap what we sow; for the soil is our own:
 We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
 And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
 We never know want, for we live by our labor,
 And in it contentment and happiness find;
 We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
 And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
 Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
 You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!
 Geo. P. Morris.

III.

71. THE BISON TRACK.

1.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a vapor streaks the dawn, And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan: Prime afresh the trusty rifle—sharpen well the hunting spear; For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I hear!

2

Fiercely stamp the tethered 'horses, as they snuff the morning's fire; Their impatient heads are tossing, and they neigh with keen desire. Strike the tent! the saddles wait us—let the bridle-reins be slack—For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bison's track.

3.

See! a dusky line approaches: hark! the onward surging roar, Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore! Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van, And their stubborn horns are clashing through the crowded căr'ayan.

4.

Now the storm is down upon us: let the maddened horses go! We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow! Though the cloudy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air!

5.

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunders down the desert space:
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eyes look back—
Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the maddened bisons'
track!

B.

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:

Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso—swing your rifles as we run:

See! the dust is red behind him—shout, my comrades, he is won!

7.

Look not on him as he staggers—'tis the last shot he will need!

More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the mad stampede 2—

Ere we stem the brinded 3 breakers, while the wolves, a hungry pack,

Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison track!

TAYLOR.4

¹ Těth'ered, confined with a rope or a chain, for feeding within certain limits.

² Stăm'pēde', a sudden fright seizing upon large bodies of cattle or horses, in droves or encampments upon the prairies, and leading them to run for many miles, until they often sink down or die under their terror;

hence, any sudden flight caused by a panic.

^{*}Brin'ded, streaked; spotted; having different colors.

⁴ Bāyard Taylor, the noted American traveler and author, was born in Kennet Square, Chester Co., Penn., Jan. 11, 1825. He is an able and prolific writer both of prose and verse.

SECTION XX.

1/

72. THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

I

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards.

2. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

3. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for the trouble of making them.

4. Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion 1 from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better

¹ Bullion (bul'yun), uncoined gold or silver in the mass.



than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

- 5. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.
- 6. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's châir; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.
- 7. When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.
- 8. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"
- 9. On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his

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waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's châir; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown pēony, or a great red apple.

10. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott 1 had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable 2 young man; and so thought the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

11. The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-inlaw; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use, for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

12. "Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

13. "And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed

¹ John Endicott governor of Mass., was born in Dorchester, Eng., in 1589, and died in Boston, Mass., March 15, 1665. He was a sincere and zealous Puritan, rigid in his principles, and severe in the execution of the laws. He was opposed to long hair, insisted that women

should wear veils in public assemblies, and did all in his power to establish what he termed a pure church.

⁹ Per'son a ble, having a wellformed body or person; graceful.

⁸ Wherefore (whâr'för), for what or which reason.

was a huge, square, iron-bound ōaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

- 14. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.
- 15. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.
- 16. "There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

 HAWTHORNE®

II. 73. THE SWAN'S NEST.

ITTLE Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

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¹ Re cĕp'ta cle, any thing capable of receiving or holding.

⁹ Pon' der ous, weighty; very heavy.

³ Nathaniel Hawthorne, an American novelist and essayist, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He died suddenly in Plymouth, N. H.,

May 19, 1864. His literary reputation was not confined to his own country. His most important works have been republished and widely read in England, and, in the form of translations, in Germany.

⁴ Illustration, see the *frontispiece*, facing the title-page.

- 2. She has thrown her bonnet by;
 And her feet she has been dipping
 In the shallow water's flow;
 Now she holds them nakedly
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.
- 3. Little Ellie sits ălone;
 And the smile she softly uses,
 Fills the silence like a speech;
 While she thinks what shall be done—
 And the sweetest pleasure chooses,
 For her future within reach.
- 4. Little Ellie in her smile Choosèth—"I will have a lover, Riding on a steed of steeds! He shall love me without guile; And to him I will discover That swan's nest among the reeds.
- 5. "And the steed shall be red-roan, And the lover shall be noble, With an eye that takes the breath; And the lute he plays upon Shall strike ladies into trouble, As his sword strikes men to death.
- 6. "And the steed it shall be shod All in silver, housed in azure, And the mane shall swim the wind: And the hoofs along the sod Shall flash onward and keep measure, Till the shepherds look behind.
- 7. "But my lover will not prize All the glöry that he rides in, When he gazes in my face. He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes Build the shrine my soul abides in; And I kneel here for thy grace.'

- 8. "Then, āỷ! then he shall kneel low, With the red-roan steed ănear him, Which shall seem to understand—Till I ănswer, 'Rise and go! For the world must love and fear him Whom I gift with heart and hand.'
- 9. "Then he will arise so pale, I shall feel my own lips tremble With a yes I must not say— Năthless¹ maiden-brave, 'Fârewell,' I will utter and dissemble— 'Light to-morrow with to-day.'
- 10. "Then he'll ride among the hills To the wide world past the river, There to put away all wrong: To make straight distorted wills, And to empty the broad quiver Which the wicked bear along.
- 11. "Three times shall a young foot-page Swim the stream and climb the mountain And kneel down beside my feet—'Lo! my master sends this gage,2 Lady, for thy pity's counting! What wilt thou exchange for it?'
- 12. "And the first time I will send
 A white resebud for a guerdon 3—
 And the second time, a glove:
 But the third time—I may bend
 From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
 If he comes to take my love.'
- 13. "Then the young foot-page will run— Then my lover will ride faster, Till he kneeleth at my knee:

¹ Nathless (nath'less), nevertheless; not the less; notwithstanding.

² Gage, a pledge or pawn; a chal-

³ Gäge, a pledge or pawn; a challenge to combat; that is, a gäuntlet, a glove, a cap, or the like, cast on

the ground by the challenger, and taken up by the acceptor of the challenge.

⁸ Guerdon (ger'don), a requital; a recompense, or reward.

'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master—
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

14. "He will kiss me on the mouth Then; and lead me as a lover, Through the crowds that praise his deeds: And, when soul-tied by one troth,¹ Unto him I will discover That swan's nest among the reeds."

15. Little Ellie, with her smile Not yet ended, rose up gayly, Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe— And went homeward, round a mile, Just to see, as she did daily, What more eggs were with the two.

16. Pushing through the elm-tree copse winding by the stream, light-hearted, Whêre the osier pathway leads—Past the boughs she stoops—and stops! Lo! the wild swan had deserted—And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

17. Ellie went home sad and slow:
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

Mrs. Browning.4

III.

74. DAVID MATSON.

PART FIRST.

ONE bright summer morning, more than three score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two

greatest, if not the greatest, was born in London, in 1809. She died in Florence, the principal residence of the Brownings for several years, June 29, 1861.

¹ Troth, truth; belief; faith.

⁹ Copse, a wood of small growth.

^{*} Sooth, truth.

⁴ Elizabeth Barrett Browning, an English poetess, and one of the

healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river, near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the Port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate.

2. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys.

3. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more. "In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis; "there's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

4. And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed—autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back.

5. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a löst ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine 2 gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

6. And how was it all this time with David himself? Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiērs, and Trĭp'olĭ, and Mŏgadōre' and Sälle, on the Barbary eōast, had for a lŏng time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed bōats to seize upon the mērchant-vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and păssenġers, just as

¹ Wher'ry, a shallow, light boat, built long and narrow, and sharp at both ends, for fast rowing or sailing.

² Bombazine (bum' ba zēn'), a

twilled fabric, of which the warp is silk, and the weft worsted.

^{*} Salle (sā'lā), a fortified seaporttown of Morocco.

men calling themselves Christians were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for gain.

- 7. The Lively Tûrtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest. When a boy, he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimack; and now he was set at work in the dock-yards.
- 8. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure of the same whole week.
- 9. So time went on—days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

IV.

75. DAVID MATSON.

PART SECOND.

BUT one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey,² entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow,³ Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government.

¹ Leisure (lē'zhēr), vacant time.

² Dey (dā), the governor of Algiers, before the French conquest.

³ Joel Barlow, an American poet and politician, was born at Reading, in Conn., in 1755. In 1787 his poem entitled the "Vision of Columbus" was published. It was received with flattering favor, and was reprinted in London and in Paris. His greatest work, the "Columbiad," appeared in 1807. While minister to France, he died near Cracow, in Poland, Dec. 22, 1812.



- 2. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.
- 3. "This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad;" and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterward found a place in his great epic.
- 4. David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs, and work on holidays. He got a passage to Mal'aga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Böston.
 - 5. Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress; whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.
 - 6. "I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife."
 "Your wife!" cried the other; "she is mine before God and
 man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."
 - 7. "And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate, she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."
 - 8. "God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children. He shook hands with his rival,

¹ A pos'tro phe, a turning away from a regular narration, and addressing persons or things absent or imaginary.

² Măl'a ga, a seaport city of Spain.

³ Quay (kč), a mole or bank formed toward the sea, or on the side of a river, for the purpose of loading or unloading vessels.

⁴ Mös'lem, a true Mohammedan

9. Then they clung about The old man's neck, and kissed him many times. And all the man was broken with remorse; And all his love came back a hundred-fold; And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child, Thinking of William. So those four abode Within one house together; and as years Went forward, Mary took another mate: But Dora lived unmarried till her death. TENNYSON.1

SECTION XXI.

78. THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

THOU visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it: thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof; thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.2 2. How beautiful are the words of the inspired poet, read in this month of harvests, nearly three thousand years after they were written! For nearly three thousand years since the royal minstrel 4 looked over the plains of Judea covered with the bounty of God, and broke forth into his magnificent hymn of praise, has the earth rolled on in her course, and the hand of God has blessed her and all her children with seed-time and harvest, with joy and abundance.

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¹ Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate of England, was born in Lincolnshire in 1810. His first volume was published in 1830. Many of his poems are simple, true to nature, and very beautiful. His poems have passed

through many editions both in England and America.

From Psalm LXV., 9-13.

³ In spired', having divine authority or direction; sacred.

⁴ Royal minstrel, King David.

- 3. The very steadfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite 1 vast of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable 2 truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.
- 4. The poor man, with his half-dozen children, toils, and often dies, under the vain labor of winning bread for them. God feeds his family of countless myriads swarming over the surface of all his countless worlds, and none (nun) know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fellows. God pours his light from innumerable suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he waters them everywhere in the fitting moment; he ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty and the sunshine, and the magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout creation the glorious song of his own divine joy in the immortality of his youth, in the omnipotence of his nature, in the eternity of his patience, and the abounding boundlessness of his love.
- 5. What a family hangs on his sustaining arm! The life and souls of infinite ages and uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, of his watchfulness, or of his will to do good, occur, and what a sweep of death and annihilation through the universe! How stars would feel, planets expire, and nations perish!
 - 6. But from age to age no such catastrophie occurs, even in

¹ In'fi nite, without limit or bounds; perfect; very great.

² In im'i ta ble, not capable of being imitated or copied; surpassingly excellent or superior.

³ In nū'mer a ble, that can not be numbered.

^{&#}x27;Im'mor tal'i ty, the quality of being exempt from death and destruction; deathlessness.

⁵ Om nip'o tence, the state of being all-powerful.

⁶ Eternity (e ter'ni ti), the state or condition which begins at death; everlastingness.

⁷ An nr hi la'tion, the act of reducing to nothing; the act of destroying the form of a thing.

⁸ U'ni verse, all things created as a whole; the world.

the midst of national crimes, and of atheism¹ that denies the hand that made and feeds it: life springs with a power ever new; food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are poured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence he has given. If there come seasons of dearth or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tyrannic² man. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed forever; and the harvest is diminished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice³ may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty.

7. It is amid one of these crises that we at this moment stand, and hail the month of harvests with unmingled joy. Never did the finger of God demonstrate his beneficent will more perspicuously than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of heaven overflows the earth in golden billows of the ocean of abundance. God wills that all the arts of man to check his bounty, to create searcity, to establish dearness to enfeeble the hand of the laborer, and curse the table of the poor, shall be put to shame; that his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn-dealers and speculators live or die.

8. Nations, therefore, have fittingly rejoiced in every century since the creation, in the joyfulness of harvest. It has been a time of activity and of songs. Never was there a generation that had more cause to put forth their reaping and rejoicing hands and sing so heartly as ours. The coming month will see the Phāraōh? of monstrous monopoly, and all his wretched selfish hosts, drowned in the Red Sea of abundance. The corndealers will be smothered in the showering down heaps of their own commodity; the speculator who has so long sought his own

greediness of gain.

A'the ism, the disbelief or denial of the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent Being.

² **Tŷ** răn'nic, unjustly severe in government; oppressive; cruel.

government; oppressive; cruel.

* Av'a rice, undue love of money;

⁴ De mon'strate, to prove to a certainty, or with great clearness.

⁵ Be něfi cent, abounding in acts of goodness; charitable.

⁶ Per spic'ū oŭs ly, in a manner clear to the understanding; plainly.

⁷ Pharaoh (fā'rō), see Exodus, Chap. XIV.

⁸ Mo nöp'o ly, the only power of dealing in any kind of goods; the sole command or possession.

fattening at the cost of a nation's starvation and misery shall find that there is a greater speculator in the blue screne above him, whose hand can whelm him in the gulf of his own schemes, and craze all the chariot-wheels of his cunning.

9. Praise to God—the God of harvests—and to Him whose cattle are on a thousand hills. Let us go out and rejoice amid the sunshine, and the wheat stooping to the sickle, and the barley to the scythe, and the certain assurance that the loaf never was cheaper than it shall be within the next six months, never the heart of labor more strengthened with abundance.

10. There is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendor and maturity about it that is delightful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright, and beautiful with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliage is full and luxuriant: the grassfields mown in June and July are now full of the richest green, and cattle wander in finest condition through them, or lie ign

groups around, worthy of a painter's hand.

11. There is a sort of second spring in trees, the oak and the elm, especially, putting forth new shoots of a lighter tint. The hedges put on the same vernal-looking hue, and the heather 1 on the moors, and blue chieory, the large white convolvulus, 2 hawkweeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue campanula, 3 make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall old hedges of old woodland lanes. Young frogs in thousands are issuing from the waters, and traversing the roads; and birds having terminated their spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

II.

79. SONG OF THE SOWER.

THE maples redden in the sun;
In autumn gold the beeches stand;
Rest, faithful plow, thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.

¹ Hĕath'er, a heath; a place overgrown with heath.

² Con vol'vu lus, a class of plants of many varieties, some of which are

beautiful; called also bind-weed.

3 Cam păn'u la, a class of plants bearing bell-shaped flowers; öften of great beauty; also called bell-flower.

Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh, dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.
Loose the tired steed and let him go
To pastures where the gentians 1 blow;
And we, who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

- 2. Fling wide the generous grain! we fling O'er the dark mold the green of spring: For thick the emerald blades shall grow, When first the March winds melt the snow, And to the sleeping flowers, below, The early bluebirds sing. Fling wide the grain! we give the fields The ears that nod in summer's gale, 'The shining stems that summer gilds, The harvest that o'erflows the vale, And swells, an amber sea, between The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
- 3. Hark! from the mûrmûring clods I hear Glad voices of the coming year:

 The song of him who binds the grain,
 The shout of those that load the wain;
 And from the distant grange there comes
 The clatter of the thresher's flail,
 And steadily the millstone hums
 Down in the willowy vale.
- 4. Fling wide the golden shower! we trust The strength of armies to the dust— The peaceful leas may haply yield Its harvest for the tented field. Hä! feel ye not your fingers thrill,

¹ Gentian (jĕn'shan), a flowering plant of several species.

² Am'ber, of an amber or yellowish color.

³ Wāin, a wagon.

^{&#}x27;Grange, a house for storing grain; a granary; a barn; hence, also, a farm with its stables and other buildings.

⁵ Lēa, sward land or a meadow.

As ō'er them, in the yĕllōw grains, Glide the warm drops of blood that fill For mortal strife, the warrior's veins; Such as, on Solferïno's¹ dāy, Slāked the brown sand and flowed awāy; Flowed till the hērds, on Mincio's² brink, Snuffed the red stream, and feared to drink;—

5. Blood that in deeper pools shall lie On the sad earth, as time grows gray-When men by deadliër arts shall die, And deeper darkness blot the sky Above the thundering fray; And realms that hear the battle-crv Shall sicken with dismay; And chieftains to the war shall lead Whole nations, with the tempest's speed, To perish in a day :— Till man, by love and mercy taught, Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought, And lay the sword away. Oh! strew, with pausing, shuddering hand, The seed upon the helpless land, As if, at every step, ye cast The pelting hail and riving blast.

6. Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep, The seed upon the expecting soil; For hence the plenteous year shall heap The garners of the men who toil. Strew the bright seed for those who tear The matted sward 3 with spade and share, And those whose sounding axes gleam Beside the lonely forest stream, Till its broad banks lie bare; And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,

great battle by the allied French and Sardinians.

¹ Solferino (sol fă rē'no), a village of Italy in E. Lombardy. It has a ruined castle, once the seat of a prince of Solferino. June 24, 1859, the Austrians were here defeated in a

² Mincio (min'cho), a river of North Italy.

⁸ Sward (sward), grassy surface.

With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong, And him who, with the steady sledge, Smites the shrill anvil all day long.

7. Sprinkle the fürröw's even trace
For those whose toiling hands uprear
The rööf-trees of our swarming race,
By grove and plain, by stream and mere;
Who förth from crowdèd city lead
The lengthening street, and overlay
Green orchard-plot and grassy mead
With pavement of the murmuring way.
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the brave men that climb the mast,
When to the billow and the blast
It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
Safe as a seabird in the main.

- 8. Fling wide the grain for those who throw The clanking shuttle to and fro, In the long row of humming rooms, And into ponderous masses wind The web that, from a thousand looms, Comes forth to clothe mankind. Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them, By whom the busy thread, Along the garment's even hem And winding seam is led— A pallid sisterhood, that keep The lonely lamp alight, In strife with weariness and sleep, Beyond the middle night. Large part be theirs in what the year Shall ripen for the reaper here.
- Still strew, with joyous hand, the wheat On the soft mold beneath our feet;
 For even now 1 seem

¹ Mēre, a pool or lake.

For her heart was cold to all but gold—And the rich came not to woo:
But honored well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

- 4. Now walking there was one more fair— A slight girl, lily-pale; And she had unseen company To make the spirit quail: 1 'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,2 And nothing could avail.
- 5. No mercy now can clear her brow
 For this world's peace to pray;
 For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
 Her woman's heart gave way!
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
 By man is carsed alway!

WILLIS.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

85. THE BOY OF RATISBON.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon; —
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon 5
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how—
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone 6 brow
Oppressive with its mind.

¹ Quāil, to become quelled; to shrink; to give way.

² For lorn', forsaken; miserable.

³ Nathaniel Parker Willis, an American author, was born in Portland, Maine, Jan. 20, 1807. He has written much and well, both in prose and verse. His style is remarkably sprightly and graceful. No American writer has shown more skill in construction, or in a happy choice of

words. He died January 20, 1867.

⁴ Răt'is bon, a walled town of Bavaria, and once its capital. Near it, in 1809, Napoleon was wounded in a battle with the Austrians.

⁵ Napoleon Bonaparte, a great warrior and statesman, first "Emperor of the French," was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769, and died at St. Helena, May 5, 1621.

⁶ Prone, inclined; bending forward.

- 2. Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans That soar, to earth may fall, Let once my army-leader Lannes¹ Waver at yonder wall;" Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew, A rider bound on bound Full-galloping; nor bridle drew Until he reached the mound.
 - 3. Then off there flung, in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 Just by his horse's mane, a boy;
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)—
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.
- 4. "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by Gŏd's grace We've got you Ratisbon! The marshal's in the market-place, And you'll be there anon To see your flag-bird flap his vans Where I, to heart's desire, Përched him." The chief's eye flashed; his plans Sōared up again like fire.
- 5. The chief's eye flashed; but presently Söftened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised ēaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!"—"Nay," his soldier's pride Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside, Smiling, the boy fell dead.

 BROWNING.*

born in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812. Though a true poet, many of his poems are not popular among the masses. A few of his dramatic lyrics, however, of which the above is one, are unrivaled in elements of popularity.

¹ Jean Lannes (lănz), duke of Montebello, a marshal of France, was born in Lectoure, old province of Guienne, April 11, 1769, and died in Vienne, May 31, 1809.

² Robert Browning, one of the most remarkable English poets, was



II.

86. THE BOY OF THE ARCTIC.

THE thick fog baffled vision,
But daylight lingered yet,
When two ships in collision,
Upon the ocean met;

most of the passengers on board, occurred near Newfoundland in the autumn of 1854.

¹ The Collision of the Arctic and the Vesta, two ocean steamers, in which the former was löst, with

and Hancock, who had not vet left Lexington for Philadelphia. received a timely message from Warren,2 and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores, and secreted the cannon.

- 2. On Tuesday, the eighteenth, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, crossed in the boats of the transport-ships from the foot of the common to East Cāmbridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.
- 3. "They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.
- 4. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war, across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear hori'zon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon 4 streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.
- 5. A little bevond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well

in 1741, and killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

¹ John Hancock, an American statesman, first president of the Continental Congress, was born in Quincy, Mass., Jan. 12, 1737, and died there, Oct. 8, 1793. He was eleven years governor of Massachusetts.

² Joseph Warren, an American patriot, was born in Roxbury, Mass., enemy; that which warns.

³ Thomas Gage, the last royal governor of Mass., was born in England, and died there in April, 1787.

⁴ Beacon (bē/kn), a signal-fire to make known the approach of an

Rides forth through the desolate antre, 1 With his knife and his rifle at need.

- 3. From a thousand deep gorges they gather, From the cot lowly perched by the rill, The cabin half hid in the heather, 'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still; Each lonely at first in his roaming, Till the vail to the sight opens fair, And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,² When his bugle gives tongue to the air.
- 4. Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
 For the hunt of the insolent foe,
 And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
 'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
 Down the lone heights now wind they together,
 As the mountain-brooks flow to the vale,
 And, now, as they group on the heather,
 The keen scout delivers his tale:
- 5. "The British—the tories are on us, And now is the moment to prove To the women whose virtues have won us, That our virtues are worthy their love! They have swept the vast valleys below us, With fire, to the hills from the sea; And here would they seek to o'erthrow us, In a realm which our eagle makes free!"
- 6. No war-council suffered to trifle
 With the hours devote to the deed;
 Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
 Swift followed the bound to the steed;
 And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
 All panting with rage at the sight,
 Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
 As he lay in his camp on the height.

¹ Antre (ăn'ter), a cavern ; a passage.

⁹ Głoam'ing, twilight; dusk.

⁸ Myrmidon (mēr'mi don), a soldier of a rough character; a ruffian under some daring leader.

- 7. Grim dashed they away as they bounded, The hunters to hem in the prey, And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded, Then the British rose fast to the fray; And never, with arms of more vigor, Did their bayonets press through the strife, Where, with every swift pull of the trigger, The sharp-shooters dashed out a life!
- 8. 'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions;
 'Twas the rushing of tempèsts and waves—
 Insolent triumph 'gainst pātriot defiance,
 Born freemen 'gainst sycophant' slaves;
 Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
 As from danger to danger he flies,
 Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
 With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!
- 9. An hour, and the battle is over;
 The eagles are rending the prey;
 The serpents seek flight into cover,
 But the terror still stands in the way:
 More dreadful the doom that on treason
 Avenges the wrongs of the state;
 And the oak tree for many a season
 Bears fruit for the vultures of fate!
 W.

W. G. SIMMB.

SECTION XXV.

91. WHITTLING.

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school, Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool, The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye Tûrns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;

has written much, both in prose and verse. His writings are characterized by earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. He died at his birthplace June 11, 1870.

¹ Sỹc'o phant, a base hanger-on; a mean flatterer.

³ William Gilmore Simms, an American author, was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. He

His hoarded 1 cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

- 2. Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
 His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
 His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,
 Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
 His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
 That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
 Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
 His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
 His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
 His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
 Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
 You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
 Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers stanch,4
 And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a läunch.5
- 3. Thus, by his genius 6 and his jack-knife driven, Ere long he'll solve you any problem given; Make any jim-crack, musical or mute, A plow, a couch, an organ, or a flute; Make you a locomotive or a clock, Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock, Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block—Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore, From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;—Make it, said I?—äў! when he undertakes it, He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

¹ Hōard'ed, collected and laid up; stored secretly.

² Pro ject'ile, a body or thing thrown out, or impelled forward, by force, especially through the air.

⁸ Scŭlp'tor, one whose business it is to carve images or figures.

⁴ Stanch (stanch), strong and tight; firm; sound.

⁵ Launch (länch), to cause to move or slide from the land into the water; to send forth.

⁶ Genius (jēn'yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which force the mind to certain favorite kinds of labor.

4. And when the thing is made—whether it be To move on earth, in air, or on the sea; Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide, Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide; Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring, Whether it be a piston or a spring, Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass, The thing designed shall surely come to pass; For, when his hand's upon it, you may know That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

PIERPONT.

92. SAINT JONATHAN.

THERE'S many an excellent Saint—
St. George, with his dragon and lance;
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

- 2. He wears a most serious face, Well worthy a martyr's possessing; But it isn't all owing to grace, But partly to thinking and guessing. In sooth, our American Saint, Has rather a secular bias, And I never have heard a complaint Of his being excessively pious!
- 3. He's fond of financial improvement,
 And is always extremely inclined
 To be starting some practical movement
 For mending the morals and mind.
 Do you ask me what wonderful labor

^{*}Bi'as, a leaning of the mind; inclination.



¹ So no'rous, high sounding; giving a clear or loud sound.

² Gaul (gal), a Frenchman.

² Sec'ū Iar, pertaining to this

present world, or to things not spiritual or holy; worldly.

St. Jonathan ever has done
To rank with his Calendar neighbors?—
Just listen, a moment, to one:

- 4. One day when a flash in the &ir
 Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,
 Quöth Jonathan, "Now—I declare—
 They're dreadfully careless with thunder!"
 So he fastened a rod to the steeple;
 And now, when the lightning comes round,
 He keeps it from building and people,
 By running it into the ground!
- 5. Reflecting, with pleasant emotion, On the capital job he had done, Quoth Jonathan, "I have a notion Improvements have barely begun; If nothing's created in vain— As ministers often inform us— The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain, Is really something enormous!"
- 6. While ciphering over the thing, At length he discovered a plan To catch the Electrical King, And make him the servant of man! And now, in an orderly way, He flies on the fleetest of pinions, And carries the news of the day All over his master's dominions!
- 7. One morning, while taking a stroll,
 He heard a lugubrious cry—
 Like the shriek of a suffering soul—
 In a hospital standing near by;
 Anon, such a terrible groan
 Saluted St. Jonathan's ear,
 That his bosom—which wasn't of stone—
 Was melted with pity to hear.
- That night he invented a charm
 So potent that folks who employ it,
 In losing a leg or an arm,

Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it!

A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his brothers'—
And blessed St. Jonathan now
Is patron of cripples and mothers!

9. There's many an excellent Saint—
St. George, with his dragon and lance;
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

J. G. SAXE.

mi.

93. THE DUMB-WAITER.

E have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help.

- 2. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a political ratification-meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows.
- 3. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphiä; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.
 - 4. One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing,

¹ Con tǐn'gen cỹ, an event which may occûr; chânce.

when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out.

5. First, I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillöw. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was.

6. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors: there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the ide'a made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

7. We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus 1 as if it had been a catapult; 2 it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero 3 point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five.

8. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door: it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

¹ Ap pa rā' tus, things provided as means to some end; here means throwing stones, ărrōws, etc.

* Zē'ro, naught; nóthing; the

² Căt'a pult, an ĕnġine used by freezing-point.

9. I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers, and looked out at the sky: not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hourse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous.

10. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doers and double deafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it?

11. Mrs. Sparrewgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the reset had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrewgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me.

12. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expectulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgetten his name, and that made matters werse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an ax, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then, he wanted me to explain it!

13. But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you in your own house as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however—somebody has told him—somebody tells everybody everything in our village.

COZZENS.4

¹ Infernal (in fer'nal), malicious; fiendish.

² Newfoundland (nü'fund länd').

³ Ex pěst'ū late, te remenstrate; te reasen ëarnestly.

⁴ Frederic S. Cozzens, an American auther, was bern in New Yerk, March 5, 1818. The "Sparrewgrass Papers," from which the above is an extract, was published in 1856.

IV.

94. THE PIED PIPER.

PART FIRST.

AMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city:
The river Wēşer, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vērmin, was a pity.

2. Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shricking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

3. At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Māyor's a noddy; 1
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ërmine
For dolts 2 that eän't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,3
To find in the furry civic 4 robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,

Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

¹ Nŏd'dy, a simpleton; a fool.

⁸ O bēse', very fat; fleshy.

² Dölt, a heavy, stupid fellow; a blockhead.

⁴ Qiv'ic, relating to, or derived from, a city or citizen.

At this the Mayor and Corporation Quaked with a mighty consternation.

- 4. An hour they sate in council—
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 "For a gilder 1 I'd my ermine gown sell;
 I wish I were a mile hence!
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain;—
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
- 5. Just as he said this, what should hap At the chamber door but a gentle tap? "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?" (With the Corporation as he sat, Looking little, though wondrous fat; Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister Than a too long-opened oyster, Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous? For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous?) "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat? Any thing like the sound of a rat Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
- 6. "Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
 And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp, blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint 4 attire.

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^{&#}x27;Gild'er, a Dutch coin of the value of about thirty-eight cents.

² Mū'ti noŭs, disposed to resist the authority of rightful laws and regulations, especially in an army or navy,

or openly resisting such authority.

³ Glū'ti noŭs, having the quality
of glue; resembling glue; sticky.

⁴ Quāint, odd and of old fashion; singular; unusual.

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Quoth one, "It's as my great-grandsire, Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone, Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

- 7. He advanced to the council-table,
 And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm—
 The mole, and tōad, and newt,¹ and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
- 8. (And here they noticed round his neck A scarf of red and yëllow stripe, To match with the coat of the selfsame check; And at the scarf's end hung a pipe; And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying As if impatient to be playing Upon this pipe, as low it dangled Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
- 9. "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am, In Tartary I freed the Cham,²
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats; I eased in Asia the Nizam⁸
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats, And, as for what your brain bewilders—If I can rid your town of rats, Will you give me a thousand gilders?"
 One!—fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and corporation.
- 10. Into the street the piper stepped, Smiling first a little smile, As if he knew what magic slept In his quiet pipe the while;

¹ Newt (nut), a small lizard.

² Cham (kam), the sovereign prince of Tartary.

Nizam', a ruler or sovereign prince; the title of the native sovereigns of Hyderabad, in India.



Then, like a musical adept,¹
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

11. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

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A dept', one fully skilled or well versed in any art.

Grave old plodders, gāy young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, eouṣinṣ,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozenṣ,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Wēṣer
Whêrein all plunged and perished—
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,¹
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As the manuscript he cherished),
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was:

12. "At the first shrill notes of the pipe, I heard a sound as of scraping tripe, And putting apples, wondrous ripe, Into a cider-press's gripe-And a moving away of pickle-tub boards. And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards, And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks, And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks; And it seemed as if a voice (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice! The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!2 Samunch on, crunch on, take your nunchion, Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!' And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon, All ready staved, like a great sun shone Glorious, scarce an inch before me Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'-I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

¹ Julius Cesar, a Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, who was one of the most remarkable men of any age.

⁹ Dry'salt'er y, the articles kept by, or the business of, a drysaltery—a dealer in salted or dried meats, pickles, sauces, &c.



v. 95. THE PIED PIPER.

PART SECOND.

YOU should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand gilders!"

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- 2. A thousand gilders! The Māyor looked blue; So did the Corporation too: For council dinners make råre havoc With Claret,¹ Mosĕlle,¹ Vin-de-Grăve,¹ Hŏck;¹ And hälf the money would replenish Thêir cellar's bĭggèst butt with Rhĕn'ish.¹ To pay this sum to a wandering fĕllōw With a ġypsy cōat of red and yĕllōw!
- 3. "Besides," quoth the Māyor, with a knowing wink, "Our business was done at the river's brink; We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, And what's dead eän't come to life, I think. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink From the duty of giving you something to drink, And a matter of money to put in your poke; But, as for the gilders, what we spoke Of them, as you very well know, was in joke. Besides, our losses have made us thrifty; A thousand gilders! Come, take fifty!"
- 4. The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I ean't wait! beside,
 I've promised to visit, by dinner-time,
 Bägdäd', and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."
- 5. "How?" cried the Māyor, "d'ye think I'll brook Being worse treated than a cook? Insulted by a lazy ribald 4 With idle pipe, and vesture piebald?

¹ Wines of different names.

^{&#}x27;Thrift'y, frugal; spåring.

^{*} Sti'ver, a Dutch coin of the value of two cents.

⁴ Rib'ald, a low, vulgar, brutal, foul-mouthed fellow.

⁵ Pie'bald, of various colors; diversified in color.

Sir L. Pooh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital 1 part of your right side, 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part!

Sir L. But there, fix yourself so, [placing him]—let him see the broadside of your full front; there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Can go through me—a ball or two clean through me! Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bärgain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as lief be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor, I will stand edgeways.

. Sir L. [Looking at his watch.] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha! no, I think I see them coming.

Acr. Hey!—what !—coming !—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed. Well—let them come

—hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—won't run!

Sir L. Run!

·Acr. No-I say-we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius! but I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy! Consider your honor.

Acr. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming.

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid! If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going !—yes—my valor is certainly going !—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor! your honor! Here they are.

¹ VI'tal, highly important; necessary to life.

Acr. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! [SIR LUCIUS takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctantly off.]

SHERIDAN.1

II.

97. HOTSPUR TO KING HENRY IV.

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners; But, I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed, Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped, Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home; He was perfumèd like a milliner; And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box,2 which ever and anon He gave his nose, and took't away again ;-Who, therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff:—and still he smiled and talked; And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

2. With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behälf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,³
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,

and speeches were very carefully elaborated, and the most striking passages often re-written several times.

² Poun'cet-box, a small box with openings on the top, to hold perfume for smelling.

⁸ Pŏp'in jāy, a gay, trifling young man; a fop.

¹ Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a British dramatist and politician son of Thomas Sheridan, the actor, elocutionist, and lexicographer was born in Dublin in Sept. 1751, and died in London, July 7, 1816. As a comic drămatist, and as an ŏrator, he has had but fewequals. His writings

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· To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!) And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth Was parmacity,1 for an inward bruise; And that it was great pity, so it was, That villanous saltpeter should be digged Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier. This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answered indirectly, as I said; And, I beseech you, let not this report Come current for an accusation, Betwixt my love and your high majesty. SHAKSPEARE.

III.

98. QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

ASSIUS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassiüs, you yourself Are much condemned to have an itching palm; To sell and mart your offices for gold, To undeservers.

¹ Par'ma cĭt'y, used for *sperma-cĕti*, a fatty matter, taken from the head of a spermaceti whale.

³ William Shakspeare, an English dramatist, one of the greatest of all poets, and the greatest of dramatists, was born in Stratford-upon-

Av'on, Warwickshire, in April, 1564, and died there, April 23, 1616.

⁸ Lucius (lū'shi ŭs).

⁴ Longinus Caius Cassius, the leader of the conspiracy against Cæsar, a brave and skillful general, died by his own hands in 42 B. C.

Cas. I an itching pälm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,

And chas' tisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chas'tisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember! Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake? What villain touched his body, that did stab, And not for justice?—What! shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world, But for supporting robbers—shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, And sell the mighty space of our large honors For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me! I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you're not, Cassiüs.

Cas.

I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health: tempt me no fûrther!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break: Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

⁸ Choler (kŏl'er), the bile; irritation of the passions; anger.



¹ Marcus Junius Brutus, one of the leading conspirators against Cæsar, and the noblest of them all, was born in the autumn of 85 B. C., and died by his own hands, 42 B. C.

² Ides, the fifteenth day of March; May, July, and October, and the thirteenth day of the other months.

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and erouch Under your testy humor? You shall digëst the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mîrth—yeā, for my läughter— When you are waspish.

Has it come to this? Cas.

Bru. You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?

If you did, I care not. Bru.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he dûrst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru.

No.

Cas.

What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

. Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassiüs, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for draehmas,1 than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions-

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassiüs?

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¹ Drachma (drak'ma), a silver coin among the Greeks, of the avera value of about 18 cents.

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?— When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts— Dash him to pieces!

Cas.

I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.1

Cas. Come, Antony,² and young Octavius,³ come! Revenge yourselves alone on Cassiüs; For Cassius is aweary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed, Set in a note-book, lëarned, and conned by rote, To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger, And here my naked breast; within, a heart, Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold; If that thou be 'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that denied the gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

O lým'pus, here refers to a löfty group of mountains in Greece. Mount Olympus was called the residence of Jupiter.

⁹ Mark Antony, the Roman triumvir [one of the three men who jointly held the sovereign power in Rome], one of the most extraordinary characters of history, was born 86 B. C., and died by his own hands,

⁸⁰ B. C. It was his soldiership and aword that defeated Cassius and drove Brutus to suicide.

³ Caius Oc tā'vi us, the adopted son of Julius Cæsar, second emperor of Rome, first of the emperors styled Augustus, was born Sept. 23, 63 B. C., and died Aug. 29, A. D. 14.

⁴ Plū' tus, the ancient god of wealth.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius! you are yokèd with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and läughter to his Brutus, When grief and blood ill-tempered vexèth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.—

Cas.

O Brutus!

Bru.

What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humor which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

your mother chides, and leave you s

TV.

. Shakspeare

99. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS.

THE beams of the rising sun had gilded the löfty domes of Carthage,¹ and given, with its rich and měllow light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts² of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the vērdant shōres, a hundred triremes³ were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen bēaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

of earth round a place, upon which the parapet or wall is raised.

¹ Carthage (kär'thiğ), the ancient capital of a country of the same name in Northern Africa, and the most famous ancient commercial city.

Răm'part, an elevation or mound

 ⁸ Tri'rēme, an ancient galley or vessel with three benches or ranks of oars on a side.

- 2. No mûrmûr of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribûnal, the priest the sanetuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus had retûrned to Carthage.
- 3. Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot; they rushed, furious with anger, and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and gray-haired men and matrons, whom the Roman sword had left childless.
- 4. But when the stern features of Regulus were seen, and his colossal form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had firged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and Carthaginians,—the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans, and carses, and yells of vengeance.
- 5. But calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him, stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome. The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the

¹ Sănct'ū a rỹ, a sacred place; a chûrch; the most retired and holy part of a temple.

* Stō'ic, one of an ancient sect who believed that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief, and submit, without complaining, to the necessity by which all things are governed.

⁸ Rěg ū lus, a Roman general, and twice a consul, who, after gaining many victories over the Carthaginians, was defeated and taken prisoner by their general Xanthippus, a Spartan. After five years' captivity, he was sent to Rome with an embassy to solicit peace, or an exchange of prisoners, on condition that he would retûrn if unsuccessful. By his persuasion, however, the Roman senate refused to make peace, and he returned to Carthage, where he is said to have been put to a most cruel death. about 250 B.C.

4Co los'sal, ģigantie; of great size.

⁵ Cō'hort, a body of about five or six hundred soldiers; any band or body of warriors. brazen manacles 1 upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them:—

- 6. "Ye doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted of oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic comprehension, most foolish act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one's country a pleasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter! methinks I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly inventions; to you, well-skilled to drive a treacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold!
- 7. "If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from gödlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life. I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them.
- 8. "Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.
- 9. "The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so off had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did, with fondest memory of bygone hours, entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as

⁵ Jū'pi ter, or Jove, the greatest of the Greek and Roman gods.



¹ Măn'a cle, shackle; handcuff.

⁹ Plight'ed, given as security for the performance of some act; pledged.

⁸ Brook (bruk), bear; endure.

⁴ Pū'nic, like the Carthaginians; deceitful; faithless.

on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

10. "Låst night, as I läy fettered in my dungeon, I hëard a stränge, ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some våst army, their harnèss clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind möans through the leaflèss förèst, he thus addressed me:—

11. "'Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city: know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.' And then he vanished.

12. "And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers.

13. "Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The etres of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted¹ gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea." Kellogg.²

¹ Fršt'ted, made rough on the sûrface; ornamented with raised work. ms

² Rev. Elijah Kellogg, a clergyman of Boston.

SECTION XXVII.

I. 100. THE TWO ROADS.

I T was New-Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal 1—the tomb.

- 2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.
- 3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

- 5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.
- 6. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their

¹ Goal, the point set to bound a race; the final purpose or end.

erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behälf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dåred no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despâiring effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!" RICHTER.1

II.

101. THE SCULPTOR BOY.

HISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy, With his marble block before him; And his face lit up with a smile of joy As an angel dream passed o'er him. He carved that dream on the yielding stone With many a sharp incision; In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone-He had caught that angel vision.

2. Sculptors of life are we, as we stand With our lives uncarved before us, Waiting the hour, when, at God's command, Our life-dream passes ö'er us. Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone, With many a sharp incision;-

Its heavenly beauty shall be our own— Our lives, that angel vision.

March 21, 1763, and died, Nov. 14.

¹ J. P. F. Richter, commonly known by his literary name of Jean 1825. His collective works embrace Paul, a German author, was born, seventy volumes.

III.

102. TEMPTATIONS OF THE YOUNG.

I T is true that every age and employment has its snares; but the feet of the young are most easily entrapped. Issuing forth, as you do, in the morning of life, into the wide field of existence, where the flowers are all open, it is no wonder that you pluck some that are poisonous. Tasting every golden fruit that hangs over the garden of life, it is no wonder that you should find some of the most tempting hollow and moldy.

- 2. But the peculiar characteristic of your age, my young friends, is impetuosity and presumptuousness. You are without caution, because without experience. You are precipitate, because you have enjoyed so long the protection of others that you have yet to learn to protect yourselves. You grasp at every pleasure because it is new, and every society charms with a freshness which you will be surprised to find gradually wearing away. Young as you are upon the stage, there seems to be little for you to know of yourselves; therefore you are contented to know little, and the world will not let you know more till it has disappointed you oftener.
- 3. Entering, then, into life, you will find every rank and occupation environed ⁸ with its peculiar temptations; and, without some other and higher principle than that which influences a merely worldly man, you are not a moment secure. You are poor, and you think pleasure and fashion and ambition will disdain to spread their snares for so ignoble a prey.
- 4. It is true, they may. But take care that dishonesty does not dazzle you with an exhibition of sudden gains. Take care that want does not disturb your imagination by temptations to fraud. Distress may drive you to indolence and despair, and these united may drown you in intemperance. Even robbery and murder have sometimes stalked in at the breach which poverty or calamity has left unguarded.

5. You are rich, and you think that pride and a just sense

⁸ En vi'roned, encircled; surrounded.



¹ Im pět'ū ŏs'1 tỷ, the condition or quality of being hasty, or lacking in due deliberation; violence.

⁹ Pre sŭmpt'ū oŭs nëss, the qual-

ity of being rashly confident; undue boldness or forwardness.

of reputation 1 will preserve you from the vices of the vulgar. It is true, they may; and you may be ruined in the progress of luxury, and lost to society, and, at last, to God, while sleeping in the lap of the most flattering and ener'vating 2 abundance.

6. The last resource against temptation is prayer. Escaping, then, from your tempter, fly to God. Cultivate the habit of devotion. It shall be a wall of fire around you, and your glory in the midst of you. To this practice the uncorrupted sentiments of the heart impel you, and invitations are as numerous

as they are merciful to encourage you.

7. When danger has threatened your life, you have called upon God. When disease has wasted your health, and you have felt the tomb opening under your feet, you have called upon God. When you have apprehended heavy misfortunes, or engaged in hazardous enterprises, you have, perhaps, resorted to God to ask his blessing. But what are all these dangers to the danger which your virtue may be called to encounter on your first entrance into life.

8. In habitual prayer you will find a safeguard. You will find every good resolution fortified by it, and every seduction losing its power, when seen in the new light which a short communion with Heaven affords. In prayer you will find that a state of mind is generated which will shed a holy influence over the whole character; and those temptations to which you were just yielding will vanish, with all their allurements, when the day-star of devotion rises in your hearts.

Buckminster.3

IV.

103. THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects 4 of Fate, Working in these walls of Time;

² E ner'vat ing, depriving of nerve, force, strength, or courage.

and died in Boston, Mass., June 9, 1812. Few men, whose professional career was so brief, have succeeded so remarkably in pulpit oratory, in literature, and in leaving so permanent and endeared a memory.

⁴ Ar'chi tect, a person skilled in the art of building; a maker.



¹ Rĕp'ū tā'tion, the character given to a person, thing, or action; favorable regard; good name.

³ Joseph S. Buckminster, an American clergyman, was born in Portsmouth, N. IL, May 26, 1784,

Some with massive deeds and great, Some with ornaments of rhyme.

- Nöfhing uselèss is, or lōw;
 Each thing in its place is best;
 And what seems but idle shōw
 Strengthens and supports the rest.
- 3. For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.
- 4. Truly shape and fashion these;
 Leave no yawning gaps between;
 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.
- 5. In the elder days of Art, Builders wrought with greatest care Each minute and unseen part; For the gods see everywhere.
- Let us do our work as well,
 Bōth the unseen and the seen;
 Make the house, where gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.
- 7. Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Bröken stâirwāys, whêre the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.
- 8. Build to-day, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample base; And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.
- 9. Thus alone can we attain To those turrets, where the eye Sees the world as one vast plain, And one boundless reach of sky.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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W. C.

SECTION XXVIII.

I

104. THE CHILD OF EARTH.

Painter her slow step falls from day to day;
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to life, and say,
"I am content to die—but, oh, not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe:
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die—but, oh, not now!"

- 2. The spring hath ripened into summer time;
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glōrious sun hath reached his bûrning prime;
 Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?—
 "Let me not perish while ō'er land and sea,
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
 Not while the mûrmûr of the mountain bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
 I am content to die—but, oh, not now!"
- 3. Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn,
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo! and winds the eager horn.—
 "Spare me awhile, to wander forth, and gaze
 On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream;
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
 I am content to die—but, oh, not now!"
- 4. The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers, far and near, Drift without echo to the whitening ground.

Autumn hath passed away; and, cold and drear, Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
Yet still that prayer ascends.—"Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but, oh, not now!"

5. The spring has come again—the joyful spring!
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing;
 The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
 "Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
 The steps of friends thy slumber may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow:
 Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"
 Mrs. Norton.

II.

105. DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE

HAVE seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful wêre the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action—invested as a halo her whole existence, and made it a light and a blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died!

2. Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hand to save her: but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it, reason, religion, bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought!

which is of a high order, is marked by strong passion, a masculine force of diction, and, at times, remarkable tenderness.

¹ Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, an English poetess, grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1808. Her poetry,

3. I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been wrung from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge—how to live and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such a one die!

4. Was all this treasure gained, only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever?

5. No: the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry their thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly unto ward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

6. O death !—dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling adarkness, even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief: death! what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery!

7. Hour of release from life's bûrden—hour of reunion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what deep meditations of joy—what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge⁴ to

¹ Untoward (ŭn tō'ard), inconvenient; troŭblesome; awkward.

² Appalling (ap pal'ing), causing dismay or fear; terrifying.

^{*}Ršt'ri bū'tion, repayment; return suitable to the merits or deserts of.

⁴ Verge, border upon; approach.

their consummation in thee! O death! the Christian's death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!

Dewey.

III.

106. OVER THE RIVER.

VER the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

- 2. Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another—the household pet;
 Her brown carls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark:
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
- 3. For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—

enjoys a high reputation. His writings are philosophical and practical, exhibiting a style both artistic and scholarly.

¹ Orville Dewey, D.D., an American clergyman and writer, was born in Sheffield, Mass., March 28, 1794. As a pulpit orator and lecturer, he

And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Miss Priest.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

107. THE KINDLY WINTER.

THE snow lies deep upon the ground; In coat of mail the pools are bound; The hungry rooks in squadrons fly, And winds are slumbering in the sky.

- Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
 The robin on the gärden-wall
 Looks wistful at our window-pane,
 The customary crumb to gain.
- 3. On barn and thatch and leafless tree The frost has hung embroidery,

Fringe of ice and pendants fine Of filigree 1 and crystalline.2

- 4. Pile up the fire! the winter wind Although it nip, is not unkind; And winter days, though dark, can bring As many pleasures as the spring.
- 5. If not the floweret budding fâir, And mild effulgence 8 of the âir, They give the glow of indoor mirth, And social comfort round the hearth.
- 6. The winter is a friend of mine; His step is light, his eyeballs shine; His cheek is ruddy as the morn; He carols like the lark in corn.



- 7. His tread is brisk upon the snows,
 His pulses gallop as he goes;
 He hath a smile upon his lips,
 With songs and welcomes, jests and quips.4
- Tis he that feeds the April buds;
 Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
 Tis he makes plump the autumn grain;
 And loads with wealth the creaking wain.
- 9. Pile up the fire! and êre he go, Our blessings on his head shall flow— The hale old winter, bleak and sear, The friend and father of the year!

MACKAY.7

¹ Fil'i gree, granular net-work, or net-work containing beads; hence, ornamental work, executed in fine gold or silver wire, plaited and formed into delicate figures of men and animals, fruits, plants, etc.

² Crys'tal line, consisting of or resembling crystal; pure; clear.

Ef fül'gence, a flood of light; great luster or brightness; splendor.

⁴ Quip (kwip), a smart, sarcastic

turn; a severe reply; a jeer.

^b Blēak, cold and sweeping; cheerless.

⁶ Sēar, dry; withered.

⁷ Charles Mackay, a British poet and journalist, was born in Perth, in 1812. He is an author of considerable fame. Many of his songs have attained great popularity, and the music to which they are set is, in some cases, of his own composition.

I.

108. INSTRUCTION IN WINTER.

In the warm portion of our year, when the sun reigns, and the fields are carpeted with \hbar erbs and flowers, and the forests are loaded with riches and magnificence, nature seems to insist on instructing us herself, and in her own easy, insensible 1 way. In the mild and whispering air there is an invitation to go abroad which few can resist; and when abroad, we are in a school where all may learn without trouble or tasking, and where we may be sure to learn if we will simply \bar{o} pen our hearts.

2. But stern winter comes, and drives us back into our towns and houses, and there we must sit down, and learn and teach with serious application of the mind, and by the prompting of duty. As we are bidden to this exertion, so are we better able to make it than in the preceding season. The body, which was before unnerved, is now braced up to the extent of its capacity; and the mind, which was before dissipated by the fair variety of external attractions, collects and concentrates its powers, as those attractions fade and disappear.

3. The natural limits of day and night, also, conspire to the same end, and are in unison with the other intimations of the season. In summer, the days, glad to linger on the beautiful earth, almost exclude the quiet and contem plative nights, which are only long enough for sleep. But in the winter, the latter gain the ascendency. Slowly and royally they sweep back with their broad shadows, and hushing the earth with the double spell of darkness and coldness, issue their silent mandates, and—while the still snow falls, and the waters are congealed—call to reflection, to study, to mental labor and acquisition.

4. The long winter nights! Dark, cold, and stern as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the patrons of literature, the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive, and untiring intel-







¹ In sĕn'si ble, not perceivable.

Unison (ü'ni sun), agreement;

³ Măn'date, an official command; an authoritative order.

⁴ Pā'tron, one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

⁵ Lat'er a ture, learning; the collective body of letters or books, or an acquaintance with them.

lect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively music, and many friends. To others, the dearest scene which they present is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such.

- 5. Society has claims; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant; amusements are naturally sought for by the young; and such as are innocent they may well partake of. But it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has any thing valuable to pay in return for that time; and whether the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety, and the peaceableness of its members.
- 6. Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home; and not by idleness even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to do our part in furnishing all proper means of le rin instruction. Altered from GREENWOOD.1

III.

109. SNOW-BOUND-EVENING.

T NWARMED by any sunset light. The gray day darkened into night-A night made hoary with the swarm And whirl-dance of the blinding storm. As zigzag, wavering to and fro, Crossed and recrossed the winged snow: And êre the early bed-time came The white drift filled the window-frame, And through the glass the clothes-line posts Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

author, was born in Boston, Feb. 5, vated taste for the natural sciences.

¹ Francis W. P. Greenwood, 1797, and died in that city Aug. 2, D.D., an American clergyman and 1848. He had a strong and culti-

- 2. We piled, with care, our nightly stack Of wood against the chimney-back— The oaken log, green, huge, and thick, And on its top the stout backstick; The knotty forestick laid apart, And filled between with curious art The ragged brush; then, hovering near, We watched the first red blaze appear, Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam On whitewashed wall and sagging beam, Until the old rude-fürnished room Bûrst, flower-like, into rosy bloom; While radiant with a mimic flame Outside the sparkling drift became, And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
- 3. Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed.
- 4. The house-dog on his paws outspread Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
 The cat's dark shadow on the wall A couchant 1 tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddled feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

¹ Couch'ant, squatting; lying down with the head raised.

- 5. What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 We sped the time with stories old,
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
 Or stammered from our school-book lore¹
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."
- 6. Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks—
 The ancient teachers, never dumb,
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum,
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
- 7. A simple, guileless, childlike man, Content to live where life began—Strong only on his native grounds, The little world of sights and sounds Whose girdle was the parish bounds, Whereof his fondly partial pride The common features magnified—He told how teal 3 and loon 4 he shot, And how the eagle's eggs he got, The feats on pond and river done, The prodigies of rod and gun;—Till, warming with the tales he told, Forgotten was the outside cold;

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¹ Löre, that which is löarned; knowledge gained from reading or study; learning.

² Oc'călt, hidden from the eye or understanding; secret.

³ Tēal, a web-footed water-fowl, nearly allied to the common duck, but smaller.

⁴ Loon, a web-footed swimming and diving bird.

The bitter wind unheeded blew, From ripening corn the pigeons flew, The pärtridge drummed i' the wood, the mink Went fishing down the river-brink.

- 8. In fields with bean and clover gāy
 The woodchuck, like a hērmit grāy,
 Peered from the dōorwāy of his cell;
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid:
 And from the shagbark overhead,
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.
- 9. At last the great logs, crumbling low, Sent out a dull and duller glow;—
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view, Ticking its weary circuit through, Pointed with mutely warning sign Its black hand to the hour of nine. That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My unele ceased his pipe to smoke, Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray, And laid it tenderly away,
 Then roused himself to safely cover The dull red brands with ashes over.
- 10. And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness
 For food and shelter, warmth and health,
 And love's contentment more than wealth,
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,
 O'er-prompt to do with heaven its part),
 That none might lack, that bitter night,
 For bread and clothing, warmth and light.
- Within our beds awhile we heard
 The wind that round the gables roared,

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With now and then a ruder shock, Which made our very bedsteads rock. We heard the loosened clapboards toss, The board-nails snapping in the frost; And on us, through the unplastered wall, Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.

12. But sleep stole on, as sleep will do, When hearts are light, and life is new; Faint and more faint the murmurs grew, Till in the summer-land of dreams They softened to the sound of streams, Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars, And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Adapted from J. G. WHITTIER.

SECTION XXX.

I.

110. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

- His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat—
 He carns whate'er he can;
 He looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.
- Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow;

Bellows (bel'lus), an instrument, utensil, or machine for forcing air through a tube, for different purposes, as blowing fires, ventilating mines, filling the pipes of an organ with wind, etc. You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

- 4. And children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge,² And hear the bellows roar, And catch the bûrning sparks that fly Like châff from a threshing-floor.
- 5. He goes on Sunday to the chûrch,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
- 6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice, Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.
- 7. Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing, Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees some task begin, Each evening sees it close; Something attempted, something done, Has carned a night's repose.
- 8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming förge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil 4 shaped
 Each burning deed and thought! Longfellow.

piness; a region of delight; heaven.

4 An'vil, an iron block, usually with a steel face, upon which metals are hammered and shaped.

¹ Slědge, a large, heavy hammer.

⁹ Förge, a furnace where iron is heated and wrought.

⁸ Păr'a dise, a place of great hap-

TT.

111. THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing—
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply—
Clang, clang!
Sāy, brothers of the dusky brow,

What are your strong arms forging now?

2. Clang, clang! We förge the cölter? now— The colter of the kindly plow: Benignant Fäther, bless our toil! May its broad fŭrröw still unbind To geniäl rains, to sun and wind, The most productive soil!

- 3. Clang, clang! Our colter's course shall be On many a sweet and sheltered lea, By many a streamlet's silver tide, Amid the song of morning birds, Amid the low of sauntering herds, Amid soft breezes which do stray Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,³ Along the green hill's side.
- 4. When regal 4 Autumn's bounteous hand
 With wide-spread glöry clothes the land—
 When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold—
 We bless—we bless the plow.
- 5. Clang, clang! Again, my mates, what glows Beneath the hammer's potent blows?

¹ Massive (mås' iv), formed or consisting of a great måss or quantity collected; heavy.

² Colt'ex, the fore iron of a plow, with a sharp edge to cut the sod

⁸ Māy, the flowers of the hawthorn;—so called because they bloom in the last of May.

⁴ Rē'gal, pertaining to a king; kingly; royal.

Clink, clank! We forge the giant chain Which bears the gallant vessel's strain 'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides; Secured by this, the good ship braves The rocky roadstead, and the waves Which thunder on her sides.

- 6. Anxious no more, the merchant sees
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,
 The storm-cloud on the hill;
 Cälmiy he rests, though far away
 In boisterous climes his vessel lay—
 Reliant on our skill.
- 7. Sāy, on what sands these links shall sleep, Fathoms benēath the solemn deep?—
 By Afric's pestilential shōre—
 By many an iceberg, lone and hōar;
 By many a pālmy Western isle,
 Båsking in Spring's perpetual smile;
 By stormy Labrador.
- 8. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
 When to the battery's deadly peal
 The crashing broadside makes reply?
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,5
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
 For death or victory?
- 9. Hurräh!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows, Dark brothers of the förge, benëath The iron tempest of your blows, The furnace's red breath?—

¹ Adverse(åd'vērs), acting against or in a contrary direction; opposing desire.

² Rōad'stĕad, a place where ships may ride at anchor, at some distance from the shore.

² Pĕs'ti lĕn' tial (-lĕn'shal), producing or tending to produce the test, the plague, or other diseases

' > ... 'lv spread; poisonous.

⁴ Ice'berg, a hill or mountain of ice, or a very great body of ice floating on the ocean.

⁵ Nile River, near one of the mouths of which the battle of the Nile was fought, Aug. 1, 1798. In this battle, the English fleet, commanded by Lord Nelson, gained a victory over the French fleet under Admiral Brueys.

Clang, clang! A bûrning tŏrrent, clear And brilliant, of bright sparks, is pōured Around and up in the dusky âir, As our hammers fōrge the swōrd.

- 10. The sword !—a name of dread; yet when Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound— While for his altar and his hearth, While for the land that gave him birth, The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound— How sacred is it then!
- 11. Whenever, for the truth and right,
 It flashes in the van of fight—
 Whether in some wild mountain-pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas;
 Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
 A Marston or a Bannockburn;
 Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
 Or, as, when sunk the Armāda's pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide;
 Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
 Is Liberty! when men do stand
 For justice and their native land—
 Then Heaven bless the sword!

III. 112. TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might, In the days when the earth was young; By the fierce red light of his furnace bright, The strokes of his hammer rung;

Armā'da, a fleet of armed ships; here, the Spanish fleet intended act against England, in 1500



¹ Le ŏn'i das, king of Sparta, noted for his defense of the pass of Thermopylæagainst Xerxes, 489 B.C.

² Stěr'ile, barren; unfruitful. ...

³ Marston Moor, a plain near
York England where the Parlia.

York, England, where the Parliamentary forces gained a decisive victory over the royalists, in 1644,

⁴ Ban'nock burn, a town of Scotland, famous for the great victory gained here, June 24, 1314, by the Scots, under Bruce, over the English, commanded by Edward II.

And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sung—"Hurräh for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

- 2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
 As the crown of his desire;
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud in glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
 And spoils of forest free.
 And they sung—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew!
 Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
 And hurrah for the metal true!"
- 3. But a sudden change came ō'er his heart
 Ere the setting of the sun;
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done.
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind;
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said—"Alas, that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man!"
- 4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain Sat brooding ö'er his wöe; And his hand forböre to smite the öre, And his furnace smöldered löw; But he rose at låst with a cheerful face,

And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang—"Hurräh for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

5. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And plowed the willing lands;
 And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
 Our stänch good friend is he;
 And, for the plowshare and the plow,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plow,



SECTION XXXI.

We will not forget the sword."

I.

113. THE INFLUENCE OF FAME.

H, who shall lightly say that fame 1
Is nothing but an empty name,
While in that sound there is a charm,
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful 2 couch will start.
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part!

2. Oh, who shall lightly say that fame Is nothing but an empty name,

¹ Fāme, public report; renown; ² Slōth'ful; not inclined to labor; the condition of being celebrated. indolent; lazy; idle.



CHARLES MACKAY.

When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be;
Sunk in Oblivion's 1 murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea!
They are the distant objects seen,
The löfty marks of what hath been.

3. Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality!

BAILLIE.

114. COURAGE.

OURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undäunted a land,
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
Oh, no mountain-nymph art thou
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land.

2. Courage!—Nothing ê'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good;
Armed with all their fathers' fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endlèss glöry,
Like the gods of old Greek störy,
Raised to Heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Ob liv'i on, cessation of rememnce; forgetfulness.

Voanna Baillie, a British dra-3 poetess, was born in Lanark-Scotland, Oct. 27, 1761, and ut Hampstead, near London, Feb. 23, 1851. Her complete poetical works, in one large volume, appeared in 1850.

⁸ Undaunted (un dănt'ed), not discouraged or mastered by fear; fearless; brave.

- 3. Courage!—There is none so poor—
 None of all who wrong endure—
 None so humble, none so weak,
 But may flush his father's cheek,
 And his maiden's, dear and true,
 With the deeds that he may do.
 Be his days as dark as night,
 He may make himself a light.
 What though sunken be his sun—
 There are stars when day is done!
- 4. Coŭraĝe!—Who will be a slave,
 That hath strength to dig a grave,
 And thêrein his fetters hide,
 And lay a tyrant by his side?
 Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
 For a time, can never die!
 Courage, thêrefore, brother men!
 Courage!—To the fight again!

B. W. PROCTER.

III.

115. THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissemble.
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles.
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ê'er bedewed the field of glory.

2. The wife who girds her husband's sword, 'Mid little ones who weep or wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word— What though her heart be rent asunder, Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear The bolts of death around him rattle, Hath shed as sacred blood as ê'er Waş poured upon a field of battle!

3. The mother who conceals her grief, While to her breast her son she presses, Then breathes a few brave words and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses, With no one but her secret Göd To know the pain that weighs upon her, Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod Received on Freedom's field of honor!



T. B. READ.

IV. 116. I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade;
In fair Damascus fashioned well:
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.
Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid 1 food

2. Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid 1 flood
In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
A/ mercy's voice to bid it fall,

I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, förge and wedge,
Are göne with all their flaming noise—
And still the gleaming swörd remains;
So, when in dust I löw am laid,
Remember, by these heartfelt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

MAGINN.2

London, Aug. 21, 1842. His numerous and valuable papers for magazines were generally marked by wit and scholarship.

¹ Lū'cid, shining; bright; clear. ² William Maginn, a British auvr, was born in Cork, Nov. 11, 1794, l died in Walton-on-Thames, near

V.

117. CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON.

THANKS to the gods! my boy has done his duty.—
Welcome, my son! Here set him down, my friends,
Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth?—what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!

- 2. Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends?
 I should have blushed if Cato's 1 house had stood
 Secure, and flourished in a civil war—
 Porciüs, 2 behold thy brother! and remember,
 Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it!
 When Rome demands!—but Rome is now no more!
 The Roman empire's fallen!—(Oh, cursed ambition!)—
 Fallen into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.—
- 3. Porciüs, come hither to me!—Ah! my son,
 Despâiring of success,
 Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes,
 To our patërnal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
 In humble virtues and a rural life.
 There live retired: content thyself to be
 Obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men beâr swāy,
 The post of honor is a private station!
- 4. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you Who dare not trust the victor's elemency,

safety of his friends at Utica, he died by his own hand, aged 49.

¹ Marous Porcius Cato, the greatgrandson of the Censor, was born 95 B. C. From his youth, he was celebrated for his bravery, virtue, and decision of character. After the defeat of the republican party by Cæsar, having provided for the

⁹ Marcus Porcius Cato, son of the preceding, was spared by Cæsar, but finally died, the last of his race, nobly fighting for the liberty of Rome.

Know, there are ships prepared by my command-Their sails already opening to the winds-That shall convey you to the wished-for port. The conqueror draws near-once more, farewell!

5. If ê'er we meet hereafter we shall meet In happier climes, and on a safer shore, Where Cæsar never shall approach us more! There, the brave youth with love of virtue fired, Who greatly in his country's cause expired, Shall know he conquered !—The firm patriot there. Who made the welfare of mankind his care, Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crossed, Shall find the generous labor was not lost. ADDISON.1

SECTION XXXII

I.

118. LIGHT.

THERE are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature! It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire.

2. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it

were, the darkness audible.

3. The beasts go wild and frantic at the löss of the sun. vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and

was born May 1, 1672, and died ¹ Joseph Addison, one of the most distinguished of English authors, June 17, 1719.



tica, he

frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, yet colder, is the night. At length the vital blood of all creatures stops congealed.

4. Down goes the frost to the earth's center. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself, too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness.

5. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in the cradle. And yet it perpetually new-creates the world, rescuing it each morning as a prey from night and chaos.

BUSHNELL.¹

II.

119. A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

OGIFT of God! O përfect day: Whêreon shall no man work, but play; Whereon it is enough for me, Not to be doing, but to be!

- 2. Through ĕvèry fiber of my brain, Through every nërve, through every vein, I feel the electric thrill, the touch Of life, that seems almost too much.
- I hear the wind among the trees
 Playing celestial symphonies;²
 I see the branches downward bent,
 Like keys of some great instrument.
- 4. And over me unrolls on high
 The splendid scenery of the sky,
 Where through a sapphire sea the sun
 Sails like a golden galleon 4—

¹ Horace Bushnell, an eloquent American clergyman and writer, was born in New Preston, Litchfield Co., Conn., in 1802. He died in 1876.

⁹ Sỹm' pho ny, a harmony or agreement of sounds, pleasant to the ear, ēither vocal or instrumental;

an instrumental composition for a band of music.

³ Sapphire (săf' īr), a precious stone, usually blue.

⁴ Gal' le on, a large ship, with three or four decks, formerly used by the Spaniards.

- 5. Toward yonder cloud-land in the west, Toward yonder Island of the Blest, Whose steep sierra far uplifts Its scraggy summits white with drifts.
- 6. Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms! Blow, winds! and bend within my reach The fiery blossoms of the peach!
- 7. O Life and Love! O happy throng
 Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
 O heart of man! canst thou not be
 Blithe as the air is, and as free?
 Longfellow.

III.

120. THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral? dome arching tōward the hĕavens, to which it is the mōst familiar sÿnonym? and symbol. It flōats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that, when it begins to stīr, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests to destruction before it.

2. And yet it is so mobile,4 that we live years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tīniëst insect waves it aside with its wing.

3. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not; but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; 5 its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even

¹ Sierra (sē ĕr'rà), a saw-like ridge of mountains and craggy rocks.

² Ca thē'dral, the principal chûrch in the district of a bishop, so called because in it he has his official chair.

³ Syn'o nym, one of two or more

words having the same, or very nearly the same, meaning.

⁴ Mō' bile, capable of being moved, aroused, or excited.

⁵ In'va lid, a person who is weak, sickly, or disabled.

its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardy children of our rugged clime.

- 4. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the "gloaming," and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold weather would not shed its snow-feathers on the farth, nor drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.
- 5. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nessele to repose.
- 6. In the morning, the gairish sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the night fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she "goëth forth again to her labor till the evening."

IV.

121. THE WINDS.

1.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air, Softly ye played a few brief hours ago; Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;

Di ver'ai fy, give variety to.

³ Gairish (gâr'ish), gaudy; bright.

Ye rolled the round white clouds through depths of blue; Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew; Before you the catalpa 1 blossoms flew— Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

2.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound; Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might; The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground; The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight. The clouds before you shoot like eagles past; The homes of men are rocking in your blast; Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast, Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

9

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain
To escape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed;
And torrents tumble from the hills around;
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, mid the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

L.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

W. C. BRYANT.

¹ Ca tăl'pa, a large tree of North the Mississippi, having large leaves, America, abundant on the banks of and white, showy flowers.

SECTION XXXIII.

122. THE POET'S SONG.

HE rain had fallen; the Poet arose— He passed by the town and out of the street: A light wind blew from the gates of the sun, And waves of shadow went over the wheat. And he sat him down in a lonely place, And chanted a melody loud and sweet, That made the wild swan pause in her cloud, And the lark drop down at his feet.

2. The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee: The snake slipped under a sprāy; The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak, And stared, with his foot on the prey; And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs. But never a one so gay, For he sings of what the world will be When the years have didd away."

II.

123. CENTENNIAL SONG.

[For the New York Celebration, July 4, 1876.]

JAKEN, voice of the Land's Devotion! Spirit of Freedom, awaken all! Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean, Rivers, answer, and mountains, call! The $g\bar{o}lden\ d\bar{a}y$ has come: Let every tongue be dumb That sounded its malice or murmured its fears: She hath won her story; She wears her glöry; We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years !

Out of darkness and toil and dānġer,
 Into the light of Victory's dāy—
 Help to the weak and home to the strānġer,
 Freedom to all, she hath held her wāy!
 Now Europe's orphans rest
 Upon her mother breast:
 The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
 That shall cast upon her
 New love and honor,
 And crown her the Queen of a Hundred Years!

3. North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall be are our mother's—
Child of each is he saithful son!
We give the deal and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee, and time endears:
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a Thousand Years!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

III.

124. CENTENNIAL HYMN.

For the opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.

UR fathers' Göd! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-dāy, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the ērā done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

2. Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

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3. Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

4. Thou, who hast here in concord fürled The war flags of a gathered world, Beneath our Western skies fulfill The Orient's mission of good-will, And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece, Send back its Argonauts of peace.

5. For art and labor met in truce, For beauty made the bride of use, We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave The austere virtues strong to save, The honor proof to place or gold, The manhood never bought nor sold!

6. Oh make Thou us, through centuries long. In peace secure, in justice strong; Around our gift of freedom draw The safeguards of Thy righteous law; And cast in some diviner mold, Let the new cycle 2 shame the old!

J. G. WHITTIER.

125. THE GOLDEN YEAR.

W E sleep, and wake, and sleep, but all things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse:
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

a series of things takes place or is done, and then returns again and again in the same order; as, the cycle of the seasons, of the year, or of the century.

¹ Argonaut (är'gō nat), one of the fifty-four persons who sailed to Colchis with Jason, in the Argo, in quest of the golden fleece.

² Oy'cle, a space of time in which

- 2. Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud Are but as poets' sēaṣonṣ when they flower, Yet seas that daily gain upon the shōre Have ebb and flow conditioning thêir march, And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
- 3. When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps, But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man
 Through all the seasons of the golden year.
- 4. Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens? If all the world were falcons, what of that? The wonder of the eagle were the less, But he not less the eagle. Happy days Roll onward, leading up the golden year.
- 5. Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
 Fly, happy with the mission of the Cröss;
 Knit land to land, and blowing havenward,
 With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.
- 6. But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good Be each man's rule, and universal Peace Lie like a shaft of light across the land, And like a lane of beams athwart the sea, Through all the circle of the golden year?

TENNYSON.

SECTION XXXIV.

1.
126. UNDER THE HOLLY-BOUGH.

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning, Forget their strife's beginning, And join in friendship now;— Be links no lönger broken— Be sweet forgiveness spoken Under the Holly-bough.

- 2. Ye who have loved each other,
 Sister, and friend, and brother,
 In this fast fading year:
 Mother, and sire, and child,
 Young man, and maiden mild,
 Come, gather here;
 And let your hearts grow fonder,
 As memory shall ponder
 Each past unbroken vow.
 Old loves and younger wooing
 Are sweet in the renewing,
 Under the Holly-bough.
- 3. Ye who have noŭrished sadnèss,
 Estranged from hope and gladnèss,
 In this fast fading year;
 Ye with ō'erbûrdened mind,
 Made aliens from your kind,
 Come, gather here.
 Let not the useless sŏrrōw
 Pursue you night and mŏrrōw:
 If ê'er you hoped, hope now—
 Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
 And join in our embraces
 Under the Holly-bough. Charles Mackay.

11.L

127. CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

THERE is a Christmas custom, in the north of Germany, which pleased and interested me. The children made little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents, to the children.

2. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all

busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before day-light, and the like.

3. Then, on the evening before Christmas Day, one of the parlors is lighted up by the childen, into which the parents must not go. A great yew-bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but so as not to catch it till they are nearly burnt out, and colored paper hangs and flutters from the twigs.

4. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift, and then they bring out the rest, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces.

5. Where I witnessed this scene there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him.

6. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap!—oh, it was a delight for them!

7. On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children: a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which has been observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct.

8. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, an enormous flax wig, personates Servant Rupert. On



Christmas night he goes round to every house, and says that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither: the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened.

9. He then inquires for the children, and, according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious to observe how faithfully they keep it.

III.

128. END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's any thing but gay.

- 2. One word ere yet the evening ends— Let's close it with a parting rhyme; And pledge a hand to all young friends, As fits the merry Christmas time: On life's wide scene you, too, have parts, That fate ere long shall bid you play; Good-night!—with honest, gentle hearts A kindly greeting go alway!
- 3. Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, an born October 21, 1772, and died English poet and philosopher, was July 25, 1834.

I'd say your woes were not less keen, Your hopes more vain, than those of men— Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen At forty-five played o'er again.

- 4. I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys—
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.
- 5. And in the world, as in the school, I'd say how fate may change and shift: The prize be sometimes with the fool, The race not always to the swift. The strong may yield, the good may fall, The great man be a vulgar clown, The knave be lifted over all, The kind cast pitilessly down.
- 6. Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessèd be He who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to Hĕaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.
- 7. This crowns his feast with wine and wit— Who brought him to that mirth and state? His betters, see, below him sit, Or hunger hopeless at the gate. Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel To spurn the rags of Lazarus? Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel, Confessing Heaven that rules it thus.

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8. So each shall mourn, in life's advance, Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed— Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance, And longing passion unfulfilled. Amen!—whatever fate be sent, Pray God the heart may kindly glow, Although the head with cares be bent, And whitened with the winter snow.

9. Come wealth or want, come good or ill, Let young and old accept their part, And bow before the awful will, And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses, or who wins the prize— Go, lose, or conquer as you can; But if you fall, or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman.



10. A gentleman, or old or young! (Beår kindly with my humble läys): The sacred chorus first was sung Upon the first of Christmas days: The shepherds hëard it overhead— The joyful ängels raised it then: Glöry to Hěaven on high, it said, And peace on earth to gentle men.

H. My song, save this, is little worth;

I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

Thackeray.

A

¹ William Makepeace Thackeray, an English novelist, essayist, and humorist, was born in Calcutta

in 1811, and died in London, Dec. 24, 1863. He was a very popular writer and lecturer.

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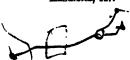
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